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ONE

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OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 8.—St. Elizabeth of Portugal, W. Q.	WEDNESDAY, 12.—St. John Gualbert, C. SS.
SUNDAY, 9.—FIFTH AFTER PENTECOST. Holy	Nabor and Comp's, MM.
Martyrs of Gorcom. Bl. Thomas More, M.	THURSDAY, 13.—St. Anacletus, P. M. St.
Bl. Adrian Fortescue, M.	Mildred, V.
MONDAY, 10.—The Seven Brothers, MM.	FRIDAY, 14.—St. Bonaventure, B. D.
TUESDAY, 11.—St. Pius I., P. M.	SATURDAY, 15.—St. Henry, C. St. Swithun, B.

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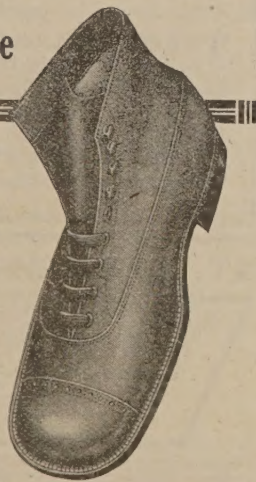
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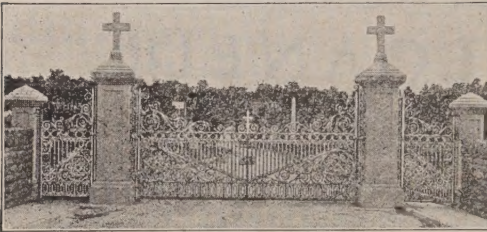
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 8, 1922.

NO. 2

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Mater Amabilis.

AVE MARIA! O Maiden, O Mother!

Fondly thy children are calling on thee;
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee;
Earth's lonely exiles for succor are calling,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling,
Words of endearment are murmured to thee;
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful, Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Ave Maria! thou portal of Heaven,
Harbor of refuge, to thee do we flee;
Lost in the darkness, by stormy winds driven,
Shine on our pathway, fair Star of the Sea.

Mater Amabilis, ora pro nobis!

Glorious Days in Rome.

BY P. L. CONNELLAN.

THE name-day of the new Pontiff—the Feast of St. Achilleus—was observed on the 12th of May. The name of Achilles has been glorified by Homer in the Iliad, but it is not a common name in Italy. Of the two hundred and sixty predecessors of Pius XI. in the Chair of St. Peter, this name does not once occur. There is, however, a church within the walls of Rome dedi-

cated to SS. Nereus and Achilleus,—two names which are always mentioned together, as are SS. John and Paul, also martyrs.

The discoveries made by the late Commendatore Giovanni de Rossi (covering a period of twenty years) in the Catacomb of St. Petronilla and St. Domitilla, on the Ardeatine Way, confirmed the learned archæologist in his conviction that the wide, roofless space into which the corridors of this Catacomb opened, was the site of the lost and abandoned church of two martyrs, SS. Nereus and Achilleus, of the early ages of Christianity in Rome.

On the 14th of June, 1874, the hundred pilgrims who came from the United States were received in this dis-entombed old church by a hundred new-found friends,—amongst them Monsignor Xavier de Merode, who had purchased the land which overlaid the Catacomb, so that it should be given to the Church for Christian purposes, and that excavations illustrating early Christianity might be continued. On the following 12th of May—the Feast of SS. Nereus and Achilleus—De Rossi again welcomed a number of French pilgrims: the French Ambassador to the Holy See; the former Papal Nuncio to Paris, then Cardinal Chigi; and a number of residents in Rome—the present writer among them,—to hear the entrancing story of this ancient church and of the saints whose relics it had enshrined.

Several churches that are below the level of the land surrounding them, were built around the tombs in the Catacombs in which the bodies of the martyrs were placed. St. Agnes, on the Nomentan Way, is a well-known example of this underground construction; and St. Laurence beyond the Walls, another.

His Holiness Pope Damasus, the great restorer of the Catacombs, would have desired to be buried in close vicinity to the tombs of martyrs, but hesitated lest he should disturb their relics. He adorned their tombs, however, and placed upon them inscriptions on marble recording their virtues and martyrdom.

In this Catacomb on the Ardeatine Way he placed an inscription in honor of the two glorious martyrs, SS. Nereus and Achilleus, the memory and the very words of which have come down to our day. This inscription, in an English translation in the "Roma Sotteranea" of Northcote and Brownlow, reads thus:

"NEREUS AND ACHILLES, MARTYRS.

"They had given their names to the army, and were at the same time fulfilling a cruel office, heeding the commands of the tyrant, and prepared to obey them under the influence of fear. Suddenly—wonderful to believe are these things—they lay aside their madness, are converted and fly; they throw away their shields, military ornaments, and blood-stained weapons, confessing [the faith]. They glory in bearing the triumphs of Christ [by martyrdom]. Believe [all ye who read] by [these verses of] Damasus what marvels the glory of Christ can effect."

These words, written by Pope Damasus fifteen centuries ago, have the perennial freshness and application to the Christian life of to-day that they had to the life of that distant past, when they eulogized the first Christian who,

so far as we know, bore the name of Achilles.

De Rossi, basing his assertions on two different inscriptions which bore Consular dates, declared that the church was built between the years 390 and 395. The first of these dates is the latest in the Catacomb; and the second, the earliest in the body of the church.

The church is close on 100 feet in length and 60 in width, containing a wide central nave, and two lateral aisles separated from the nave by columns of rare marbles. At the end of the central nave is an apse fifteen feet deep. On the wall of this apse is a *graffito*, or rude drawing, made with a pointed instrument on the plaster. The drawing represents a bishop seated upon a throne. Such an event must have occurred frequently at this spot. In front of the apse are the traces in the floor (whose marbles are now broken and dispersed) of the place of the altar, and of the columns which supported the baldacchino which surmounted it. The presbytery, or choir, in which the assisting clergy sat during solemn service, opens out in front of the altar.

The objects found amongst the débris soon made revelations. Two fragments of a large marble inscription, written in that beautiful lettering peculiar to Pope Damasus, were pieces of the inscription just given in English. De Rossi recognized the eulogistic epigraph which Damasus had put up at the tomb of the two saints. In the seventh and eighth centuries, pilgrims still came to Rome from the north, and copied the inscriptions in the Catacombs and churches, noting where each was found, and thereby creating guide books for pious pilgrims and curious travellers. Such books, or fragments of books, are precious documents that enable scholars to-day to build up again the ways of the past.

In the beginning of the seventh cen-

ture, the celebrated royal lady Theodolinda, Queen of the Lombards, sent the Abbot John to Rome in order to gather oil from the lamps that burned in the Catacombs before the shrines of the saints, and bring it to her as a relic. You may see the tiny phials with their parchment labels attached to them, and the list of them, made by the Abbot, in the Cathedral of Monza, seven miles from Milan. The list is a sort of topographical guide to the Catacombs, showing how one should go from the beginning to the end of them. SS. Nereus and Achilleus at the Catacomb of St. Petronilla are mentioned in this list, as they are also in the pilgrims' itineraries.

But a claimant testimony identifying the association of these saints with this church came forth when half of a baldacchino column was uncovered, with a bas-relief representing the figure of a man, whose hands are tied, who is moving rapidly with a long stride; and who is followed by another figure, holding a broad-bladed sword horizontally, and also moving with a long stride. In the background between the two figures is a cross in low-relief, with a laurel wreath raised erect upon it. There is no doubt that a martyrdom is represented; but, to make assurance doubly sure, is the word:

ACHILLEUS.

It is rare that evidence so complete and convincing is met with. Another fragment of the base of the baldacchino column shows only the forepart of the feet of another similar victim, and which may be accepted as having had a corresponding representation,—that of Nereus.

The representation of the bishop enthroned in the *graffito* of the apse is conjectured to have recorded the visit of Pope Gregory the Great to this church, and of his delivery there of a homily in which he doubtless lamented

the multitudinous evils of the times, when sights and sounds of war were on every side.

Much of a similar state of affairs now prevails in these early days of the new Pope, whose words and efforts towards the establishment of peace are equally eloquent and persuasive as those of his great predecessor, Gregory. One important step has been accomplished. On Sunday, the 28th of May, three days before the celebration of his sixty-fifth birthday (St. Petronilla's Day), he had the consolation of knowing that three hundred thousand persons had taken part in a great demonstration of faith in honor of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, the fountain and pledge of peace,—“the peace that passeth understanding.”

All classes, from the historical families dating from pre-Christian ages to the humblest toiler, united in that grand procession through the streets of Rome, amidst flowers, and the music of hymns, and the respect and admiration of innumerable hosts of people during five hours. The story of Roman Christianity was marked out in the path traced for its procession, in which took part Cardinals and prelates of all degrees in the hierarchy, and students and priests, and the children of the nobility—“Pages of the Blessed Sacrament,”—and schoolboys, and students of colleges, and members of institutions of charity and instruction.

Starting from the great old Basilica of St. John Lateran, “the mother and the head of all the churches of the city and the world,” the procession wended its way down through the crowded streets, where from the windows and the walls hung rich draperies, valuable old tapestries, and brightly-colored silks.

The vast Coliseum resembled a fairy garden, so richly adorned was it with flowers. Thousands of children were arranged in order around the altar,

which stood on a platform in the centre of the arena, where once the Cross attracted the eyes of the visitor. At this altar the "Bishop of the Camp" during the war celebrated Mass and gave Holy Communion to these innocent souls, who will remember for years their assembly in this grandest monument of the dead Paganism of ancient Rome, on the spot inundated with the blood of Christians, "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

The whole route of the processionists was strewn with flowers. Rome abounds in roses and jonquils and pale pinks, and the innumerable adornments of the joyous May. Not only the ordinary sources that supply flowers were completely exhausted, but the gardens and villas of the nobility and the domestic courtyards were denuded of their fragrant and many-hued treasures, to do honor to the triumph of the Lord in the Sacrament of His Love, as He was borne through the city "in which Christ is a Roman," as Dante phrases it.

The noblest of the ancient Roman triumphal arches—that of Constantine, "the Liberator of the City," as the inscription on it says—was used on this day as a baldachino, seventeen centuries old, for the shrine of the Blessed Sacrament that rested here for a time. This grand monument is itself a glorious landmark in the history of Christianity, commemorating freedom of worship to the whole Roman Empire. On the tiny height beyond, another triumphal arch carries the story back three centuries. This is the Arch of Titus, that commemorates the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Hebrew race. Lessons from the past speak from these old monuments and suggest visions of the future.

At St. Mary Major, "Pages of the Blessed Sacrament," children of the nobility and patrician families of Rome, dressed in Spanish sixteenth-century costume, had arranged in a few minutes

a carpet of the richest flowers and of the most exquisite patterns, on which the venerable Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, stood while giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to the many thousands of pilgrims and Romans beneath him. From the top of the high steps that ascend to the outside of the apse, at this spot the ground slopes down and the space widens, forming an enormous theatrical-like gallery. Bands of music accompanied the chanting of hymns, and the Royal Carabineers and Royal Guards kept the line of march clear.

Considering that the lowest calculation of the number of persons present on this occasion is 300,000, the maintenance of order might seem a herculean task. Fourteen cardinals in their scarlet robes, three hundred archbishops and bishops, prelates and parish priests, religious Orders, institutions of charity, and learned academies, united in this great demonstration of faith. No incident disturbed the order or marred the peaceful character of this event. And to think that but a year ago the Catholic young men of Italy were beaten in the streets of Rome because they had come to visit the Pope!

The enthusiasm and joy of the people surpassed anything of the kind witnessed here since the invasion of Rome by the Italians in 1870. The last great outdoor function, in which 700 bishops, with the Pope carrying the Blessed Sacrament, took place on Corpus Christi in this grand procession under the two colonnades that open in front of St. Peter's. This of Sunday last seems the joining of the lapsed link in the chain of succession. And, as if to make the connection more evident, the great iron cross that crowns the Dome of St. Peter's was brilliantly illuminated by 500 electric lamps; and the lines of architecture in the façade of St. Peter's,

and the colonnades, with the huge statues which stand upon them, were illuminated by great torches that flickered in the gentle breeze of the May evening.

The light on the cross of St. Peter's was seen from Tivoli, twenty miles away, and from the villages on the surrounding mountains. At Frascati and Albano and Castel Gandolfo, on the nearer hills, the dwellers might remain at home and witness the demonstrations of joy and devotion that found expression in the bright light radiating from the cross.

A letter of Pius XI. addressed to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome expresses his Holiness' satisfaction at the result of the manifestation of faith which gladdened the world. The result, says the Pontiff, "has filled our soul with a sacred joy." And he has noted "with particular satisfaction not only the piety and zeal, but the enthusiasm with which the faithful have desired to show their filial tenderness towards their sweet Jesus made a Host of peace and of love, and to honor the Prisoner of the divine tabernacles with religious manifestations worthy of the city which is the centre of the Catholic world and the See of the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

To-day is St. Petronilla's Day—"the spiritual daughter of St. Peter,"—and her name is given to the Catacomb on the Ardeatine which sheltered for so many centuries the relics of St. Achilles, from whom Pius XI. was named. These few days have been notable days in the history of the new Pontificate.

ROME, 31st of May, 1922.

THE invisible is much nearer than we think; and what we call miracles may well be the will of the good God reaching out to touch the things of this world, transfiguring them in ways we are too ignorant to understand.—"Abbé Pierre," by Jay William Hudson.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.

THE carriage bearing Eloise stopped at the door. It was an old-fashioned vehicle, which the Brentwoods habitually hired, but which was in sad contrast to the broughams and motors of the neighboring magnates. The observant eyes at the window saw Larry hand out a young girl of slightly more than medium height, whose travelling costume, whose whole aspect, suggested that she had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox. As the light of the carriage lamps fell full upon Larry, his sister fancied that he appeared unwontedly shabby; something in his demeanor indicated that he felt chilled and mortified. Marcia could see by the same gleam of light that the newcomer raised her head and, in one swift glance, surveyed the House at the Cross Roads from garret to cellar. Then, as she passed up the short walk, Larry following in her wake with the baggage, Marcia was suddenly reminded of their grandfather. He had been slender even to emaciation, as was this girl; even in advanced age, he had walked with an air of decision; so did she. There had been a coldness, almost a severity, in his demeanor; it was suggested by the movements of this figure, that came in thus out of the night to upset, at least to alter, all their lives.

Marcia, in a glow of excitement, which by a resolute effort of her will she suppressed, advanced to the door to receive this visitor, who could scarcely be regarded as a guest. She felt that she was being observed in the same manner that the house had been. A hand was extended to clasp hers—a very small and slender hand,—and a quiet, well-bred voice said:

"I am Eloise."

"And my name is Marcia Brentwood."

"Then we are cousins," said the voice, as the girl, raising her veil, looked about her.

Eloise followed her cousin; and Marcia, adopting the same formal tone, introduced her to Mrs. Brentwood. The cap of that hapless lady had become hopelessly awry, in an attempt which she had made to arise from her chair, which was immediately frustrated by Marcia.

"How do you do, my dear!" she exclaimed in a weak, flustered voice; and, being uncertain whether or not to embrace the newcomer, did nothing.

"It was unnecessary to introduce me," smiled the girl, "since you were perfectly aware that I was coming, and knew that it could be no one else but Eloise."

"Yes, yes," assented Mrs. Brentwood, her tone suggesting a doubt that the girl might have been changed on the way; "of course, you are Eloise, and I remember your mother very well."

Eloise gazed at the speaker, with a look in the dark gray eyes which the observant Marcia could not read. Then by the very slightest touch, which Marcia inexplicably resented, she set the errant cap straight. Evidently, it had offended her sense of order.

Larry meanwhile stood just inside the door, watching the little scene; and there was something uncertain, slightly bewildered, in his aspect, which caused Marcia to feel sorry for him.

"If you will excuse me," Eloise declared, "I would like to go at once to my room. I am so frightfully dusty."

"It must be invisible dust," grinned Larry, as, at a signal from Marcia, the smart housemaid, who had been hovering about in the hall, seized the port-manteau which Larry had deposited outside the door, and indicated the way to

the second story. Eloise ascended the stairs with the indefinable air of one who has come into her own, and to whom those who stood about were mere accidents.

"If she looks like that when she's dusty and travel-worn," observed Larry, who still had about him that air of being chilled and mortified, "how must she appear under normal conditions!"

"It is probable she will be—detestable," replied his sister.

"Oh, come now," cried Larry, who was always good-natured, "it is too soon to judge!"

"She is very, very impressive," faltered poor Mrs. Brentwood, whose cap had remained stationary after that scarcely perceptible touch. "Yes, she is very impressive."

It was a singular adjective to apply to so young a girl; and yet, as Marcia pondered the word, it did not seem so unfitting.

"I hope," began Mrs. Brentwood, again in a tone that was distinctly scared, "that Eliza will—in fact, that everything will be all right with the dinner."

Marcia herself had some misgivings on that score, but she did not feel that it was any use putting her anxiety into words. Eliza was so distinctly an old-fashioned cook, and this new arrival was so entirely modern! When she spoke, it was rather irrelevantly:

"She is very like grandfather."

"Grandfather!" echoed Larry, starting as if he had been shot. His recollections of that awe-inspiring personage were not altogether pleasant. He had felt upon his twelve-year-old head the pressure of a slender, age-worn hand, and had looked into a face which had alarmed his small boy's consciousness. Since then he had never quite got over that first impression; and their last meeting was one which recurred to

him uncomfortably. So to his sister's rather startling assertion he replied:

"Yes, that is it,—that must be it."

"Your pronouns are rather indefinite," laughed Marcia.

"No: they are quite definite," declared Larry,—*"in my mind, anyway."*

He was looking down at his clothes while he spoke, painfully aware of their deficiencies.

"If I didn't shine, my coat did," he added, with a rueful laugh.

The echo of that laugh, which she found pleasant, reached the slender figure now descending the stairs. As she did so, she took note of every detail. She observed that the carpet was worn threadbare in spots, that the wall paper was disfigured by weather patches, that the ceilings had been obviously and many times repaired.

Eloise had exchanged her travelling dress for one of some shimmering substance, softened by georgette ruffles at neck and sleeves, and falling in straight folds about her. The gown fitted her to perfection. To Marcia's eyes, every detail was flawless.

All three felt nervous as they went to the dining-room, which was cheerful and bright, a mass of living color from the Autumn flowers which Marcia had so carefully arranged. A close observer might have noted a gleam of something like pleasure on the face arising from the georgette ruffles. If so, it was merely transitory. It seemed to Marcia, as if an icicle were pendant in the pleasant warmth of the household.

The dinner was excellent, if not elaborate. Eliza had done her best. Larry, as Marcia noted, had slipped on a dinner jacket; and she saw that the gray eyes had also noticed the change of apparel, no doubt considering it an improvement on the well-worn business suit in which the young man had gone to the station.

Eloise, as perfect in her manner as in

her toilet, so far gave no clue whatever as to her character. Not one of the three in the small family circle could have offered a definite opinion of her. Even Marcia, who usually formed quick and accurate judgments concerning those with whom she was brought into contact, could not decide whether the girl was agreeable or disagreeable, lovable or detestable. Of one thing only was she quite certain: that she was an uncomfortable element in their small *ménage*.

Her first decision was that Eloise was not at all pretty; her second, as she stood in the gleam of the firelight, in her shimmering gown, that there were possibilities of beauty in the high-bred face; her third opinion, sitting opposite her cousin at the table, was that her eyes constituted the redeeming feature of a countenance that expressed at times a faint amusement, as though aware that she was being weighed and measured.

At last Mrs. Brentwood, who had striven to keep up a nervous and fragmentary conversation with Eloise, was heard to voice the very general impression:

"My dear, you are very like your grandfather."

Marcia almost started in dismay, while Larry colored perceptibly, so clearly had they made up their minds that this expression of opinion was the reverse of complimentary.

"As I never saw him," responded the clear, well-modulated voice, "of course I can not be a judge."

"Of course not," agreed Mrs. Brentwood, as though she were trying to soften a harsh judgment she had inadvertently given.

"I never saw him at all," repeated Eloise, and the emphasis on this statement did not escape the younger members of the family; "so you see, Mrs. Brentwood—"

"Aunt Jane, if you please, my dear."

"So you see, Aunt Jane, it is not a case of defective memory." After a pause, she resumed interrogatively: "You, being my aunt—"

"Only by marriage, and I might almost say a step-aunt at that."

She laughed rather feebly at her own jest; and Eloise, glancing at her as if she were about to say something, looked down at her plate. When she raised her eyes again, she allowed her glance to pass lightly from Marcia to Larry.

"You are both my cousins?"

"Your real cousins," interposed Mrs. Brentwood.

Eloise smiled.

"For, you see, when I married your Uncle Walter, he had been some time a widower."

"Nevertheless, you are my aunt by marriage," the girl said, with an odd persistence in straightening out a tangle; after which she inquired, including the two young people in her question: "Neither of you is said to resemble your grandfather."

"No," answered Marcia, meeting her glance with one as cool and direct as her own: "in the matter of appearance, we are said to be altogether on the other side of the house."

"Perhaps to resemble another grandfather?"

There was a veiled irony in the tone, as the speaker continued to peel a late pear. But Marcia responded directly:

"We are both amazingly like my late mother, except in the matter of beauty, which she very decidedly possessed."

Eloise's cool, impersonal glance passed lightly from one to the other as she remarked:

"You are decidedly like each other."

The two felt as if they had been disposed of in that one short sentence; and, indeed, the conversation presently turned to something less personal. Both brother and sister were conscious of a

lively curiosity to know how they had impressed this girl from France. And that curiosity for the moment overmastered the deep anxiety which had consumed them all as to what were the newcomer's plans. Her decision would naturally most vitally concern the two young people. For Mrs. Brentwood would probably content herself wherever Marcia and Larry were, if given a modicum of comfort, and that tranquillity in which she delighted. For the others, it would be tearing things very much up by the roots, if they had to leave that house which had always been their home.

After she had seen Eloise safe in her room, this thought followed Marcia to her own apartment. She felt slightly remorseful that her good-night to her cousin had been formal, and, in spite of herself, none too cordial. She looked out upon the landscape, which, commonplace by familiarity, was intensely dear in the grim probability of losing it forever. A pale half moon, sinking downwards, was lighting the scene with weird effect; and the watcher could see Orion in what some one has described "his magnificent stride across the heavens." She recalled how she and Larry had so often watched him, and made up legendary stories concerning him and his gleaming belt. The poplars seemed almost ghostly; the trickle of the streamlet, like some soft voice making vocal the scene; with the murmur of the night winds amongst the poplar leaves seeming to speak and make audible the throb of pain that pierced the girl's heart.

She thought of Larry, too, who had been so brave and uncomplaining through all their difficulties, and to whom the sudden breaking up of their home would be so poignant a grief; whereas, she bitterly reflected, to this girl, who had come into their grandfather's inheritance, the house would

have no special meaning, save that it was rather shabby and out of repair, situated in what Eloise would probably consider an uninteresting part of the country. For there were no great mountains rising to giant altitudes, no broad streams, no silver lakes, no infinitude of ocean. She would have given much to know why their grandfather had done so cruel a thing.

She paused at the thought long enough to offer up a brief prayer for the repose of his soul; and her supplication that he might find eternal rest, and that perpetual light might shine upon him, seemed to float out and away over those scenes with which his name had been so long associated. The poetry, the beauty of that prayer appealed to the girl as it had never done before,—there, under that pale, troubled moon, and in the mood superinduced by these new conditions.

And in another room lay Eloise, her wakeful head full of many thoughts concerning these people amongst whom her lot was cast. But through all her reflections ran a picture of an apple orchard, on a lovely September day, and a girl clad in the severe convent uniform tossing the red-cheeked apples into the air, and laughing in all the joy of life. She already thought of that girl as of a totally different person from herself, and as one who belonged to a chapter of life which had closed.

"Soon," she said to herself, "I shall have to come to some decision about this house and the people that are in it. But there is no hurry: I must take plenty of time to look about me. Then I shall see what is best to do."

(To be continued.)

ALL that God asks of us in good works is labor and application; success depends upon Him, and sometimes He withholds it for our greater good.

—*Père Grou.*

Sulgrave Manor and the Venerable Cluniac Priory of St. Andrew.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

SULGRAVE, a village of Northamptonshire, England, lies between softly outlined hills and a placid river which cuts through the scene like a sharp knife. Hedgerows of shrubs and flowers close around the low stone fences which struggle through the countryside, as though they were an outgrowth of nature rather than the work of man. Ancient dwellings, with broad gables and red fluted roofs, project on the rough worn pavements, so "familiar with forgotten years." Until possibly a decade ago, no other hamlet of England exhibited more apathy towards a long and honorable past.

But as the tracing of a vein of gold will transform a wilderness into a noisy centre of population between the rising of one sun and the setting of another, so certain alleged important historic discoveries have filled Sulgrave with breathless tourists and eager antiquarians. Mellow brick houses are taking on unwonted smartness; and facings of stucco and other fallacious methods have been applied to the fine old inn, "Ye Fox and Hounds," built in the sixteenth century, under the delusion that thus it may be rendered into a modern road house. For the old Manor House of Sulgrave is grandiloquently described by that Anglo-American association, the Sulgrave Institution, as the cradle of the Washingtons and their chief seat before the emigration of that John Washington who was the father of Augustine, who was the father of the first patriot and President, George Washington. In the aged church of St. James, Norman Gothic, with square tower and many excrescences which are plainly not in keeping with the original ideals of the architects, a generation or

two of the Washingtons sleep; and above their tombs is the historic Washington shield, whereon may be traced the suggestion of the great national banner of the United States, "The Stars and Stripes."

For this fact alone, the patriotic American will be well repaid for turning from the usual line of travel, which does not include Northamptonshire at all (unless one is tempted by the town of Banbury, with its world-famous buns and the legend of the "lady with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," and the great white horse suggested by the contour of the hills.) For Banbury is much closer to Sulgrave than Northampton, the market town of the quiet, sylvan shire which now attracts its quota of travellers; and the quest begins along the merry little River Cherwell, which wanders between deep banks, due southwest, around the domain of the venerable Sulgrave Manor of St. Andrew's Priory.

Mindful of the sonorous phrases in which the members of the Sulgrave Institution have clothed their discoveries, St. James' Church is a beckoning finger, and offers more satisfaction than the most scientific study of the Manor. Perhaps, in the tremendous sentence of Ruskin, real knowledge consists in learning "whom have you dead among you" rather than in following leads about ancestral migrations and such scraps as are to be had from land warrants and grants. In St. James' may be found the tomb of the first Washington who came to Northamptonshire. He came as an advocate who had won much renown in the Inner Temple in London. But he had been called to the bar from Wharton in Lancashire, and had turned to Middle Shire as more likely soil in which to cultivate the law. This was Laurence Washington, a family name so often reproduced that it suggests an early marriage of Washingtons and the

fine family of Laurence plenteously sprinkled from Nottingham through Leicester to Oxford.

Laurence Washington, the first of whom there is written record in England, swiftly realized his ambition, through becoming, in the second year of his residence in the village of Northampton, the chief magistrate of the county. Thirteen years after, when he had removed to Sulgrave Manor, he was elected to the mayoral chair, and, on his tomb, appears in the full majesty of the official robes. The brass tablet on which the epitaph was inscribed lies directly below the handsome figure of the mayor and two quaint effigies, one the group of four sons, and the other of the seven daughters. It reads:

"Here Lyeth buried y bodyes of Laurence Washington Gent. & Amee his wyf, by whome he had issue IV sons and VII daughters. Laurence dyed ye ——. Amee deceased the VI day of October, 1564."

Laurence, it may be learned in other records, died on February 19, 1584; but his son and heir, Robert Washington, who is buried beside him, in 1619, had neglected to have the dates engraved on the brass before his mother's. For though the Anglo-American association calls the old Manor of Sulgrave the cradle of the Washingtons in England, it is proven by the brass tablets that only two generations really dwelt in the Manor and were interred in the adjacent church. Laurence, the mayor, received the ancient grant of the Cluniac monks for the meagre sum of three hundred pounds, and this in consideration of his eminent services to the king and to the shire. A replica of his patent, signed by Henry VIII., has been secured by the Sulgrave Institution, and now hangs, handsomely framed, in the banqueting hall which had served the noble followers of St. Benedict as a refectory for well-nigh five hundred

years. It is dated 1539; and the original, which, like the village of Sulgrave, has gained much value through the efforts of "The Hands Across the Sea Associations," may be seen in the Bodleian Library of Oxford. But the trifling sum of fifteen hundred dollars, as the money would be reckoned now, proved a weighty matter for the mayor and his eldest son and heir. Robert frankly declined the burden, and in 1606 the principal mortgagee took over the royal grant entirely,—manor and the rich farm-lands which make so admirable a portion of the monastic annals.

That Earl Spencer, who is a brilliant figure in the political and literary chronicles of the opening seventeenth century, offered the homeless Washingtons a shelter in Little Brington. Thither went Robert and his family, sisters and brothers; and there, two generations later, was born that Laurence Washington who took Orders in the Established Church of England, and of whose union with Amphyllis Rhoades, of Tring, Hertfordshire, were born John and Laurence, the immigrants of the illustrious line founded in Virginia. The Rev. Laurence was rector of the church at Purleigh in Essex; but he was buried at Little Brington, in the fine old church of St. Mary, where the noble Earl offered shelter to the impoverished family, both quick and dead.

In point of time, Little Brington is more intimately associated with the Washingtons after their departure from their original home, Wharton in Lancashire, than Sulgrave Manor; and the misleading foreword of the Anglo-American association must have root in the common belief that it is imperative for greatness, such as George Washington attained in the New World, to be associated with landed estates and titles of gentility. Sulgrave Manor represents the apex of the Washington for-

tunes in England, though their tenure was brief (from 1539-1606); and this unexpected information has invariably a sobering effect on the American pilgrim of thoughtful trend.

For little as there is of the Washingtons in the venerable old church of St. James in the village of Sulgrave, there is less in the time-stained manor which lies off the main street, surrounded by its broken stone walls, with solemn-looking cypress and ilex trees keeping guard over the small courtyard. Memory is busy with the monks from that grandest of feudal foundations, the Abbey of Cluny at Saône-et-Loire; and the brief passing of the Washington family seems outlined against the centuries like the smoke of a dead camp fire close to the eternal hills. There is a Washington shield in the banquet hall; but towering over it are the great arms of the splendid Abbey founded by William the Pious, Duke of Aquitaine; and the sundial, glibly dubbed for the tourist "the Washington dial," is of the pattern seen in so many gardens planted by the sons of the holy man of Subiaco. Here begin the chronicles of the Priory of St. Andrew's, and the story of the New World is separated by a gulf of nearly eight hundred years.

Third of the stately Cluniac establishments in England, the great Priory of St. Andrew's has a history dating from the last quarter of the eleventh century. Its line of priors begins in 1188, and stretches in unbroken sequence until the last, in 1534, was deprived of his ancient rights by the Eighth Henry. Like its predecessors, St. Andrew's of Northampton was first founded as *cellae*, or mortuary chapel, by the monks of Cluny at Ste. Marie de la Carité, near Macon-on-Loire. The previous foundations were at Castleacre and Montacute; and about half a century later a fourth Cluniac monastery was begun at Bermondsey. Many kings

were the benefactors of St. Andrew's,—two of Scotland, Alexander and David, attracted doubtless by the tutelary of the religious foundation, always an appealing patron; and three of the line of Henrys. But the great benefactor who appears in the vast tomes wherein are inscribed the benefices and privileges was Earl Simon of St. Lie, and his wife, Countess Maude de Mandeville. The Earl is honored in civil records as the refounder of Northampton, after the desolating wars of the preceding centuries; and two other signal achievements are written against his name. He founded St. Andrew's, erected the stern fortress castle, repaired the cottages of the hamlet, and leased his land at a small price.

Five huge tomes of sheepskins are required to recite all the gifts which St. Andrew's received in the first hundred years of its existence. As early as 1080, its scholars went forth to distant parts and attracted pupils to the quiet precincts of the foundation. Originally in the boundaries of Northampton, the gifts of the Scotch kings extended its domain to Brayfield, and included the fine church of St. Sepulchre. Hunting-ton was added by the generosity of Earl Simon, who held tenure there as well as in Northampton; and the Lady Maude built the fine monastic church as a memorial of the Saxon dead in the wake of the Conqueror.

"In the twenty-ninth year of the foundation," says the ancient record,* "came Bartholomew, son of Godfrey de Sulgrave, and offered his manor lands and the Church of St. James; and with him were Walderan de Sulgrave and Robert de Coteston, vicar of Sulgrave, and many others." Presumably these were the holders of free fiefs in the village, which numbered a few hundred souls. So is entered, in the first historical annals, the domain of Sulgrave, estate

of Saxon nobles who fought against the invasion of William of Normandy, and whose dead lay scattered about the fields and in the streams which water them. St. James as it is to-day was built in 1451 by the monks, after the chapel bestowed by the Lords of Sulgrave had fallen into decay. It was again restored, and generally ruined, in externals at least, about forty years ago, when windows were pierced in the slope of the roof below the great square tower, and mysterious-looking buttresses, coming from nothing disfigured the sides.

At this time, while repairing the worm-eaten oaken floors and pews, and trying to prevent the galleries from descending suddenly on the heads of the worshippers, the tombs of the Washingtons were unearthed and opened, to find nine brasses, all explaining the fortunes of the family from the first half of the sixteenth century to the first quarter of the following. But of the nine brasses, six were feloniously abstracted, as the old sexton of the church will explain to-day; and he glowers ominously at the ubiquitous American traveller. But surely none of George Washington's countrymen were guilty of this offence. Few ever heard of Sulgrave, for the Institution was yet to be founded; and in this particular juncture of time, Grover Cleveland was saying unpleasant things to the British Government about the Mosquito Coast and the encroachments on Venezuelan territory. Cook may have conducted his companies abroad, but he had not yet learned of the tremendous significance which could be attached to a village where the Washingtons once owned a hall and a church, where stately tombs and fine memorial brasses had been erected in their honor.

St. Andrew's, like the extensive religious foundations of the so-called Dark Ages, reached out for miles; and its monks conducted every kind of chari-

* Registr. S. Andri. Foll. 88. Bodleian Library.

table and learned institution. There is record of their wealth and influence, and finally of complaints against them, and the sending of a Papal Envoy, to look into their affairs. Evidently the Pope's messenger found little to displease him; for nothing more appears in the annals, except entries that refer to increased activity and natural growth.

The last Grand Prior was Francis of Leicester, who "upbraided the King to his face" for his act in taking over the abbey domain as Crown lands. Francis, however, had been transferred to Peterborough and became dean of the cathedral chapter. Many of the monks from all four Cluniac establishments returned to their mother-house on the Loire when evil days fell upon England; and those who delight to follow the wanderings of the religious banished from England by the lustful monarch who seized their well-cultivated acres, will find precious material in the annals of Cluny scattered through the world in Benedictine houses, but to be read as whole in the National Library of Paris.

The reform of Cluny was the first effected among the Benedictines; and church historians say that its choicest fruits blossomed within the English foundations,—St. Andrew's holding an honored place. The fate of the vast lands extending along the Cherwell from Banbury to Northampton, and from Buckingham to Leicester, is traceable only in fragments. In the Harleian Collection at Oxford is a series of volumes showing the vassals of Henry who were rewarded for equivocal services by the grant of monastic lands; but the Washingtons do not appear in relation to Sulgrave. Sir Edward Montague was the purchaser; and no doubt the Washington tenure may be explained by the resale through the agent of the nobleman of that mortgagee, Laurence Makepeace, who foreclosed the estate in 1606, compelling Robert to

seek refuge in the hamlet some fifteen miles west—Little Brington.

It is mentioned that Sir Francis Arundel, in a vain attempt to hold something for the monks to whom his line had been benefactors for many years, purchased much of the domain along the Cherwell, and in the confines of the village of Sulgrave. But his benevolent intentions came to nought. Again Sir Edward Montague, in the third year of the reign of Edward VI., took possession of the manors of Sulgrave, Colton, Harlingston, Kislingbury, Stotesbury, and Sywell,—all a part of the domain of Lord Francis, Prior of St. Andrew's; and he resold and divided the estate of the monks of Cluny among the cadets of his family and his retainers. This line is now fused in the dominant house of the Earls of Northampton. Their magnificent seat lies near the village of Northampton, and almost under the shadow of St. Eleanor's Cross, one of the best specimens of this wonderful series which marks her funeral pageant.

But though this Washington legend in and about Northampton is apocryphal, for those who wish to gaze on a holy and marvellously edifying scene, the visit to the village in which the names of Earl Simon de Lie and Countess Maude are so venerated is worthy of a day of wandering. The old Hospital of St. John, of the Cluniac times, still stands in ruined grandeur over the bridge which crosses the noisy little river; and its foundation stone, dimmed, almost obliterated, shows the date of 1138. The church of St. Sepulchre, the royal gift from Scotland, is in the exact place where it was part of the King's English holdings; and, for those who examine the annals carefully, it is not only one of the most ancient but also one of the most important ecclesiastical remains of the first century in England after the Conqueror had set his iron

heel on the soil. The round tower has Norman Gothic pillars to support it, and forms the chancel of the original church which figures in the emblazoned parchment at Oxford. Quite near and perhaps a continuation of those far-off days of Benedictine learning, the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur have erected a fine convent and college which have much fame in the countryside.

Dominating the scene is the fortress of the pious founder of St. Andrew's, and indeed of all Northampton, the seat of many parliamentary meetings during the troublous days of the Lancastrian wars, and where, in 1460, the stern-visaged Earl of Warwick took Henry VI. prisoner, and held him as hostage. Here the River Nene makes wide loops through the country before it joins the Cherwell; and the scene is as peaceful and meditative as when the *cellae* of Ste. Marie de la Carité spread protecting arms over the land.

The splendid Abbey on the Loire has the honor of having trained the great Hildebrand, and his memory is fragrant in the records of St. Andrew's. Three other Popes were called from the vast halls of Cluny to rule the Universal Church: Urban II., Paschal II., and Urban V.; and the halo of their deeds transfuses a glory into the English foundations, and lends a unique charm to the legends of those holy times, when the benign Mother of God had the affairs of men in her keeping; when she came, holding her Divine Son, to bless the crops and still the turbulent waters, and to drive pestilence, famine, and storms far from their lowly homes.

At Evening.


BY CHARLES J. QUIRK.

TENDER and calm the evening comes
Unto a weary world:
God's silent plea that for to-night
Day's battle-flag be furled.

A Painter of the Old Régime.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

N his way to visit Madame de Taverny, Rigaud passed the church of St. Sulpice, then only half finished, owing to the lack of funds, which had ceased since 1678. He skirted the walls of the charming garden where Madame de Lafayette had often entertained Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Rochefoucauld, and other celebrities of the time. Turning towards the Luxembourg, he found himself in front of the elegant mansion which had been designated.

As Rigaud ascended the stairs he met, coming down, the lackey who had summoned him. Saluting the painter respectfully, he turned about and conducted him to the next landing, where a maid was dusting.

"Mlle. Dorine," said the man, "this is the painter whom M. de Taverny and Madame wished to see. Usher him into the reception room."

"M. de Taverny has just gone out," answered the maid. "But Madame is all dressed and ready."

"No doubt she will see him," rejoined the lackey.

Mlle. Dorine drew aside the portières and announced:

"The painter, Madame."

Rigaud found himself in the presence of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her beauty fairly dazzled him. Alcimore had not told half the truth. With a winning smile, she came forward to meet him.

"You are very prompt, Monsieur," she said. "This is the room I wish to have decorated. Can you do it?"

Rigaud looked around him at the plain gray walls, guiltless of fresco of any kind.

"Yes, Madame, of course," he replied. "Have you any plan?"

"No, Monsieur. We could arrange that together perhaps, though I think I would leave it to your taste. My husband has given me *carte blanche*. I have just taken it for my boudoir."

"Perhaps the Graces and some nymphs would be attractive," said Rigaud.

"Yes, I think that would be very nice. How long would the work occupy you, Monsieur?"

"Three months perhaps, or four."

"Three or four months to decorate these walls!" exclaimed the lady in a tone of surprise. "I thought it would not take longer than three of four days. I had a man here last winter who did my bed-chamber in a day. He came from Loiret's. Do you also, Monsieur?"

One of a caustic temperament and more egotism might have answered her impatiently. Rigaud, with his characteristic and rather humorous smile, replied.

"I think you have made a mistake, Madame. You are thinking, doubtless, of wall paper. I am a portrait painter. My name is Rigaud."

"*Oh, mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the lady. "What have I done? I took you for—how can I explain, Monsieur? Sit down, I beg you. I will send for my husband. Pardon me,—pardon me, Monsieur!"

At this moment a door at the other end of the room opened, and a gentleman with gray hair and beard, leaning on a cane, came slowly forward.

"Albert," cried Madame de Taverny, "come quickly! Help me out. This is Monsieur Rigaud, who paints such wonderful portraits, and in my stupidity I mistook him for the man whom I sent for to decorate this room. My husband, Monsieur; and please forgive me."

Again Rigaud smiled. "It is nothing, Madame,—nothing," he replied. "A very natural mistake."

"Quite the contrary, Monsieur," said

the gentleman, glancing indulgently at his wife, who stood, the picture of chagrin, near the *fauteuil* she had been occupying until a moment before. "Could you not have seen by Monsieur's attire and dress, Cécile, that he did not come from Loiret's? His workmen do not present themselves in velvet small-clothes and silk stockings."

"Forget it, Madame, Monsieur," said Rigaud, bowing to both. "I repeat, it was a very natural mistake."

"It seems that you are forgiven, Cécile," said M. de Taverny, smiling and turning to Rigaud; while his wife sat, with folded hands, quietly listening to the conversation which ensued between her husband and the young painter. M. de Taverny had seen some of his work, and desired to have his wife's picture and his own executed by Rigaud, who was quite willing to undertake the commission. The time for the sittings was arranged, as well as the size of the portraits, which were to be three-quarter length, to fit two empty panels in the drawing-room.

"A wonderful creature," murmured Rigaud, as he descended the staircase,— "a wonderful creature. They look like father and daughter. He must be her senior by thirty-five or forty years, and yet she seems happy. But I did not notice the profusion of powder of which Alcidore boasted. On the contrary, I would be willing to wager that neither husband nor wife is a champion of folly. The rascal probably wanted me to think him *au fait* in the latest whim of fashion.

The following morning, at eleven precisely, a carriage with the arms and livery of the Duke d'Orleans stopped in front of Rigaud's dwelling. From it descended, followed by a servant, Monsieur de Marnes, the gentleman who had called there the previous day,

Arrived at Rigaud's apartment, Mon-

sieur de Marnes found him ready; and requested him to take with him the portrait of his mother, in order that the Duchess might see it.

"This man will carry it," said De Marnes. "He will be very careful."

"Pardon, Monsieur!" replied Rigaud. "But I prefer to take it myself."

Snatching the blue coverlet from the bed, he wrapped the picture in its folds, and descended to the waiting carriage, around which had already gathered a number of women and children.

"To Marley!" said Monsieur de Marnes to the coachman, and the horses set off at a lively pace; while the on-lookers gaped at Flamand, who had come down to the street door, filled with curiosity and self-importance, but feigning indifference.

To repeated questionings he answered unsatisfactorily, wishing to preserve a certain discretion about that of which he knew so little.

"Oh, that is nothing! My master has painted portraits of many great personages," he said at last. "Even the King looked favorably upon his work,"—with which declaration he retraced his steps upward, leaving the little crowd under the impression (as he had intended to do) that Rigaud had been sent for to put upon canvas the august features of the ruler of France.

When Flamand returned to the apartment, he went at once to the lower drawer of an old *armoire*, from which he drew forth a striped blue and white counterpane, beautifully knitted by skill and loving hands.

"I shall put this upon his bed again," he mused; "and he will leave it there, I know; for he is so fond of his old mother, at Perpignan, who made it, that he will never drag it hither and thither from its original use. Let him have his blue coverlet for *mannequins* or back-grounds, or wrappings for pictures,—anything he chooses to select. I am

sure he will be delighted to see this old counterpane on his bed once more, though he seems to have forgotten all about it. Well, we shall see!"

The ducal carriage, travelling the quays, crossed the Pont-Royal, and after some time turned towards Marley by way of the charming little forests of Ville d'Avray and Vaucresson. It was a beautiful day in May, and the painter enjoyed every moment of the journey. From the moment of entering the carriage, his companion had not uttered a word, but sat with closed eyes, as though asleep. Rigaud did not think him so, however, but suspected he had taken refuge in simulated slumber to avoid answering possible questions which, had he known the painter's character, he need not in the least have feared or sought to avoid.

Suddenly he sat erect and said: "We are at Marley; we get out here. I will take you to the Duchess."

They left the carriage, and, after traversing several secluded pathways through luxuriant gardens, reached the building devoted to the use of the Duchess and her Court. A page opened the door.

"Has Madame returned from her walk?" inquired De Marnes.

"Not yet, Monsieur," answered the youth; "but she will soon be here, as she sent word she had an appointment at one o'clock. She left at seven, to the great disgust of the ladies who accompanied her; for they had been up till past midnight. Madame said they would walk as far as Louveciennes. Ah, here they come! And tired enough they look."

A group of ladies in walking costume were slowly approaching. They carried staffs, and, from their laggard steps, seemed greatly fatigued. A little in advance came a tall, middle-aged woman, dressed in rough cloth, with very short

skirts, thick boots, and a gray felt hat, which almost hid her face. She walked briskly, pausing in front of the painter and M. de Marnes.

"Rigaud?" she inquired of the latter, who answered:

"Yes, your Highness."

She bowed to the painter and turned again to De Marnes.

"See that he has some luncheon," she said; "and bring him to me at two."

With these words she entered the pavilion.

Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, Princess Palatine and Duchess of Orleans, has described herself in her memoirs, and contemporary witnesses have never contradicted her. She was so unattractive that the sight of her frightened little children; and so straightforward and well-balanced was her mind that neither the flatteries of courtiers nor the *éclat* of her high rank served to hide from her soul the defects of her body.

In Germany, in her family, she had been beloved. From her earliest infancy, they had been accustomed to her, and gave little thought to her extraordinary ugliness. In France, when she came to take the place of Henrietta Maria of England, so charming, so beloved, whose beauty and exquisite grace of manner and person could not but be contrasted with what she so woefully lacked, she met with coldness and aversion, which were unsuccessfully disguised under idle compliments. The insincerity, frivolity, and corruption of the Court dismayed and revolted her. The only real friendship and appreciation she met with was that of the King, her brother-in-law; and, becoming deeply attached and grateful to him, she also became jealous of all who approached him with any freedom, especially of Madame de Maintenon, whom she heartily disliked.

Repulsed in her natural affections by the perversity of her son and the indifference of her husband, Madame despised her adopted country, every day regretting more and more her beloved Germany and the Palatinate, which had been three times ravaged by the armies of Louis XIV. While she had never sought to conceal that she could not feel at home in the French Court, she resented the mockery which she did not fail to perceive. Upheld by the privileges of rank and the friendship of the King, she made herself obnoxious to the majority of her *entourage*, especially her husband.

And yet she was possessed of great qualities. Her heart was ever open to the call of poverty or illness; she was particularly interested in educating and providing for the future of young girls of good family impoverished by the follies or misfortunes of their parents; she gave liberally to the needs of the Church. She had strong likes and dislikes, which were in nearly every case justified by the worthiness or worthlessness of their objects.

Rigaud had never seen the Duchess of Orleans. After an excellent luncheon, which was brought him in a small room opening from the long drawing-room, he was in the act of placing the portrait of his mother on a projecting shelf under a high mirror, when he heard a quick footstep behind him, and, turning, beheld his new patroness. She was wearing a loose violet robe, more appropriate to the bedchamber than the drawing-room.

"You are Monsieur Rigaud?" she inquired.

"Yes, your Highness."

"The young painter who is becoming so famous?"

"I can hardly say that, your Highness. I have, I admit, been quite busy and somewhat successful of late."

"So I have heard. I have seen some

of your work. Whose picture is that?"—pointing to the portrait. "And please sit down, Monsieur,"—indicating a chair near the one she had taken. Rigaud had often heard that ordinary persons were never expected to seat themselves in the presence of royalty; but he was aware also that royal commands were imperative. He obeyed, as he replied:

"That, your Highness, is the portrait of my mother. M. de Marnes asked me to bring it to-day that you might see it. He was pleased with it."

"He told me of it. I consider it a fine piece of work, and, no doubt, a good likeness. You have reason to be proud of your mother, Monsieur; and I fancy she has no cause to be ashamed of her son."

"I hope not, your Royal Highness."

"Call me 'Madame.' I hate those formal titles. You know why I summoned you to-day?"

"Yes, Madame."

"For myself, I would almost as soon have my head cut off as have my portrait painted. You can see why."

Rigaud did not reply.

"My brother-in-law, the King, insists that I have it done," she continued. "It is the custom, of course. The panels of the long galleries are filled with portraits of French princes and their consorts. I must needs obey the wishes of my sovereign, whose friendship for me causes him to overlook the defects of my person."

Rigaud, embarrassed, was still silent. The Duchess stood up.

"Look at me," she said, "and tell me whether you will undertake the commission. Several of our Court painters have already declined it. Their time was, unfortunately, filled up for several years."

Her tone was sarcastic. Rigaud was not surprised that it should be so. He saw before him a woman of perhaps

forty-five years of age, tall, well-proportioned, with the slight figure of a girl, but a face that was the most singularly ugly he had ever beheld. The eyes were small, almost colorless, and very close together; the nose, large, broad, and placed quite flat to the face; heavy cheeks and chin; and an immense mouth, with large, projecting teeth. The complexion was coarse and florid, as of one who spent a great deal of time out of doors and gave little thought to the arts of the toilet. But the forehead above the bushy eyebrows was lofty and well shaped; the ears, delicate and set close to the head, which was crowned with braids of magnificent hair, softly wavy, and prematurely white as snow.

The painter carefully took in every point of the face and the figure, favorable and unfavorable. The Duchess, observing his intent scrutiny, smilingly awaited his decision.

"Well, what do you say, M. Rigaud? Will you do it?"

"I think so, Madame."

The Duchess seemed a little surprised.

"I will not be flattered,—remember that."

"I shall not flatter you, Madame; I never flatter."

"And yet I do not want to look hideous," said the Duchess, her woman's sensitiveness and vanity rising, for a moment, to the surface.

"You will not look hideous, Madame. But you may not approve of my plan."

"Tell it to me."

She leaned forward in her chair, laying her hand, white and shapely, upon the painter's knee, while Rigaud said:

"Madame, you have an excellent figure, a fine forehead, and wonderful hair, growing beautifully upon the temples. Your ears also are remarkably good, shell-like and small. Will you stand once more, Madame, and permit me to pose you?"

"Certainly," replied the Duchess, now greatly interested, and suiting the action to the word.

"A little to this side, Madame; a little more, to the left," said Rigaud, respectfully touching her hair, forehead, ear, and shoulders.

"This side view is most attractive,—most attractive. Please remain in this position a moment longer, Madame," he said.

"But the face,—the front face, Monsieur? Shall you make that blank?" she asked somewhat impatiently.

"In a manner, yes," replied Rigaud, calmly. "I will now explain my plan. Would you be willing, Madame, to cover your face with a plain black mask, extending from the eyebrows to the lower part of the chin? It might be, and I think *should* be, finished with an edge of delicate lace; you would hold it in one hand this way,"—taking a fan from the table and holding it in front of his own face. "You have an unusually beautiful hand, Madame. I can paint it to perfection. In this way all your good points are brought forward, the others concealed. And I pledge you my word, Madame, that when the portrait is finished, though your face will be, I might say, almost entirely hidden, no one could mistake for any but yours the very excellent portrait which I shall be pleased and honored to paint for you."

"Give me the fan," said the Duchess. She held it in front of her face. "So?" she asked.

"Perfectly,—just right! A fine effect!" said Rigaud.

"I will do it," she replied. "You are a genius—and an honest man. And it will silence the talk of the whole Court."

Rigaud smiled. "With that I am not concerned, Madame," he said. "My only wish is to please you and to do you full justice."

"When can you begin?" she asked.

"Whenever Madame pleases. That is, we can have a sitting every other day—as I am going to paint the portraits of Monsieur and Madame de Taverny, and have already made arrangements with them."

"Ah! So they have decided to have it done! They are great friends of mine. Madame de Taverny is a *protégée*,—the orphan daughter of one of our distinguished soldiers who died, as they nearly always do, almost penniless—unless, as was not the case in this instance, they have married rich wives. I had her nicely educated and married her to M. de Taverny,—a very wealthy and altogether worthy gentleman. Did they please you, Monsieur?"

"Very much, Madame."

"There is great disparity between their ages, of course; but he takes good care of her, and she is fond of him. My friends will be delighted, and my enemies discomfited."

Rigaud did not reply, as ninety-nine out of a hundred in his position would have done. Instead he regarded her with a look of kindness and almost compassion, which the clever Duchess noted and enjoyed. "Here, at last, is a man among a thousand," she thought; and, forgetting all restraint of etiquette, something not unusual with her, she took both his hands in hers.

"I like you, friend Rigaud," she said impulsively. "It is refreshing to meet a person of your sort once in an age. And I am satisfied your work will be all that I could desire,—all I could expect. But suppose I should say that my picture must be done first and immediately?" inquired the Duchess, with an enigmatic smile.

Rigaud replied gravely: "That I could not do, Madame, unless M. de Taverny would agree. I have given him my word."

"You are, indeed, an unusual man," said the Duchess. "I accept your terms."

A lackey appeared at the door. The Duchess rose, dismissed Rigaud with a nod and smile, and left the room. The painter was met in the corridor by De Marnes, who conducted him through the gardens to the waiting carriage. The afternoon was nearly over when Rigaud arrived at his studio, well pleased with the day's business.

(To be continued.)

The Wisdom of Haroun.

HAROUN AL RASCHID, Caliph of Bagdad, who lived more than a thousand years ago, in the days when Charlemagne was the great ruler of the West, is the hero of many of the tales of the Arabian Nights. He is also the central figure of traditional stories that have not won a place in literature. These Arab traditions exalt his wisdom and his justice. One of them—the story of how Haroun settled the difficult case of the camels—has a touch of satire on the lawyers in its *dénouement*.

On one of those days when Haroun sat at his palace gate, receiving the petitions of the poor, and dispensing prompt, unceremonious justice, there came to him three brothers who had for years earned their living working with their father in the caravans that carried the goods of the traders on the hilly road to Teheran. They told how their father had died, leaving them as their means of livelihood the camels with which they had carried on his business. These were to be divided among them, according to a will drawn up by a scribe, and duly sealed the day before he died. Half of the property was to go to the eldest son; the second son was to have one-third; and the youngest, one-sixth. But there was a difficulty in making the division, for there were *seventeen* camels to be shared according to the will.

Haroun turned to his Vizier who sat

beside him, and asked, "What does your wisdom suggest?"

The Vizier Yahiya was Haroun's wisest counsellor. He summed up the case by gravely repeating the terms of the will, and then remarked that it was obvious that 17 could not be divided by 2, 3 and 6 without giving in each case a fractional result. It would be useless, he said, to give the eldest son as his share eight and a half camels; for fractions of camels would be of no practical use in the caravan business. He therefore ventured to suggest that the property should be sold by auction in the public market, and the proceeds divided among the three heirs as the will directed.

"It is a just judgment," said the Caliph. "It accords with the facts and the strict exigencies of the law. But strict justice often means hardship to our poorer subjects. Justice may well be tempered at times with generosity. If the camels are sold they may bring only a small price; and these men need not money but the camels, and their pack-saddles and gear, with which to earn their living. I shall provide a way of making the division without the risks of a sale. Let the seventeen camels be brought hither.

Presently the long line of camels was brought up; and the beasts, grunting and groaning as is the way of camels, were made to kneel under the palms before the palace gate. There was much curiosity among the courtiers as to how Haroun would solve the problem. When the last of the camels was in position, the Caliph spoke:

"Bring from my own stables a transport camel with its saddle and gear. Place it with the rest. There will then be eighteen camels. Divide them into three groups: one-half, that is nine; one-third, that is six; and one-sixth, that is three."

There was loud applause at the

wisdom and generosity of Haroun as the camel was led out and the officials divided the eighteen beasts into three lines of nine, six, and three. The brothers bowed low, offered the Caliph their thanks, and asked leave to depart.

"Go in peace," said Haroun. "But first there is a little formality to be observed. You have—all three of you—something more than is your just possession under your father's will. Each of you has, in fact, something that belongs to me, in addition to the property left to you by your worthy father. Then, too, as my Vizier reminds me, there are the legal costs of the case to be fixed and paid. Let one camel be taken from each of these three lines, and driven to my stables."

As the royal camel, followed by two new stable companions, disappeared, there was a loud outburst of applause for the wisdom of Haroun.

Their Saving Works.

A certain sage was walking in a market-place when he suddenly encountered the Prophet Elias, and asked him who out of the vast crowd would be saved. Whereupon the Prophet first pointed out a weird-looking creature, a turnkey, because he was merciful to his prisoners; and next, two common-looking workmen, walking in the crowd and pleasantly chatting. The sage went to them and asked them what were their saving works. But they, much puzzled, replied: "We are but poor workmen who live by our trade; all that can be said for us is that we are always of good cheer and are good-natured. When we meet anybody who seems sad, we join him and we talk to him, and try to cheer him. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled about anything, we talk to them and persuade them, until we have made them friends again. This is our whole life."

A Word in Season.

ALONG with its annual register, one of our leading educational institutions sends out a neatly printed brochure, entitled "A Word about Education," which merits attentive perusal, not only on the part of parents but by the heads of our schools as well. This piece of writing would be worth quoting if for nothing more than the sentence, "The finest of the arts is the art of living, and the highest of the sciences is the science of conduct"; but there is in it so much that is of present interest, we reproduce the piece entire, with such changes as will render its good advice more generally applicable:

"Conditions in matters educational have changed radically even in the last ten years, and not a few problems present themselves to parents who are seeking a school wherein their children may have, not only the best advantages in the pursuit of science and the liberal arts, but also the lessons that make for noble manhood and womanhood. Our colleges are strong in all that pertains to mental culture, and most institutions of learning attach full importance to physical training; but the right school for Catholic young men and women is that which, combining the best in intellectual and physical education, teaches theoretically and practically, by precept and example, in season and out of season, and by all the influences which make for right growth, that 'the finest of the arts is the art of living, and the highest of the sciences is the science of conduct.'

"The signs of the times point to special needs in the training of the coming generation. Any one following the trend of the Baccalaureate sermons and Commencement addresses which marked the closing of the past scholastic year must have heard the note of warning persistently struck in the ear-

nest exhortations to the young men and women about to enter upon life's duties. Recognition of the supremacy of moral principles was inculcated; there were pleas for the following of the spirit of righteousness as opposed to the mere letter of the law; graduates were reminded that mental equipment must ever be considered in relation to moral vocation; other addresses dwelt upon the fact that knowledge and virtue must go hand in hand, if the best interests of society are to be conserved; self-possession, self-control, the following of reason, not blind impulse, was the gist of numerous Baccalaureate sermons; the students were reminded that character counts for far more than learning; and serious warnings were sounded against the luxury and frivolity of our times.

"High scholarship and right ideas of the simple life should be inculcated, and science and art looked upon, not as ends, but as means to a great end. Education is to fit one for life; hence the training which develops and strengthens the mind, the body and the moral nature is the only adequate training; and the institution which brings about such results can not include in its printed curriculum the best that it offers."

Catholic parents can not be too firmly persuaded that the manifold influences of Catholic schools, whatever any of them may lack in material equipment, make for right growth. On the other hand, the heads of such schools should feel obliged to exert their best endeavors to enhance all those special advantages which patrons have a right to expect and to which pupils have claim. Whatever may be said of secular schools, one sure test of a Catholic educational institution is its discipline; and the highest recommendation it can have for the public is a reputation for giving due prominence to the art of living and the science of conduct.

Notes and Remarks.

In a lecture delivered long before the war, that fair-minded Congregationalist, the Rev. Dr. McGiffert, observed: "Many of the animosities of the fathers are no longer felt by us; and particularly in religious matters union has taken the place of division, sympathy of hostility, co-operation of rivalry. We are farther away from the days of persecution, and less nervous about many movements and institutions that our fathers dreaded unspeakably. The spirit of toleration has taken hold upon us all; and Protestants can think and speak kindly of men of other faiths, and can co-operate heartily with them as opportunity offers for the promotion of good ends dear to all."

The sudden rise and rapid spread of the Ku-Klux movement is not evidence either of increased enlightenment, or of the religious tolerance required by law in the United States. The greater number of Protestant ministers would seem to be what they always were—ignorant (ignorant of some things which there is no excuse for not knowing) and prejudiced to the last degree. Anti-Catholic movements originate with them and are encouraged by them. For this statement there is the published testimony of one of their own number, the late Dr. Gladden. How ashamed all Protestant ministers like him and Dr. McGiffert must be of the bigots and ignoramuses among them!

Among the activities of our coreligionists in England are the outdoor meetings of the Catholic Evidence Guild and also of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. The purpose of these meetings is to inform non-Catholics of the doctrines and practices of the Faith. The course pursued at some of the meetings by certain perfervid and disputatious Catholics has led to the publication and

distribution of handbills in which Catholics are asked "(1) not to occupy the space near the platform; (2) not to enter into a discussion, on any consideration whatsoever, with non-Catholics while the lecturer is speaking; (3) not to express surprise nor resentment at the questions and interruptions of non-Catholics; (4) not to make statements about the Faith unless absolutely certain they are correct; (5) not to haggle and wrangle with people after the lecture is over; (6) to treat all non-Catholics with great kindness, to listen patiently to their difficulties, to advise them to ask questions and to read suitable books, to pray during the lectures that God will enlighten the minds and move the wills of our separated brethren, and to receive Holy Communion frequently for the success of the great work of the Catholic Evidence Guild."

Excellent recommendations, applicable wherever similar work among non-Catholics is being done.

About as incisive a bit of criticism of "Painted Windows" as has come to our notice appears in the *Catholic Herald of India*. Its editor declares that the impression one gathers from the book and from other controversial productions of the day is "that people in England are discussing the dogmas of the Catholic religion as though there were nothing else in it. They miss the wood for the trees, and the flesh for the bones. We do wish they could study religion a little less in acts of Ecumenical Councils and a little more in the Irish peasant woman. She knows her catechism but practises her religion, and she loves much more than she knows. She makes the Sign of the Cross without analyzing the Blessed Trinity."

Commenting on the statement by the hero of the book in question, that "Christianity has been more studied than practised," our critic remarks:

"This is exactly the outsider's view, and the view that is so abnormally emphasized by controversialists, both Protestant and Catholic. It is evident that if people turn to books for Christianity, they will find it studied; let them turn to Catholic churches and homes, if they want to see it practised." An obvious corollary, so far as the average Catholic is concerned, is that, while intellectual appreciation of Catholicism is good, conduct in conformity with the Church's teaching is better.

The Prince of Wales has a grievance—which he will probably not ventilate—against the statisticians who furnished him with information concerning the comparative numbers of those following the different religions of the world. Replying to an address, on his landing at Rangoon, during his late visit to India, he said: "In your midst stands the great pagoda, the oldest of all the holy places of a religion claiming a larger proportion of followers among the human race than any other." The editor of *The Voice*, with all due respect, begs to differ from his Royal Highness, and categorically denies that Buddhism has the largest proportion of followers among the human race. From the most reliable religious statistics of the world, it appears that the honor claimed for Buddhism belongs to the Catholic Church, while the followers of Buddha rank only seventh in numbers among world religions. In round numbers, there are two hundred and ninety-two million Catholics, and only one hundred and twenty-five million Buddhists.

Even if it be claimed that Buddhism, Confucianism, and Shintoism are so closely allied that they really form only one religion, the Prince's statement is still inaccurate; for the same reasoning will put together all the Christian denominations, no matter how much they may differ one from another; and the

Christians of the world number six hundred and fifteen millions, whereas Buddhists (in the foregoing extended sense) number but four hundred and fourteen millions, or some two hundred millions fewer. Incidentally, it is worth noting that of the total population of the world, placed at a billion and a half, Christians claim two-fifths,—not a proportion to be particularly proud of, perhaps; but not so small, either, as to engender discouragement or shame. The end of the world is not yet.

Considerable indignation has frequently been expressed at the silly sentimentalism so often manifested by emotional persons, women especially, in the case of hardened criminals. The more judicious of our great papers have inveighed against the “sob stuff” expended on murderers, robbers, and similar malefactors by ladies who apparently lose sight of the crimes that have brought about the downfall of such criminals. Not all the sentimentalism, however, is shown by the public. The Bench itself is not always free from what is practically the same undue clemency. Instances are not uncommon where an inconsiderable fine, instead of a lengthy jail sentence, has been imposed on criminals who, in all equity and justice, have deserved as harsh a penalty as the law allows. Mr. Samuel Untermyer, writing to the Attorney-General of New York, administers a well-merited rebuke to more than one judge in saying: “The judicial psychology which leads to the conclusion that men of great wealth and power who offend against the criminal laws and are convicted after long and patient effort, are sufficiently punished by the humiliation of having their crimes exposed, does not appeal to me.”

If it be true that outrages against the Indians are still going on, as the writer

of the subjoined letter to the *New York Herald* declares, his recitation of their wrongs should rouse the whole nation to “call a halt” and demand reparation. As to the outrages perpetrated against the Indians in the past, there is no denying them. The book to which attention is called—a book that created a sensation when it was first published—affords abundant evidence, based on Government documents. Secretary of War Stanton once made a statement to Bishop Whipple quite as strong as the one of Gen. Sherman. Mr. William R. Griffiths, of Douglaston, is the writer of this letter, which is dated June 26:

There is one class of people which consistently libels the American Indian. It is the class which wanted what the Indian had, and which considered that these original owners of all our country had no rights that the white man was bound to respect. As strongly as I speak I do it from true knowledge, and can prove every allegation that I make. I have lived among the Indians and I know them.

The Sioux, poor devils, were driven by the whites from their beautiful lake country in Minnesota from pillar to post, and treated to a long succession of broken treaties and promises, so that I would not have respected them if they had not fought. They simply did it from desperation, frequently to avert starvation. The white man set the Indian many a bad example by stealing the Indians' cattle, horses, women, and other property. Much of this was done at night, so that the Indians naturally suspected the nearest unfriendly whites and descended upon them.

The Indian first welcomed the white man, and even for long periods permitted the prairie schooners to pass through their country unharmed, until the Indians were driven to reprisals by the many crimes committed against them by the whites, to say nothing of the rapid extermination of their game and fur animals.

Every citizen of this country owes it to justice to read Helen Hunt Jackson's book entitled “A Century of Dishonor.” Therein is abundant, damning proof of the almost unbelievable perfidy of the white man to the Indian from the first right down to latter days; and the outrages are still going on against these now almost defenceless people, who, naturally highly honorable, moral, loyal

friends and generous hosts, have been the victims of one long series of robberies and worse by the white man. Should we not blush with shame when we know that Gen. Sherman said that Congress never did keep a treaty it made with the Indians?...

White men have scalped and mutilated Indians, have shot fleeing women and tiny children in the back, and left their wounded to freeze. White men first taught Indians to fight white men; and the loyal devotion of many an Indian and tribe to the white people, in the face of outrageous provocation, is well-known in and out of printed history.

Give the Indian a square deal and there will very rarely be any trouble from him. I can give splendid testimony to his honesty, ability and goodness to the whites.

The man who invented the shibboleth that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" was a selfish brute who wanted to steal what belonged to the Indian,—either that, or he was misinformed by designing tricksters. Good and able white men who have been long in close contact with our Indians have testified to the splendid men who have been leaders of the tribes, many of whom have fought us because we forced them to, not because they wanted to. Let us be just!

Notable among the discourses pronounced at the Catholic Young Men's Conference recently held at Cardiff, Wales, was one on "The Present Position of the Church in Europe," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. The well-known publicist described the forces at work in European society, and gave reasons for his belief that the tide has turned in favor of the Church. This reversal in Catholic fortunes, he declared, was accelerated by the Great War, but would have come anyhow. There is a general reversion to Catholic culture, and of the Catholic Church to the position which is its due as the driving force of our civilization. For European civilization was made by the Catholic Church, and in the absence of the Catholic Church it would decay. And the people of England do not know this.

Not the least interesting portion of Mr. Belloc's address was his reference to the appearance in Europe of a new

Power, or, more correctly, the sudden reappearance of an old Power:

A nation which, in this country at least, was not known to exist, the boundaries of which were quite unknown to the Ministers of this country in 1914,—a Catholic nation called Poland, has come back again into existence,—a nation whose culture commands over thirty million subjects. That nation, which is intensely patriotic, has very wisely insisted on remaining fully armed, and would not allow itself again to be extinguished. Here is present, where it had never existed before in our time, a great, independent and tenacious people;—and the nation has come to stay. It is a fact of great consequence.

A very forcible article contributed to *America*, Father Markoe, S. J., appeals to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade to "turn its guns on un-Catholic prejudice, and with one voice demand the admission of our many sterling Catholic colored boys and girls to the better and best gifts within the power of the Church,"—admission, that is, to Catholic schools, primary and secondary. Not the least interesting portion of this plea for the Negro is the following declaration of Archbishop Ireland:

I have been asked to state what my ideas are as to the opening of parish schools to colored Catholic children. So far as the diocese of St. Paul is concerned, my ideas are very decided that no distinction should be made as to the color of pupils in parish schools. No such distinction has ever been made; no such distinction ever shall be made. I am not well informed as to the practice in this regard throughout other dioceses; but if admission into parish schools is refused to colored children, I can not see on what principle the act can be justified. . . . Things often occur from force of mere tradition which cease as soon as attention is called to them. Whenever there are not separate schools fully equipped for the instruction of colored children, these are admitted, on equal terms with white children, into all our public schools; and surely it shall not be said that the State goes farther than Holy Church in the application of the great Christian principles of the brotherhood of men and the common fatherhood of God. The Church is Catholic—instituted for all, and all must feel equally her motherhood.



The Magdalene Flower.

BY ALTO OTIS.

IN far Eastern lands there's a little green
vine

That is found at the door of each tomb,
And because of the deep scarlet flower it
bears

They call it St. Magdalene's bloom.

And legend recalls that when Magdalene knelt
At the foot of the Cross long ago,
She noticed a vine creeping over the ground,
Whose blossoms were white as the snow.

But when the centurion pierced Our Lord's
side

And the last precious blood-drops were shed,
The little white petals that grew 'neath the
Cross

Were changed to a beautiful red.

And Magdalene, plucking a sprig of the vine
On that evening of sorrow and gloom,
Stole off through the dusk to the grave of Our
Lord

And planted it next to His tomb.

And so at the dawning of Easter, they say,

When an angel rolled back the huge stone,
He found all the grass on the way to Christ's
grave

With pretty red blossoms o'ergrown.

And still to this day in the lands of the East
Along in the dim twilight hour,
They plant a red bloom on the graves of their
dead,

And they call it the Magdalene flower.

A ROMAN emperor had a beautiful
faun which wore a collar of gold in-
scribed with the words, "I belong to
Cæsar." On the foreheads of all who
receive the Sacrament of Confirmation
is the invisible sign, "I belong to Christ;
I am a soldier of His army."

Lil'lady.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVII.—ROSY LIGHT.

THE holy rite was over. Lil'lady,
who had wakened into conscious-
ness for a few moments, sank again into
fevered sleep. Father Tom lingered, his
hand upon the child's pulse, his watch-
ful eye upon her face. He had medi-
cined both soul and body in his long
years of missionary work, and knew
when Death was hovering near.

"She is very ill," he said gravely;
"but she is young and strong. I know
something of sickness. I think there is
hope. The prayer of faith will save her
yet. I will watch with you, if you wish,
Elmer, through the night."

And something in the tone, in the
words, sent a strange thrill through the
hearer's deadened, despairing soul. It
was not only the voice of his old friend
that seemed to speak to him: it was that
of a messenger from another world, who
stood calm and fearless in the Valley of
the Shadow, strong to help either in
life or death; and, proud man that he
was, Elmer Marsden felt that he dared
not face this night alone.

"If you will," he answered hoarsely.
"The child seems to know, to trust you,
and I am shaken beyond my strength."

"Beyond your strength indeed," re-
peated Father Tom, gently. "There are
dark waters in which our poor human
love sinks, old friend. I will watch with
you and Lil'lady. There will be a
change, I think, soon. Let us pray God
that it will be for the better."

"Pray!" repeated the other, bitterly.
"I can not, I dare not. I have forgotten
how to pray."

For a moment the priest's voice rose in stern rebuke; then it softened into gentleness again. "I will pray for you, Elmer."

Then silence fell between the watchers,—a solemn silence, broken only by Lil'lady's short, fevered breathing. Mammy Sue stole into the room for a look at her darling, and staggered out again, wringing her withered hands. Dave and Dan sat in the old nursery, striving to choke back their sobs. Miss Gilbert and Cousin Jane were crying softly out on the wide stairs. Aunt Sabina, Cleopatra, and Ann Caroline watched and whispered.

Whether they were moments or hours that passed over him, Elmer Marsden did not know. That night was a horror of darkness, into which his memory never could look. He was only conscious of two figures before his despairing eyes: his dying child and the shadowy form beside her,—the friend of long ago, who was the friend and servant and minister of his forgotten God,—the friend who had the right to plead for Lil'lady.

And how Father Tom was pleading for child and father only the listening angels knew. Stifling the cough that brought the red stain to his handkerchief, struggling against the weakness that more than once almost overcame him, steadying the hand that trembled in Lil'lady's fevered clasp, Father Tom watched and prayed until, with a sudden, long-drawn breath, the blue eyes opened and looked up at him, then closed with a soft sigh. Lil'lady lay very still.

"My God, she is gone!" gasped her father, hoarsely.

"Oh, no, no, no!" came a deep, glad voice beside him; and Father Tom laid his hand upon the bowed shoulder of his old friend. "This is not the sleep of death but of life. It is the change for which I have been hoping, praying.

Your child is given back to you, Elmer. Thank God, thank God!" And, with the words trembling upon his lips, the speaker fell forward fainting, and was caught in Elmer Marsden's arms.

And so, the light came back to Shorecliff, borne in Father Tom's dying hand. For the night journey, the long vigil by Lil'lady's side, the stress and the strain of this last mission, had been too much for his fast-failing strength. He was too ill to leave Shorecliff for many days,—days in which our Lil'lady, fluttering back to health and strength under old Mammy Sue's rapturous care, was only dimly conscious of the wonderful work of grace that was being done in her home,—of the faith and hope and love Father Tom was rekindling from the "lamp on his broken mast."

Those brief days with his boyhood's friend brought Elmer Marsden nearer to his God than years of other influence could have done; for, seated by Father Tom's bedside, the wasted hand clasped in his, he learned what it was to look into the soul of a dying saint, to hear from his lips blessed words of peace and pardon and reconciliation.

For three beautiful weeks Father Tom lingered at Shorecliff, giving his last mission,—touching, winning all hearts, from dad's roused into all the old love and tenderness of the past, down to old Mammy Sue's. Miss Angela came and went, a sweet vision of sorrowing love. Lil'lady, her strength nearly restored, hovered by his bedside. Dan and Dave were held wondering captives to his cheer and charm; while dad, forgetful of all other troubles and trials, was with him night and day.

"It was coming to save me that finished you, Tom. You and I and Angela know it."

"Ah, well, perhaps," was the smiling answer, "it would not have been a very long finish at the best, Elmer; and there is a text that I have always wished I

could somehow or somewhere claim as my epitaph: 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And I would choose my friend by God's grace to be you, Elmer."

And so it happened at last that our Lil'lady, opening her blue eyes on the first Winter snow one morning, learned that Father Tom had gone home in the night,—home, as he had told Ted and Dick, for Christmas. It was a happy home-coming, as all could see, even though they gazed through tears at the calm, smiling face. Father Tom lay before his old home altar, with the cross of Kalobar between his folded hands, his work done.

But Lil'lady's story must not end in sorrow and tears, even tears touched by the sunset light that shines through heaven's open gates,—light such as had gleamed upon Father Tom. Two years later there was another Christmas at Shorecliff,—a Christmas that was all cheer and gladness and joy, with great fires leaping on the wide hearths, and Christmas greens wreathing the walls and pictures; and a big tree rising to the very tiptop of the drawing-room, with presents for everybody, old and young, far and near. And the great house was fairly brimming with company; all the rooms that had been closed for more than a dozen years were full. Even the old library, with its grim portraits and "dead-eyed" busts, had been touched by some Christmas fairy, and bloomed with holly and ivy, and glowed with warmth and life and light.

As Lil'lady declared, it was the first real, true, right Christmas she had ever had; for, as all boys and girls, old and young, know, there can not be a real true Christmas without a mother to make it right. And dad had brought a mother to Shorecliff as the very best Christmas gift he could find.

It was such a surprise! Lil'lady had

not been thinking or dreaming of such a thing. A mother was the beautiful gift she had lost when she was born, and never hoped to find again. For, on hearing of all the dreadful things that had happened at Island View, Great-aunt Greyson had come back from Europe, three times grander and more important than she was eleven years before, and had decided that Lil'lady must be put to boarding school at Mount Loreto; and the boys should go to St. Vincent's, as their father had done before them; and all things should go back to the old, old ways at Shorecliff.

But though Mount Loreto was very beautiful, and the girls charming, and the Sisters "perfect dears," it was not the old home, with its wave-washed shore, that Lil'lady had roamed from babyhood. There was no dad to come home to her; no Mammy Sue sitting by the nursery fire; no Uncle Eph to go fishing under the cliffs; no Aunt Sabina or Ann Caroline or Cleopatra,—not anything into which Lil'lady had grown and fitted as the young vine stretches its roots and tendrils deep and fast to earth and rock. Nevertheless, Great-aunt Greyson, who was now seventy years old, declared she could not go down to her grave in peace leaving a motherless girl to grow up in a place like Shorecliff. And so it seemed to Lil'lady that the dear old home and the dear old days were lost to her forever.

And then suddenly it happened,—suddenly the whole world burst into new, rosy light. One wonderful evening, just two years after that terrible Thanksgiving which Lil'lady could not bear to remember, dad had come to the convent parlor; and when they were quite alone (as good Mother Benedicta had contrived) he took her in his arms and told her that Miss Angie—her own dear, darling Miss Angie, Father Tom's Miss Angie—had promised him to come to Shorecliff and be his little girl's mother.

Oh, it seemed too wonderful, too good to be true! All the homesickness that Lil'lady had been bravely hiding, she now sobbed out on dad's dear heart. If she had the whole wide world to choose from, she would have picked out Miss Angie for a mother.

"Not that we will ever forget the dear mother who has gone," said dad in a low voice. "But you—you never knew her, my darling; and God has given you, has given me, another angel."

And so it was that this Christmas came in such joy to Shorecliff; for the new mother was at home, in all her sweet loveliness and grace, with old friends and new filling the great house and waking its long silent rooms into hospitable life.

Everybody was there, from Great-aunt Greyson, throned in state in her carved chair in the drawing-room, as representative of all the family past, to old Zach Simpson, who since his rescue of Lil'lady had established most friendly relations with dad, and was working with him, instead of against him, in the interests of the poor fisherman.

"You've done the right thing for that pretty little girl of yours, to say nothing of yourself," said the old man, as he shook dad's hand warmly. "She is getting too big to run around these shores fishing with a blind Nigger, even though she did bring you and me to terms with her milk bottle."

"Dis looks like libbing agin,—it looks like libbing," chorused Aunt Sabina and Ann Caroline and Cleopatra, with various dusky assistants, as they hustled around the big kitchen, cooking and serving. "Miss Jane's been good in her way, but we've got de quality Mistress now at Shorecliff. You seen dem diamonds on her neek at dinnah? Dat ain't no new boughten finery, honey. Dat come down de Ridgely generations far back as you kin count. Yes, honey,

Miss Angie is de lady for dis place."

"And de bad luck sign's all gone," Uncle Eph nodded from his place in the chimney corner. "Mirandy's Jim found de bullfrog froze dead in de swamp yesterday. And de hoot owl, he scoot off when de wind blew down de split pine. De bad luck is gone forebber from Shorecliff."

And the college yell of St. Vincent's was rising from the lawn, where Dave and Dan and Ted and Dick were engaging their old mates of the military institute in a snowball battle; and Polly Tillman was listening a little enviously to Lil'lady's future prospects,—Lil'lady, who was not going back to school until—until the Sisters came to the new convent that was to be opened at Ridgely Hall. "It is what Father Tom asked of his brother and sister when he was dying," added Lil'lady softly,— "that they would give their old home for a House of God; and when I get a little older, I'll go to school there."

"It's all come out right," crooned old Mammy Sue over the nursery fire. "It's all come out right, as de good man wot chrissen my chile said. And now I's ready to go. Miss Angie is heah to show me de right way, and I's gwine to take it, honey; I's gwine her way and Marse Tom's to de Lord. I's ready to go."

"Oh, it has been such a Christmas," murmured Lil'lady happily in dad's ear,— "such a lovely, lovely Christmas! O dad, how did you ever think of doing such a beautiful thing as giving me a mother? I have wanted one ever since I was born."

"My own dear little girl!" came the sweet voice of the new mother; and Miss Angie slipped her hand into that of dad on Lil'lady's shoulder. "It was you did it all. It was you who brought the light of faith and love back to Shorecliff, Lil'lady, by God's blessing,—you and Father Tom."

The Gem of the Blessed Virgin.

THE pearl, from its association with all that is pure and innocent, has often been termed the gem of the Blessed Virgin. In the Ages of Faith, when it was a common practice to leave jewels to be applied to the adornment of Our Lady's statues, it was usual to stipulate that the gems be pearls.

These beautiful gems have another distinction—that of requiring no polishing or cutting to make them perfect, being shapely and lustrous when discovered in the shell which is their home.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the formation of pearls. In the time of the ancients it was said that they had their origin in drops of dew which found their way into the shell of the pearl oyster; but in modern times it has become generally believed that little irritating grains of sand are the foundation around which a pearly secretion gathers.

We read of pearls in the earliest recorded writings; and, so far as history goes, they have always existed, Eastern nations being especially fond of them. The Persian nobles were in the habit of wearing a large pearl hanging from the right ear; and the gay young men of Athens wore earrings in the shape of small bells, a pearl forming the clapper of each one.

Pearl oysters are found in many parts of the world, in both salt and fresh water, and are procured by divers, who prepare themselves for their dangerous task by a severe course of training. Their bodies are rubbed with oil, their nostrils and ears are stuffed with cotton, and a large stone is usually fastened about the waist to facilitate the descent. Forty or fifty trips are usually made in one day, the divers of certain Eastern countries using their toes as well as their fingers in picking up the oysters. The stay under water

is from one to two minutes. In recent years the diving-bell has been brought into use by the pearl fishers; and doubtless the old-fashioned, dangerous method of hunting the beautiful treasures will in time be entirely abandoned.

Pearls are found of various colors, the yellow ones being most highly prized by some people, notably the Chinese. In Buddhist temples, many pink pearls are seen in the ornamentation; and sometimes a pink pearl is placed in the mouth of the dead.

These gems are not always round, being often formed in the most fantastic shapes, and then called *baroque* pearls. Pearls are very sensitive to surrounding influences, and are injured by contact with noxious vapors.

The largest and finest pearl in existence to-day is in the possession of the Shah of Persia. It is valued at something like a million dollars. The crown jewels of the monarchs of the Old World contain many other wonderful specimens of these lovely objects which rank so high among the beautiful gifts of God to man. The "gem of the Blessed Virgin," it is safe to say, will never cease to be highly prized.

A King's Lesson.

King Alphonsus of Aragon, hearing that his pages neglected to pray before and after their meals, one day invited them and a beggar (whom he instructed beforehand) to the royal table. After dinner the beggar left without a word of gratitude; the pages, shocked and indignant, said among themselves: "What an ungrateful creature!"

Then the King arose and quietly remarked: "Until to-day you have been quite as unthankful as that beggar. Each day your Heavenly Father gives you food, and you never think of expressing gratitude for it. Blush now for your thoughtlessness."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Thoughts for a Child of Mary," by Maisie Ward (London, C. T. S.), is a booklet that every president of the Children of Mary might well put into the hands of the members of her sodality. One will look far to find in so brief a form a more satisfactory explanation of the privileges, duties, and ideals of Catholic womanhood.

—"Letters to a Nun on Mystical Prayer," by the Rev. Berthold Meleady, O. D. C., contains a summary of its substance in its title. The briefest of booklets, it is on the gospel of the Little Flower, "Watch and Listen," which the author suggests should rather be "Gaze and Long." This suggestion will be sufficient indication of the spirit and manner of the "Letters," whose only fault is brevity. James Duffy & Co., publishers.

—"The Making of a Capuchin Priest" and "The Capuchin Lay-Brother," by Father Theodosius, O. M. Cap. (illustrated octavo pamphlets of some 40 pages each), are thoroughly interesting accounts of the various steps leading from the world to the Capuchin Order, and can be recommended to Catholics, old and young,—to the latter more especially. Both of these pamphlets bear the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Hayes.

—If we were to attempt an enumeration of a dozen new works of fiction for Summer reading, the result would be something like this: "Maria Chapdelaine," by Louis Hémon; "Big Peter," by Archibald Marshall; "Abbé Pierre," by J. W. Hudson; "Adroëne Toner," by Anne D. Sedgwick; "The Light on the Lagoon," by Isabel Clarke; "Saint Teresa," by H. S. Harrison; "Gentle Julia," by Booth Tarkington; "Lost Valley," by K. F. Gerould—and we don't know any more.

—"A Little Day-Book," by Marian Nesbitt, is a collection of "Leaves" contributed to *St. Anthony's Messenger*. Miss Nesbitt, herself a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, has written this series of brief essays, biographical sketches, meditations, etc., for the benefit of fellow-Tertiaries. They were well worth collecting, and will well repay reading, not only by Tertiaries, but by Catholics generally. Published by *St. Anthony's Messenger*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—"The Ideal of Reparation" is a translation by Madame Cecilia of the uncompromising and straightforward treatise on the subject by

Raoul Plus, S. J. The author divides his subject into three parts: Why Reparation should be Made, Who Should Make Reparation, and How Reparation should be Made. These he develops with an ardor which is truly French, and a rigor that at times becomes almost austere. The book purposes to awaken zeal, and is possessed of the spirit that should achieve such a result. Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.50.

—Some two years ago, Father J. H. Pollen, S. J., read a historical paper before the Catholic Students' Guild, of the University of Glasgow. Rewritten and enlarged, the paper now appears as a neat 16mo volume of 79 pages, with the title "The Counter-Reformation in Scotland." The sketch is an exceptionally interesting account (with special reference to the revival of 1585 to 1595) of a period in Scotch history of which but very little is generally known. Published by Sands & Co.; to be had in this country from the B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$1.

—One is glad to notice the discrimination shown by the faculties of Catholic institutions this year in the conferring of honorary degrees. Formerly they seemed to go to capitalists and politicians rather than to authors and poets. Among those honored last month were Miss Anna T. Sadlier, a capital choice; and Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, who was made an LL.D. by Boston College. He was the orator of the day at its closing exercises; and Cardinal O'Connell, in the address which he delivered on the occasion, referred to him as "not only a poet but a true philosopher."

—Writing in *Antiques*, a Boston magazine, Mr. E. J. Goodspeed tells of a literary treasure which has come into his possession,—a strong box found on a slope of the Ladrone Mountains in New Mexico, and containing six volumes printed before the seventeenth century. The oldest of the books was published in 1531; the most modern, in 1596. "It is altogether a well-chosen little collection," Mr. Goodspeed declares,—"a twelve-inch library of the sixteenth century, Biblical and secular, classical and humanist, poetry and prose." And he pertinently adds, "Whatever its source or history, the strong box of the Sierra Ladrone brings back a past of surpassing romance and interest, and with it a fresh reminder that while the Puritan and the Cavalier were founding empires in New England and Vir-

ginia, the Spanish priest and soldier were at work, after their own fashion, in the distant deserts of New Mexico."

—Teachers in particular should be interested in an article entitled "The Garbage Can," contributed to the July number of the *North American Review* by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. The results of our intellectual slovenliness are shown in this wise:

Students may crowd the lecture hall; they may fill an astounding assortment of examination papers; they may come out of school or college or university laden with laurels; but they can not speak or write decent English. Their language is the language of the comics. In voices they have never been taught to control or modulate: they "gotta go" and they are "gonna do it"; and they sprinkle their talk with such gems as "watcha" and "gotcha" and similar vulgarisms, barren even of the humor or vigor that makes real slang amusing and sometimes eloquent. As they talk so they write; their respect for the written is no deeper than for the spoken word. Anything to save time and trouble; almost everywhere space-and-time-saving abbreviations, until it looks as if presently books and papers will be printed in shorthand. Where there is no feeling for the beauty of language there can be none for the beauty of literature. We have professors of English by the legion, and how many writers or critics of distinction, how many readers of discernment or appreciation? If the critic, the leader, fights shy of work done the day before yesterday, if he rejoices in his escape from the leading-strings of Greek and Latin, if he differentiates between the English language and the American, if he boasts of emancipation from the traditions that are the heirloom of modern literature, can we wonder at the quality of the "best sellers" and the cheap magazines; at the demoralizing amount of second-rate work, applauded in second-rate reviews, devoured by a second-rate public,—at the demoralizing mess of stuff that fills America's literary garbage can to repletion?

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

"Hispanic Anthology." (\$5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. \$9.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Godfrey Hendricks, of the diocese of San Antonio; Rev. John Griffin, diocese of Detroit; Rev. Alexander Butler, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Ferdinand Schorer, O.S.B.

Sister M. Baptista, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. James, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Maria Louise, Nursing Sisters of the Poor; and Sister M. Loretto, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. John Jones, Mr. George Cook, Mr. F. William Kirchner, Miss Jane Sautt, Mr. John Printy, Mr. E. V. Parker, Mrs. James Skelly, Mr. George Kant, Mrs. F. E. Mallick, Mrs. Mary Parrington, Mr. John White, Mrs. Oliver Somers, Mr. John Smith, Mr. J. S. Dennison, and Mr. Robert Lapierre.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 15.—St. Henry, Empr. St. Swithun,
B.
SUNDAY, 16.—SIXTH AFTER PENTECOST. Our
Lady of Mt. Carmel. St. Helier, C.
MONDAY, 17.—St. Alexius, C. St. Kenelm, M.
TUESDAY, 18.—St. Camillus, C. SS. Sym-
phorosa and Comp's, MM.

WEDNESDAY, 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, C.
THURSDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Emiliani, C. St.
Margaret, V. M.
FRIDAY, 21.—St. Praxedes, V. M. St. Julia,
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SATURDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalene.

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VOL. XVI (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 15, 1922.

NO. 3

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The Immortal.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE great hills call the valley heart
With bugles of the dawn;
The hill trails raise a fiery cross
When day has westward gone.

Like trumpets of the vanished hosts
Who sailed the seas of old,
The ocean voices summon men
To faring wide and bold.

Beyond the hills all trails may end,
And sea-ways reach a goal;
But Time and Death have set no bounds
To man's aspiring soul.

A Sanctuary of Many Memories.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IT was in the year 597 that the reigning Pontiff, justly known as Pope Gregory the Great, sent a Roman abbot named Augustine, at the head of a band of about forty monks, to preach the Christian and Catholic Faith to the English people. The "strangers from Rome," as they were called, landed, it need scarcely be said, at Ebbsfleet, in the Isle of Thanet; and King Ethelbert received them, sitting in the open air, on the "chalk down above Minster," where nowadays the eye catches miles away the dim towers of Canterbury, the royal city of the Kingdom of Kent, whither the missionary monks presently wended

their way, having received a promise of shelter and protection from the English monarch.

Slowly and reverently, with a silver cross and a picture of Christ, the Divine Redeemer of the world, carried at its head, the procession continued to march towards Canterbury, which was entered to the solemn strains of that wonderful intercessory prayer composed by Gregory himself, the Litany of the Saints.

It will be remembered that Ethelbert's queen, Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of France, was a devout Catholic; and it was doubtless due in a great measure to her influence that her husband gave St. Augustine and his followers a hospitable reception. Not more than a year had passed ere Ethelbert himself was converted, and from that moment "the Kentish men crowded to baptism in thousands"; everywhere religion spread; and the King "granted the city of Canterbury with its dependencies to Augustine," who had been raised to the archiepiscopal dignity by Pope Gregory.

At the request of St. Augustine, more missionaries were sent over from Rome; York was erected into a See, and other less important places also; but Augustine of Canterbury remained Primate of all England. He was buried in the churchyard attached to the monastery, which he, in conjunction with King Ethelbert, had founded in his metropolitan city, and dedicated to his great namesake, St. Augustine of Hippo.

At the east end of the monastery there was, says an old chronicler, "the oratory of the Blessed Mary, in which reposed the bodies of many saints. So pleasing to the Queen of Heaven was this oratory," he adds, "that, according to the English proverb, it was called the Sacrarium or Vestiarium of Mary." Indeed, Our Lady was believed to have appeared there to her devout clients, whilst "in it was the brightness of miracles made manifest"; and in it also were "the voices of angels," and the melodious strains of heavenly harmonies "frequently heard."

This was the chapel, moreover, in which Blessed Dunstan "had his visions." St. Dunstan, it must be noted, stands almost at the beginning of that long line of Canterbury's archbishops, who counted amongst their numbers such illustrious names as Lanfranc; St. Anselm, "a tender-hearted poet-dreamer," with a soul as pure as the Alpine snows, and an intelligence keen as the mountain air; yet an opponent whose meek and loving temper rose into firmness and grandeur when it confronted the tyranny of the Red King, and to whose "philosophical speculations we owe the great scientific inquiries which built up the theology of the Middle Ages."

On being raised to the See, he (Dunstan) wielded for sixteen years, as the minister of Eadgar, the secular and ecclesiastical powers of the realm. With a vigorous and unerring hand, he restored justice and order. "But the aims of the Primate Minister," it has been truly said, "reached far beyond this outer revival of prosperity and good government." The educational movement begun by Alfred had ceased with that good King's death; time and the Northern war had dealt hardly with his high hopes and noble ideals. Dunstan resumed the task, not only with enthusiasm, but in the spirit of a great

administrator. Splendid were the achievements he fostered.

The Cathedral of Canterbury, which had suffered severely from the effects of an incursion of the Danes, was restored by Bishop Odo, only to be again destroyed, little more than half a century later, by the same barbarous invaders, who landed from a numerous fleet anchored in Sandwich Harbor. On this occasion, the church, with the exception of the outer walls, was entirely burned; and thus it had perforce to remain till order was once more restored by the accession of King Canute, records of whose reign prove him to have been a most generous benefactor to other churches and monasteries besides Canterbury.

Amongst the many costly gifts presented to the latter cathedral by this devout King, we find mention of his "golden crown," which was preserved there till the time of the great religious revolution, when the sacrilegious eyes of an apostate king may well have fixed themselves upon it with avaricious joy. As a matter of fact, we know that the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Crypt, commonly called "Our Lady Undercroft"—a chapel exactly under the high altar in Canterbury cathedral,—possessed immense treasures, the offerings of the faithful to this famous shrine. "Indeed," writes Erasmus, "I never saw a thing more laden with riches. When lamps were brought, we beheld more than a royal spectacle, which in beauty far surpassed that of Walsingham."

Again, describing the shrine of St. Thomas, Erasmus remarks: "Gold was the meanest thing to be seen there; all shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels of an extraordinary size; some were larger than the egg of a goose. When this sight was shown," he adds, "the prior with a wand touched every jewel, telling the name,

the value, and the donor of it." No wonder, therefore, that Henry VIII. ordered the destruction of such shrines; and bade his commissioners see the "said relics, jewels, and plate safely conveyed to our Tower of London into our jewel-house, charging the master of our jewels with the same, etc."

The crypt itself is cruciform in shape, and of greater extent and more lofty than any other in England. It is divided into a nave and aisles by lines of short, massive pillars supporting low arches; and its erection is supposed to have been the work of Archbishop Lanfranc, who, on his appointment to the See, found the church, which had suffered severely from fire, in an almost ruinous state. Being a skilled architect as well as a learned prelate, he pulled down the greater part of the cathedral, and began its restoration on grander and more beautiful lines.

Even in its present ruined state, the Undercroft gives evidence of its former splendor. On the vaultings may be seen traces of the exquisite blue coloring, on which appear small convex gilt mirrors and gilded quatrefoils. The royal arms are painted in the centre, and forty other shields are emblazoned on the lower part of the arches.

The great work of restoring the cathedral, begun by Archbishop Langfranc, was carried on by his successor, St. Anselm, of most beloved memory; and the taste and skill displayed in its execution excited the wonder and admiration of all. As William of Malmesbury tells us, nothing comparable to it was to be found in England, either for the brilliancy of the painted windows, the grandeur of the marble pavement, or the highly decorated roof.

At the extreme eastern end of the cathedral is the beautiful circular chapel, still bearing its significant title of "Becket's Crown." Here the Saint's skull, which had been severed by his

murderers, was preserved by itself, "on a richly ornamented altar"; the rest of the glorious martyr's relics being placed in the shrine prepared for them in the centre of Trinity Chapel.

Stephen Langton had been raised to the See when the building of "Becket's Crown" and Trinity Chapel was still in progress. The windows in the latter chapel are interesting, not only for the richness and perfection of their colors, but also because they are some of the finest specimens of the early state of the art of painting on glass to be found in the kingdom, having probably been executed in the reign of Henry III. The tessellated pavement and these "storied windows," depicting the martyrdom and miracles, are all that now remain to show that here was once the world-famous shrine of St. Thomas à Becket.

On the northern side of Trinity Chapel is a beautiful chantry, vaulted, and lighted by two windows; this often goes by the name of Henry the Fourth's Chapel, because the Adorable Sacrifice was offered there, during the Ages of Faith, for the repose of his soul and that of his Queen. Their monument is an altar tomb of alabaster, richly sculptured, and originally gilt and painted. On the top are their recumbent figures in their royal robes; whilst over the tomb is a canopy, ornamented with painting and gilding, and bearing the arms of the King.

But more interesting still is the monument of Edward, the Black Prince, also in Trinity Chapel. We know that this same Prince desired by his will to be buried near "the body of the true martyr St. Thomas." His effigy is of brass, gilt and burnished, with the head resting on his helmet, and a lion at his feet.

Besides Trinity Chapel, there was the Lady Chapel, St. Anselm's Chapel, St. Michael's Chapel, the Chapel of St. Andrew, in which were kept many precious relics. Mention is made of St.

Martin's and St. Stephen's altars, and of course there was an altar of St. Benedict—in fact, the precise spot before the latter where St. Thomas à Becket was slain is marked on a marble slab in the pavement. The sacrilegious murder took place in the north transept, which even to this day bears the name of "The Martyrdom"; and here, in the year 1299, King Edward I. was married to Margaret of France, by Archbishop Winchelsea.

From "The Martyrdom," a very beautiful doorway leads into the cloisters, which, differing from the customary arrangement, are at Canterbury situated on the north side of the cathedral. The ambulatory, "134 feet in dimension, is vaulted with a series of converging groins, having at the intersections of the ribs either bosses, composed of those lovely varieties of foliage common in pointed architecture at an early period; or shields, sculptured with the arms of benefactors, in number eight hundred and eleven." These were originally emblazoned in their proper colors.

The southern walk of the cloisters was glazed, and would seem to have been used for meditation. The eastern walk opens upon the fine chapter-house, with its stone seats and throne at the east end, for the prior when he and the monks sat in "chapter."

It is interesting to find that, in days gone by, Canterbury cathedral was surrounded by an "embattled wall," said to have been the work of Lanfranc, and which enclosed the whole precincts of the church. Part of this wall yet remains, as do two of the exquisite gates—that, namely, of Christ Church, and the gatehouse of the Priory, called *Porta Curia*. During the time when the great Franciscan, John Pecham, was archbishop, many notable additions were made to the cathedral, under the able direction of Prior Eastray, who is said

to have not only erected the exquisite choir screen, but to have restored the choir itself and "enriched it with carvings."

The magnificent central tower used to be called the "Angel Steeple." The reason is given by Gervase, a monk of Canterbury, who tells us that "this beautiful tower is placed in the middle of the church, and on the top pinnacle stand a gilded cherubim." A tower (since rebuilt) stood at the north-western angle of the church. On this tower, in which Archbishop Arundel placed five bells, he raised a lofty spire: hence its old name of Arundel's Steeple. Prior Molash gave a large bell, called after his saintly predecessor Dunstan, to be hung in the southwestern, or Dunstan's Tower. In the northern side of "Becket's Crown" is a tomb in memory of Cardinal Pole, who died in 1558, and was the last Archbishop of Canterbury interred in this church. The monument is perfectly plain, but must originally have been painted in fresco.

What a strangely sad contrast does the present-day Canterbury present to what it must have been in the Ages of Faith, when crowds of devout pilgrims thronged its picturesque streets, wearing brooches, or little images of the "blissful martyr" St. Thomas; when the glorious cathedral's now almost deserted nave and dim-resounding aisles were filled with pious worshippers, and when an English King, on being spoken to as though his generous donations to this once glorious shrine had been lavishly wasted, could thus reply, with unbounded reverence, "If those treasures have contributed to the enrichment and glory of the House of God, blessed be the Lord that He has inspired me with the will to offer them, and that He has bestowed such grace upon my reign that I am permitted to behold the increasing prosperity of my Holy Mother the Church!"

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

LOISE woke next morning in answer to the rap at the door of the smart housemaid, Sarah, who, looking rather scared, brought in the hot water and announced in a trembling voice that breakfast would be at half-past eight. She opened the door again, after having closed it, in obedience to a reminder from Marcia to say that the bathroom was at the end of the hall, and should she prepare the bath?

Eloise, answering in the affirmative, lay still for a few moments, critically regarding the wall paper, which she considered hideous. It was in the taste of a generation once removed, and was a confused mass of leaves and flowers. There were one or two fine engravings, however, the Dead Christ, the *Mater Dolorosa*, and a beautiful print of the Sacred Heart.

Her critical eyes were turned upon the floor. It was covered with a carpet, which all the ingenuity exercised upon it, during the last agitated weeks, did not prevent from showing threadbare. It had been turned, so that the worst spots might go under the bed or the lounge that had been rather too evidently newly covered with chintz. But one strip, over which Marcia had sighed and Larry had knitted perplexed brows, had defied concealment.

Eloise arose.

"This place needs sadly to be taken in hand," she reflected. "If grandfather had lived much longer, it would have been hopeless. Perhaps that was why he made up his mind to leave it away from its present owners."

She did not take into account those sighs of Marcia, nor Larry's puzzled frowns. She neither knew nor cared

anything about their long and patient struggle. She felt strong in the consciousness that she would never have allowed things to reach their present condition.

Immediately after breakfast, Mrs. Brentwood, begging for a moment's conversation in the living room, formally offered to surrender the keys. They were reposing in a basket, from which they were always taken in the morning by Marcia, who was the real mistress of the establishment, and by her replaced there in the evening.

Eloise, looking very young in a house-dress of gray gabardine, seemed at first inclined to accept this token of supremacy; but on second thought she politely declined, but with a manner plainly indicating that such abstinence on her part was only temporary.

"I beg of you," she protested, "to retain these keys for the present, until I can decide what is best to be done."

The terms of this speech, though perfectly courteous, left an unpleasant impression on the minds of both her hearers (Larry had already gone to town) for it left them so completely outside of any decision which the newcomer might make. That utterance had been as a lambent flame, the flash of a sword blade. It brought Marcia forth from her retirement in the embrasure of the window. There was a flash in her blue eyes, a heightened color in her cheeks. Mrs. Brentwood, always conciliatory, was, however, the first to speak:

"I am sure you are very kind, Eloise; but Marcia and I feel that the keys should be in your hands."

"Whatever arrangement is made," interposed Marcia, "it can assuredly be only temporary, since we are prepared at any moment to give up the house to its rightful owner."

After these words, which sounded like the clash of steel, there was dead silence

in the room, which, with all its defects of color and arrangement, and despite its shabbiness, had yet an indescribable air of comfort and the suggestion, like phantom presences, of the happy lives that had been lived there. Again Marcia was forcibly reminded of her grandfather, and especially of his last visit to the place. Eloise was regarding her with much the same expression, allowing for the difference between a young face and an old, as the late Mr. Julian Brentwood had worn on that memorable occasion. When she spoke, it was in that cold, well-regulated voice which she could at will assume:

"There is no reason whatever for haste in coming to a decision, which, in so far as I am concerned, will require time and reflection. I hope you will also feel at liberty to delay your removal until you have made the most satisfactory arrangements."

Marcia, despite her habitual self-control, changed color; Mrs. Brentwood began to shake as one who had the ague. Marcia realized now what their hope had been: that their grandfather's heiress might settle down amongst them as one of the family,—there had been a clannish strain in many of the Brentwoods; or, better still, that she might take up her residence elsewhere, leaving them as tenants. And now this slender, composed girl suggested at least a possibility, if not a certainty, that she should take possession of the house at her good pleasure and turn them adrift.

Marcia would not have wished that her cousin should guess at the feelings which rushed into her mind, though she strove to assure herself that it was all perfectly fair and just; that Eloise constituted the rightful heir, and that it was unreasonable to expect her to consider any one else.

Mrs. Brentwood, for her part, put up a trembling hand to straighten her cap, with a bewildered recognition that

now, indeed, it was clear that the destinies of the old house lay in those long, white fingers, on the third of which gleamed a costly ring of antique pattern.

"You see," Eloise said, seating herself upon a straight-backed carved chair that fitted her like a frame, "though I have decided nothing, I think it is very likely that my late grandfather would have wished me to make this house my home."

She paused a little, as if to note the effect. Then she added:

"To keep it in suitable repair, to make such additions and alterations as may be required, and those should probably be begun without delay."

Marcia felt a rage, which she knew to be unreasonable, rising within her at these calmly spoken words. They might easily have been uttered by that cold and stern old man, who had sat in that identical chair from time to time and asked such searching questions. The tone and manner of that speech made Marcia feel that all the exhausting efforts of the last few weeks, in which she and Larry and even poor Mrs. Brentwood had consumed no little time and strength were ridiculously futile. To the girl out of France, the place had evidently seemed in such shocking disrepair that she could not too quickly get to work to improve the conditions. However, there was nothing to be done on Marcia's part save to repress her rising anger and to volunteer the information:

"I have been looking at an apartment in the upper part of New York, so that we might in no way interfere with your plans."

"You have certainly lost no time," returned Eloise, looking at her cousin with a peculiar smile. "Are you always so expeditious?"

"I am when there is an emergency," replied Marcia. "And now perhaps you would like to make acquaintance with

the servants, in case you should care to keep any of them in your service."

"You are nothing if not expeditious," repeated Eloise; "and you must not understand from what I have said that I have any definite plans at all. But I may as well see the servants, or at least the kitchen."

That apartment was in an advanced state of cleanliness. Eliza, having been put upon her mettle, worked wonders; though it must be admitted that the culinary department, over which she presided, was always ready for inspection. The floor and the tables were scrubbed absolutely white; the tins on the dresser or hanging about the wall were polished till they shone; the stove was fairly resplendent. Eloise noted these signs approvingly with her swift, keen glance. But her sudden entrance, as Marcia threw open the door, very nearly caused a disaster.

The little kitchen maid, Minna, sat peeling apples at a table adjoining the outer kitchen, where Eliza, the cook, was at the moment engaged. Minna's quaint little figure was reminiscent of a Dutch interior. She was very small and slender, though squarely built. Her round brown eyes stared like a doll's from a sunburnt face. With the perfectly audible announcement, "Oh, Eliza, it's the new young lady!" she rose, drawing one foot behind her in an elaborate curtsy. Eliza, who had gone for a bowl of flour from the barrel, became involved in the evolutions of Minna's foot, together with some apple peel which the perturbed little maid had dropped. Eliza, somewhat ponderous in bulk, narrowly escaped measuring her length upon the floor, and divided the flour pretty equally over Minna's small person and the freshly scrubbed boards.

"You young varment!" muttered Eliza, furiously,—*"putting out your foot to catch me!"*

Minna's alarm so deepened that she did not even deny the accusation. Her fear of the cook was second only to the awe of the new young lady, which Marcia's instructions, blended with those of the cook, had inspired.

At this ludicrous scene, Eloise gave a laugh which surely belonged to the girl of the apple orchard. It was almost instantly suppressed, as was that which rose to Marcia's lips stifled, out of regard for the feelings of Eliza. The latter, however, made the best of a bad bargain, by laughing heartily herself.

"Well, now, a body'd think I was preparin' Minna for the pan, dustin' her over with flour."

She vigorously brushed Minna as she spoke; after which the ceremony of introduction took place. Eliza's merriment, which had broken out at the sound of that spontaneous laugh from the new arrival, suddenly ceased, and she became cold and formal.

"Eliza," said Marcia, "I want to make you known to Miss Eloise Brentwood, who will very soon be your new mistress."

Eliza felt a choke in her throat at the words, which, together with a glance at the impassive face looking coldly around the kitchen, caused her to blurt out:

"I don't know that I have any notion of parting with the old ones."

The suggestion that her beloved Miss Marcia, not to speak of Larry and the old lady, might be really leaving the house, filled her with angry dismay.

"There will be time enough, cook, to consider that matter," observed Eloise, in her coldest tone.

"Just as if ice water were trickling down a body's back," commented Eliza afterwards, "and she standin' bolt upright, the very image of the old man that gave her the house. I'd say bad scran to him, if he weren't in the flames of purgatory, or mebbe worse, the hard-

hearted ould curmudgeon that he was!"

She did not, however, reply to Eloise's observation, but smoothed her snowy apron with both hands, and looked up to the ceiling, as though she sought inspiration from above.

"It's quite a large, cheerful kitchen," approved Eloise,—“one of the best rooms in the house; don't you think so, Marcia?"

"I never particularly thought of it in that way," answered Marcia, coloring; "though it is a good kitchen."

"And," added Eloise, "a fine, big stove."

Just then the visitor's eye chanced to fall on Minna. It was evident that Eloise could hardly refrain from laughing again, and her greeting was of the very briefest, as Marcia said:

"This is Minna, Eliza's good little assistant. This constitutes our entire staff, except Sarah, the housemaid, who is upstairs, and whom you have already met."

"'Cook' indeed, and a fine, big kitchen, with a word of praise for the stove!" muttered Eliza, watching, with arms akimbo, as the two girls passed out through the back kitchen on to the lawn. Eliza's irate eye chanced to fall on the luckless Minna, whom she seized by the ear and, with a cuff or two, put out the back door, to shake off the remnants of the flour.

Meanwhile the two strolled on together, in a silence that was not without embarrassment. Marcia felt oppressed by the presence which, phantom-like, seemed to pervade every corner of the house of this newcomer, who was only biding her time to dispossess them. Eloise, in the character she had chosen to assume, and which was not altogether natural to her, was, in turn, oppressed by the constraint in her cousin's manner, and vexed, as she always was by anything that made her uncomfortable. Marcia suggested that they might take a

walk. Eloise assenting, they got their hats and walked down the lawn, already strewn with the fallen leaves, and into the lane.

This grassy path, bordered by oaks and lindens, whose branches were now partially stripped of their foliage, led to the road, at the junction of which the house had been built. At its side ran a little stream, which kept the grass and the late flowers fresh, even now that Autumn was laying its hand upon them.

"Have you lived here all your life?" asked Eloise, with a hint in her tone that such a lot was pitiable.

"Nearly all my life," responded Marcia, "except when I was at school."

She was conscious of a slight mortification in making that avowal.

"I have lived in a good many places," Eloise remarked; adding after a pause, during which her mind seemed to be wandering to one or other of those places, "but at last my wandering feet were shut up in a convent." (She said the words with a slight laugh.) "I went there chiefly to please *him*."

"Him?"

"Gregory Glassford."

"Is he the man you are going to marry?"

"To marry! What put that into your head?"

"Why, the way you spoke of him."

Eloise laughed, but she gave only a brief explanation.

"He is my guardian."

There was silence for some time after that. But Eloise, who was in a talkative mood, began gradually to give further information about herself.

"I wrote and told Gregory Glassford that it was foolish of him to send me to that convent."

"Why? Did you dislike it so much?"

"No, but it gave me for a time a very strong desire to be a nun."

"You?" This time the emphasis was

so pronounced that Eloise gave a slight laugh.

"You think that still more extraordinary, and I suppose it is. But it upset Gregory terribly. He said he was sure it was just a whim. He wanted me to leave at once, but I had made up my mind to remain. I should be there still only for grandfather's death—and his will."

"As a nun?"

"No, not as a nun, but as a parlor boarder, adding to my stock of accomplishments." She fell into a pensive silence, and then roused herself to say: "Now I have this house and some other property all on my hands together. And then there is Gregory."

"Where is Gregory?" inquired Marcia, with a humorous contraction of the lips.

"Oh, I don't exactly know! But he will be here one of these days to see if the convent has done for me all that he expected."

The cool, well-bred voice, discussing calmly what Marcia supposed to be the vital circumstances of her life, impressed the listener strongly.

"I shall probably see this Gregory, if he comes before we leave," said Marcia.

"He will have to come before you leave, or not at all, unless I get a chaperone. I wrote and told him so."

"You are a strange girl," exclaimed Marcia, impulsively.

"Everybody is strange till you know them well," declared Eloise, in defiance of grammar.

"Forgive me! I should not have said that."

"Why not, if you thought it?" returned Eloise, carelessly.

By this time they were returning to the house; and Eloise, pausing to regard it from roof to cellar, said thoughtfully:

"I wonder what Gregory will think of this house,—my house?"

Marcia flushed with resentment. It seemed so unnecessary, this bald statement of fact.

Eloise, apparently unconscious, went on:

"I hadn't a house nor any of grandfather's money when I saw Gregory last. Still he seemed fond of me."

"To most men that wouldn't make any difference," said the romantic Marcia.

"You don't know the world, my child, and the variety of people's motives," answered Eloise, with a wiseacre shake of the head. "Above all, you don't know Gregory."

"Why? Is he so very mercenary?"

"The furthest from it in the world, if I understand him correctly. But the fact is, Gregory is one of the few people I don't understand; and I do not know what he really thinks of me."

"How singular!"

"You will not think so after you have met Gregory. But isn't that the mail carrier coming up the lane?"

"Yes. How quick your eyes are!"

"Perhaps he is bringing a letter from Gregory to tell me when he is coming," suggested Eloise.

"Perhaps he is bringing *me* news that my ship has come in," mocked Marcia. In truth, however, the most important part of the postman's burden was a letter from Gregory.

(To be continued.)

It is not a strong thing to put one's reliance upon logic, and our own logic particularly; for it is generally wrong. We never know where we are to end if once we begin following words of doctors. There is an upright stock in a man's own heart, that is trustier than any syllogism; and the eyes and the sympathies and appetites know a thing or two that have never yet been stated in controversy.—*R. L. Stevenson, "The Inland Voyage."*

A Painter of the Old Régime.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

THE portraits of Mme. and M. de Taverny were admired by all their friends, and were so satisfactory to themselves that they recommended Rigaud at every opportunity. Such was the esteem in which he was held by them that he became an intimate friend of the family; and on Sunday evenings, when they were usually at home, M. de Taverny insisted that he should always join them at *petit souper*.

Occasionally, but not often, there were others present. Madame de Taverny, after an hour of pleasant conversation, or some music (she was proficient on the harpsichord), would retire to her boudoir, leaving the men together. Her husband had travelled a great deal; he was a very intellectual man, serious in an age almost entirely given over to pleasure. Rigaud, who was also of a serious turn of mind and conscientious to a fault, enjoyed these evenings, and derived great profit from them.

The portrait of the Duchess brought Rigaud more orders than he could fill in a reasonable time. The whole Court, amazed at his ingenuity in hiding her defects and exploiting the good points of his subject, were desirous of being painted by him. The Duke of Orleans, the Prince de Conti, Bossuet, and Madame de Maintenon were among the number. Honors and success did not, however, spoil Rigaud in the least; quiet, unassuming, mingling little with the world, he remained the same God-fearing person he had been in his youth, before Prosperity had emptied her golden horn into his lap.

One day the painter received a note from the Duchess of Orleans. "Come

to me at Versailles," she wrote, "to-day, if possible, at three p. m."

Rigaud, anticipating a new commission, hastened to place himself at her disposal. She was awaiting him in her boudoir when he arrived, and inquired:

"How is all with you, *mon ami*?"

"Very well, Madame," he replied.

"Always busy?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Coining money?"

"I have nothing to complain of, Madame, thanks to your most gracious kindness!"

"Not at all, my friend. It was that wonderful picture of Madame de Taverny that did the work."

"No painter could do justice to her beauty, Madame. There is something elusive in her expression that can not be put upon canvas."

"M. de Taverny is not at all well. I think he is slowly dying," said the Duchess. "What is your opinion, my dear Rigaud?"

"He is an old man, Madame."

"That is true. I was there yesterday and had quite a long talk with him. He has a great liking for you."

"I appreciate his friendship deeply, Madame."

"Go to see him often, then, Rigaud. He looks forward to your visits."

"I am glad to hear that. I have sometimes wondered whether I did not bore him."

"It is usually the other way, Rigaud. Youth is easily wearied of the garrulities of old age."

"He has none, Madame. He is more interesting than half the men of half his age."

"I should not be surprised, Monsieur, if he left you a goodly legacy in token of his affection."

"A legacy? Such a thought would never enter my mind."

"It has already entered mine, however. But do not launch into extrav-

agance on that account," continued the Duchess, smiling.

Rigaud smiled also. "Do not fear that, Madame," he said, while his face assumed a look of thoughtfulness, almost sadness, which the Duchess did not fail to observe. For a moment neither spoke. Then she said, casually, as it were:

"Rigaud, you ought to marry."

The painter smiled once more and turned to the Duchess.

"Have you some one in mind, Madame?" he asked. "Was that why you sent for me to day?"

"Yes and no," she replied. "I would like to see you well married, and there is a person—"

"Madame," replied the painter, earnestly, "I am deeply sensible of the honor you do me; but—I have no thought of marriage. I—I—well, I can not say more; there is no need to say more."

"Very well,—very well," answered the Duchess, almost gayly. "I shall not press the matter. It just occurred to me that—" She broke off abruptly and then added: "And now to the real business at hand. The Marquis de Veauclaire wishes you to paint the portraits of his two daughters; they are twins, exactly alike in feature, but of opposite complexion. Mlle. Valerie is a brunette, very gay and vivacious; Mlle. Eugenie, a blonde, calm and unemotional. The contrast should ensure a good picture. They are pretty girls, besides. I am sure the work would be agreeable. Will you undertake it?"

"With pleasure, Madame."

"The Marquis will communicate with you some day this week, after I have told him that you will paint the portraits," said the Duchess. Then she rose; the interview was over. Rigaud took his departure, wondering why the Marquis de Veauclaire had not approached him in person, or through

some less exalted medium than the Duchess of Orleans.

"Rigaud is not so great a painter or so distinguished a man," he soliloquized, "as to be likely to turn down a commission from a Marquis of France. Nor can I understand why, towards the close of the interview, her Highness appeared to be almost jubilant. It was as though I were granting her a favor which she feared might have been refused her. The whims of great personages are not to be reckoned with."

Six months later the Duchess was walking alone in the garden at Saint-Cloud when she saw Rigaud, whom she had expected, descending from a carriage near the entrance. She hastened to intercept him that he might not have the trouble of asking for her at the Chateau.

"This time it is my daughter-in-law, the Queen of Spain, who wishes to have her portrait painted," she announced. "And it must be done immediately, as she has only a month longer in France."

"I am at her service," replied the painter.

"Come, walk up and down under the trees with me, while we discuss the preliminaries," said the Duchess. "Later I will take you to her. She is pretty, but not beautiful; sweet and captivating, but not majestic; a little inclined to droop her head, which is not at all becoming to the Queen of the proudest kingdom in the world. You will have to see to it that she sits very erect, *mon ami*."

"Yes, Madame. It ought to be a striking picture," said Rigaud.

Thus conversing, they walked slowly to the Chateau and the Queen. Suddenly the Duchess turned towards the painter, fixing her eyes on his face.

"And what of your marriage?" she asked.

"My marriage, Madame? There is no

thought of such a thing. You have not heard any rumors?"

"No," she said,—"nothing, but that you are too great a hermit. And now and then I have had another thought. Will you be frank with me?"

"I have always been so, Madame," he replied.

"But in matters of the heart we are all apt not to be—tell me, Rigaud, have you been disappointed in love?"

The painter smiled. Then his face grew serious, as he answered slowly:

"Well, Madame, yes and no."

"There was some one,—there is some one, then?"

"Yes, Madame," replied the painter, with some hesitation.

"She died?"

"No, Madame."

"She has refused you?"

"No, Madame."

"You have not asked for her hand?"

"No, Madame."

"Do you intend to?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Is she aware of your affection?"

"She knows nothing."

"Why not try your fate?"

"Ah, no!" replied Rigaud, with emotion.

"You are tormenting, perhaps you are jesting?"

"Madame! As though I should presume to jest with you!"

She laughed. "*Eh bien!* I shall not press you further. I am not displeased, *mon ami*. You may go now," she concluded, with a gesture of dismissal as final as her welcome had been kind.

With a deep bow, the painter left her. And if he had seen the face of her Royal Highness, the pleased expression that irradiated its ugliness would have mystified him more than ever. It was "jubilant" indeed.

Another half year had rolled by. One morning the Duchess of Orleans, as-

cending the stairs of the De Taverny residence, met Rigaud coming down.

"I have been thinking of you," she said. "I have another commission for you. It is to paint the portrait of the Marquise de Caux."

"I am sorry, Madame," said the painter, "but I am leaving Paris."

"Leaving Paris? For good?" exclaimed the Duchess.

"That I can not say. Sometimes I think that it will be for good."

"You seem sad, Rigaud. Come down to the Luxembourg Gardens with me. I must have a talk with you."

"With pleasure," replied the painter.

When they were in the carriage, the Duchess asked:

"Have you seen the De Tavernys lately?"

"I saw Monsieur; Madame was not at home."

"And where are you going?"

"To La Trappe, Madame."

"To La Trappe? Not to become a monk?"

"That is not my purpose in going, though sometimes I feel as though it would be the best solution of my troubles."

"What troubles have you, Rigaud?"

He lifted the corner of his cloak, showing a black band on his coat sleeve.

"The lady is not dead?" cried the Duchess.

"No, Madame: it is my mother. She was all I had in the world. To her I owe whatever success has come to me; for since my infancy, when she was left a widow, she made constant sacrifices for me. Divining early the bent of my inclinations, she deprived herself of many things in order to send me to study at Montpellier. From the time I was fourteen years of age, I have not lived with her; only my short vacations, at rare intervals, have been spent with her. But her sacrifices, her prayers and counsel have been appreciated, and have kept

me from many false and foolish steps which I might have taken if it had not been for them. In the back of my mind there was always a hope that we might sometime be together. But I could not go to Perpignan, and she would not come to Paris. I never could have asked it. To tear her away from the friends and associations of a lifetime would have been cruelty, even if she had been willing."

"I sympathize deeply with your loss, Rigaud," replied the Duchess. "Happy the mother who has a grateful and affectionate son. She must have realized that, and it made her last days peaceful and content. Life is not over for you, Rigaud: there are, I hope and believe, many happy and prosperous years before you."

"She was all I had, Madame," said the painter, sadly.

"True, but you have the consolation of knowing that she will remember you in Paradise."

The painter did not reply. After a moment the Duchess continued:

"It may seem in bad taste, in such a moment, to revert to the subject I am about to mention; but you are aware, I am sure, that I have your real happiness at heart. Now, why not try to find it in another way—to take seriously what I have already spoken of—to think seriously of marrying? That is what your mother would have wished. Do you not agree with me?"

"I do not know, Madame," answered the painter. "It was never mentioned between us; and, as I have said before, marriage is not for me. Nothing can change my resolution in that regard."

"You still cherish an affection—for the unknown?"

"Yes, Madame."

"What mystery is this? Why is a union with the lady of your dreams impossible? She is not a princess?"

"No, Madame," replied Rigaud, smil-

ing. "But she is as far removed from me as though she were."

The Duchess sat erect, striking her knee with her ivory-handled fan.

"Rigaud!" she cried. "You do not mean to tell me that she is married?"

"Yes, Madame, she is," replied the painter, the blood mounting to his pale cheeks.

"Rigaud!" exclaimed the Duchess. "I had thought better of you than that you would fall in love with a married woman. I had held you to be one among a thousand."

"I do not love her: I worship her as one might a star in the high heavens. Sooner would I cut off this hand, which is my best servant, than that she should ever have even the shadow of a suspicion of the truth."

"You have never said anything that would cause her to suspect your devotion?"

"Madame," replied the painter, "I fear that even you do not understand or know me. I have never seen her, save in the presence of her husband,—no, not once. I have never exchanged a word."

"Be calm, Rigaud,—now do try to be calm," answered the Duchess. "You are only a dreamer,—a very foolish dreamer. I will leave you to your own devices for the present. But tell me," she continued, "why are you going to La Trappe? And how long do you propose to stay there?"

"That I can not say. Monsieur le Duc de Saint Simon wishes me to paint a portrait of the Abbot, and, if he will consent, some of the lesser officials. There are also two fine pictures of which Monsieur wishes to have copies, and I am to do the work. I intend to give myself plenty of time to accomplish it. I shall have a vacation."

"Do not let them inveigle you to stay on," said the Duchess.

"I do not think they will try to do that," answered the painter. "I under-

stand they never use persuasion of any kind at La Trappe."

"And you think of making the experiment?"

"I can not say that I am, seriously thinking of it, Madame; but more unlikely things have happened."

"I do not believe you will ever do it," said the Duchess. "And the wish is father to the thought. I will take you to your studio, if you are going there."

"Thank you, Madame,—I am!" said the painter.

As they parted, the Duchess, who had not spoken during the remainder of the drive, took the painter's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Promise me one thing," she said.

"What is that, Madame?"

"That you will not take the irrevocable step without informing me."

"I promise, Madame."

Rigaud descended from the carriage, but hardly had his feet touched the pavement when she called imperiously:

"Rigaud, Rigaud, I forgot to ask: how did you find Monsieur de Taverny?"

"Not very well, Madame."

"He said nothing to you of a legacy?"

"Assuredly not, Madame."

"He would not, of course: it would not have been in good taste. Adieu!"

The painter bowed and turned once more to the pavement. But the Duchess, again leaning from the carriage window, exclaimed:

"Rigaud, it is I who will have the legacy in custody. There is no mention of it in the will, but I shall take great care of it until you claim it."

"Thank you, Madame! But the donor is still living, and may he live long!" answered Rigaud, embarrassed by the words and tone of his patroness. As he ascended the stairs to his apartment, he mused half aloud.

"I do not wonder that her Highness is thought to be very eccentric."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Enduring.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

PROPHETUAS still ride the woods,
While Dawn climbs lonely flights of gold;
Still wear the beggar maids their hoods,
Around their blissful beauty stoled.
Above your smug-faced marble towers,
That scream in blatancy and scorn,
The poet Virgil counts his flowers,
And hears his pet lark greet the morn.
Years fold in sleep, but Phoenix' wings
Spread out and soar across the sun;
Beside some wood-pool Chaucer sings,
And Shakespeare flouts oblivion.
What lumbering tortoise, slow of gait,
Can not outrun the feet of time?
The foolish mechanists of fate
Are deaf when childhood wonders chime.
The Bleeding Lamb that dyes the snow
As life flows out on fading breath,
Has eyes whose visions victory know,
And, dying, trafficks not with Death.
Before the gates of blazing youth,
The Prince of Heaven love unbars,
While Dante rears his tower of truth
On chords that tremble to the stars.

Catholic Slovakia.

BY BEN HURST.

THE Slovaks, who are the second branch of the two peoples that compose the Czechoslovak Republic, are well worth attention from all concerned with the welfare of the Church in that country. Although inferior in number, and less prominent in the public eye, they are more religiously homogeneous, and, it has been frequently asserted, more fervent and active in defending their Catholic rights than the Czechs, who are the first factors in the State. None are more ready to admit the merits of the Slovak people in this respect than the Czech hierarchy, who can safely rely on Slovak support for the furtherance of what lies nearest their hearts. We have already had occasion in these pages to

point out that the unhappy schism affecting a portion of the Czech clergy never reached Slovakia, in spite of the fact that here, too, there were foreign bishops who had not got into touch with their flocks.

Hungarian rule in Slovakia was no less arbitrary than German (Austrian) rule in Czechland. Both sought to denationalize the Slavs; but Hungary had less cultural advantages to offer, or Slovakia preserved with more obstinacy the national tongue, for she is to-day more distinctly Slav. Slovakia also knew how to dissociate religion from the political bias of her alien prelates. No Slovak is implicated in the harsh measures of the present Czechoslovak Government against the monastic Orders, and Slovak indignation at its anti-religious trend has forced it to temper a misplaced zeal for the so-called "National Church."

Ethnically, the Slovaks and Czechs may be considered as one people. The dissimilarity of speech is less marked than that of different shires of England. The division of their race was artificial, based on the necessity for Austria of placating Hungary by granting her a share of Slav territory, and also of keeping apart the two branches of Central Slavs. Hungary did her best to assimilate the Slovaks, but could not refute their dogged claim to be the earlier owners of the land on which they dwelt. Persecution, fines, a carefully devised school curriculum, failed to denationalize the Slovaks, whose number, according to Hungarian statistics, was only two million, whereas the recent census proves that between four and five million would be nearer the mark.

Unfortunately, while unable to obliterate the national sense of the Slovaks, the Hungarian Protestants won over a section of this Slav race to a form of religious belief totally unsuited to their mentality and temperament. The Slav Protestant in Slovakia is dour, taciturn,

and dehumanized as the Celt Protestant in Scotland, to whom negation, as a creed, is likewise unnatural. The great majority of the Slovaks are, however, not only Catholics but excellent Catholics, fully determined that reunion with their brother Czechs shall not bring among them a worse evil than they suffered under Hungarian oppression—namely, godless education. The Slovaks are ready to undertake a more energetic opposition to the Government than Czech Catholics always consider wise or feasible. More especially do earnest Czechs deprecate any attempt to widen the partial estrangement that has undoubtedly arisen between the two peoples that have so much in common. When the statue of St. John Nepomucene was pulled down in the town of Zilim, a Slovak politician declared that the Czechs had repudiated the only Czech of history for whom the Slovaks felt respect! Again, a foremost Slovak patriot, in allusion to the attempt to revive the cult of Huss, said that the Slovaks had no use for Czech celebrities of any description!

Such taunts, in face of the really magnificent struggle made by the Czech Catholic body against the apostates in their midst, are detrimental to the Catholic cause as well as grossly unfair. Impartial observers, not concerned with the rival political tendencies of Czechs or Slovaks, can but deplore any movement likely to estrange them still further at a time when their forces should be united for the preservation of their Christian inheritance. There is no more worthy cause in Europe to-day than that of the valiant Czech Catholics fighting against the pestilence of a small but noisy group of backsliders who have the ear of the world. They need the support of their fellow Catholics, and in the first place of their Slovak kin.

It is strange to find a suggestion of separatism among such ardent Slavs as

the Slovaks, whose great desire hitherto has been to escape Magyarization and form with their fellow-Slavs an independent State. Least of all is it comprehensible that they should invoke religion as a justification for their attitude. In these days of intercommunication, religion is not served by attempting to shut it up in a water-tight compartment. The virus of apostasy may reach Slovakia from Czechland over political frontiers (should these be drawn) more easily than if Slovakia remained what she is now: the most powerful foe to schism within the dual Republic of Czechoslovakia.

The dawn of freedom for the Slav peoples should usher in a new day for the cause of Catholicism; but this can only be if the Slav Catholics hold together and put the interests of the Church before local patriotism.

When one considers the glorious past of the gallant Slovak nation, one can not fear that it would fail to hold its own, and in due time to obtain recognition of its every claim, in a State to whose general progress it is so essential. Slovak schoolchildren were the despair of their Hungarian masters by their tenacious adherence to their mother-tongue. Slovak women maintained the old tradition of family prayers morning and evening in the vernacular. Slovak writers and poets went cheerfully to prison for fostering Slav fraternity. Slovak regiments under the Russian banner helped to decide a critical phase of the World War.

The distinguished historian, Thomas Chapek, foresaw the necessity of political union between these two branches of the Central Slavs in order to secure their immunity from outside encroachment. Friends of the Slavs will look forward with confidence to a realization within Czechoslovakia of true Slovak ideals which are bound up with the cause of Christian civilization.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

A SHRINE for many pilgrims is the old gambrel-roofed house at No. 27 Union Street, which is preserved and treasured by the people of Salem, Massachusetts, because of the famous novelist who was born there on July 4, 1804.

No other town is more richly endowed with intensely interesting history than quaint old Salem, with Witch Hill standing grim and ghostly behind the town, and about whose elm-shaded streets is a haunting quality of that strange delusion which common-sense and reason finally dispelled,—a belief in witches. In Salem there are many quaint old houses of beautiful eighteenth-century architecture, with their prettily carved doorways and quaint little windows. There is the dingy courthouse, the celebrated town-pump, and directly in front of the town spreads the sea.

At the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth, Salem was one of the most important seaport towns in America. The long wharves bustled all day with the loading and unloading of goods; for, with the regularity of the tides, her ships set out to foreign ports, returning with merchandise from China, South America, and the West Indies. And from a window in the gambrel-roofed house at No. 27 Union Street, Nathaniel Hawthorne's mother watched her husband's ship sail out of the harbor on its last voyage. For many weary months, from the same window she strained her eyes out over the harbor for a sign of the returning bark; but, as day after day passed, the belief that he would return faded into hope, and gradually the colors of hope faded into the gray tension of suspense. For years they thought that the father might be alive and re-

turn to them, and this uncertainty made a sort of living ghost in their family, and their home became a place of sorrow and sadness, a silent mausoleum, from whose shadow they never wholly escaped.

And it was thus in this environment of solitude and silence that the boyhood of Nathaniel Hawthorne was passed; and it is no wonder that he grew into the reserved, shrinking youth, who dwelt in a world of his own, finding his friends among books, his companionship in dreams.

In 1818 the family moved to Raymond, Maine, where, instead of the narrow streets of Salem, the youth who had come to love solitude better than human companionship, had the boundless forests in which to roam and hunt and fish and dream his dreams. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, where among his classmates was that universally-loved poet, Henry W. Longfellow. Another friendship formed at college, and one that lasted throughout his life, was with Franklin Pierce, who afterward became President of the United States. After Hawthorne's graduation in 1825, he returned to Salem to live again that solitary, secluded life, indulging his imagination in writing stories, and burning them when finished. Some of the manuscripts were saved, however, and later published in a collection which he called "Twice Told Tales," a title was probably suggested by Shakespeare's phrase, "Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale."

People now began to recognize the rare genius of the silent, solitary man, who had maintained so profound a secrecy in regard to his writings, and whom the village folks had come to look upon as a young man utterly devoid of ambition.

July 9, 1842, was the most important day in Nathaniel Hawthorne's life. That was his wedding-day,—the day that

Sophia Peabody, who was to fill his life with sweetness and inspiration, became his wife. His life had been filled with sorrow and soberness; but this gentle and refined woman entered the gates of his lonely citadel, and by her good nature and gaiety broke the spell of the enchanted castle and fathomed the depths of his strange character.

The first few years of their married life were spent in the old parsonage at Concord,—another village famous for its historical and literary associations. It would be hard to find another house so rich in memories of noted men as the Old Manse. Here Emerson had lived and written his first great book, "Nature." Many ministers of renown had occupied the house, and many eloquent sermons had been composed beneath its antique roof; and Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," written while he was living there, added even greater glory to its hallowed walls.

The happiest years of Hawthorne's life were spent at the Old Manse. The light of boyhood crept back into his face; he who had known so much loneliness and sorrow, now revelled in a home that was alive and glowing, and not filled with somber ghosts. From his study window he could look out over the famous Concord battlefield where on that memorable April 19, 1775, was fired "the shot heard round the world."

But there was one thing to mar the happiness of this idyllic existence, and that was poverty; for writing did not pay well in those days, and the Hawthornes, in their pretty village home, were really very poor. Through the influence of Franklin Pierce, a position was secured for Hawthorne in the Custom House at Salem, and they reluctantly left the old Manse. But this position was lost with the change of Administrations, and it was soon afterward that he wrote "The Scarlet

Letter"—that matchless story which shows that the consequence of a sin can not be escaped, and that many different lives are influenced by one wrong deed. The publishing of this book secured Nathaniel Hawthorne's fame forever, and the old poverty-stricken days were over. The man who had hitherto been called a failure was now a success.

At Lenox, in the western part of the State, where the family lived for a time, was written "The House of Seven Gables," the scene of which was laid in Salem, and whose prevailing idea is an ancestral curse and its effects on succeeding generations. At Newton, near Boston, some of Hawthorne's later stories were written; but Concord, where he had found his true Arcadia, called loudly and insistently, and in 1852 the family returned to purchase "Wayside," a picturesque old house, with a tower, which became their permanent home.

When Franklin Pierce was elected President of the United States, he finally induced Hawthorne to represent his country at the American Consulate at Liverpool; and for seven years he remained abroad, and while there conceived the idea of his romance, "The Marble Faun," which to some readers will always be his masterpiece.

In Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Concord, is a modest stone, with only the simple inscription of "Hawthorne," which marks the last resting-place of the great original thinker; but Nathaniel Hawthorne's truest monument lies not in vaulted stone, but in the pure books he left behind him.

IN spite of all those who calumniate her, restrain her, persecute her, the Catholic Church has for twenty centuries an assured victory and vengeance. Her vengeance is to pray for her enemies; her victory is to survive them.

—Montalembert.

Our Lady of Victories and the Tower of Babel.

THREE days' journey from Bagdad, the traveller comes upon an immense mass of ruins, piled in a confused heap—the *débris* of the famous Tower of Babel, which the pride of men built after the Deluge, as a secure fortress against future inundations. Everyone knows how God punished such unparalleled presumption. Among these mountainous ruins there still rises to a considerable height a large portion of the original wall, with a flat surface at the top. By means of a cleft which time has worked in the rocks, a man may without much difficulty make the ascent.

At the beginning of his explorations in the desert, the Rev. Father Mary Joseph, of the Order of Carmelites, arrived at the foot of this Tower of Babel. Filled with holy indignation at the puerile attempt of human pride, and saddened at the sight of the divine malediction that has weighed for centuries on this work of the genius of evil, the thought occurred to him of consecrating to the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer what remained of the huge monument, and of placing on the highest summit of this Tower of Confusion the image of her whom the Church hails as the Tower of David.

Putting on his stole, and carrying with him holy water, he made his way to the summit of the wall. Having sanctified by the blessing of the Church the stones that in bygone ages were accursed, he cast his eyes over the heap of ruins, and from them around the horizon that bounded the desert, and cried: "O Virgin, why should not this place, once the fortress of the demon, belong to you, who have crushed the demon's head? I would that from these ruins there should one day rise a sanctuary dedicated to your name. While awaiting that happy day, I desire to place

here your image. From the summit of this tower, august Virgin, you will preside over the labors of the missionaries; from this height your benediction shall be wafted over the whole desert. May it become for you a new empire, which shall soon embrace, not the ferocious followers of Mahomet, but the faithful disciples of Jesus Christ!"

Detaching as he spoke a large brass medal from his Rosary, he placed it among the ruins, and added: "Holy Virgin, if you accord me your protection and bless my labors, I will return some day to take back this medal; but it will be to replace it by a beautiful statue, representing you carrying your Divine Son in your arms."

Preaching some months afterward in his native land, Father Mary Joseph related this incident, and the emotion which accompanied the recital electrified his audience. At the conclusion of his sermon, members of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Victories, of Paris, solicited the privilege of presenting him with the desired statue. He consented, and a bronze statue, a faithful copy of Notre-Dame des Victoires, was blessed by him on the festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. And this bronze image of Our Lady now occupies the spot where the zealous missionary had first left the medal of his Rosary.

Dominating the most stupendous monument of human pride ever attempted, the humble Virgin of Nazareth once more proclaims, as of old in the *Magnificat*: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*"—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble."

It is true, a great spiritual writer has said that one Holy Communion properly made would suffice for a whole life; but there should be a whole lifetime of preparation, reception, and thanksgiving put into it.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

A Touching Incident of the War.

IN the *Southern Cross* of Claremont, South Africa, just to hand, we find the following incident, signed "P. M.," with three titles: "Ave Maria," "A True Tale of the War," and "The Brotherhood of the Faith." The editor, the Rev. John Colgan, D. D., judging from the few lines of introduction, would seem to have heard the story from "P. M."

* * *

It had been a day of severe fighting at X——, "somewhere in France." The night had come, throwing its dark cloak on the dead and the wounded between the enemy trenches. . . . Now and then a pitiful moan, a cry for help, would pierce the air; but the death-dealing sky rockets, which illumined the scene, rendered the rescuing of the wounded a most dangerous and difficult task.

Amongst the latter, lying quite helplessly, were two young soldiers still in their teens: one a son of Catholic Brittany, and the other of Catholic Bavaria. A few yards only separated them. Mortally wounded, and feeling that for him the hour of death was not far off, the poor little Breton began to say the Rosary aloud, in the Latin tongue as he used to say it in the parish church of his beloved Brittany.

At last, aroused from semi-unconsciousness by this plaintive prayer, the young Bavarian grew attentive. But, surely, said he to himself, as his mind became clearer,—surely I have heard those words before; the sound is familiar to me. Oh, yes, I remember now! They are the words of the Angelic Salutation in Latin: "*Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.*"

"*Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis.*" It was now the voice of the young Bavarian.

A little startled at this sudden intervention, and the foreign accent, the

Breton boy asked: "You German, you Catholic?"

"Ja, ich kamarad, ich Katolik."

It was enough. Under the magic influence of that word "Catholic" they forgot that they were enemies a few hours ago; that perhaps they had wounded each other. Through a supreme effort they succeeded in getting nearer to each other, until they were able to shake hands. Both had done their duty towards their country, both had fallen bravely for it. In their hearts there was no more room for hatred at that solemn hour. They would only remember that they were both Catholics, brethren in the Faith, children of the same holy Mother the Church. After a brief silence, being ignorant of each other's language, they resumed the prayer that had brought them together.

When, towards the early hours of the morning, the stretcher-bearers were able to get near them, they found the Breton dead and the Bavarian unconscious, though still alive and partly covered by the *capote* of the French soldier. Before dying he had thought of his former enemy and tried to guard him against the cold of the night. Both were carried behind the line,—the one buried, and the other taken to the nearest hospital. Thanks to careful attention, he recovered; and it was there, when convalescent, that he told the above beautiful story.

To-day there is in Bavaria a Catholic man who, as he recites the family Rosary, often thinks with emotion of the terrible night he lay on the battle-fields of France, when the Breton and he said from their hearts, "*Ave Maria, gratia plena—Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.*"

LOVE is not getting but giving.

—Van Dyke.

A Cantankerous Klan.

THERE is an intense longing for righteousness in the bosoms of numerous fellow-citizens,—a fanatical desire that feeds upon a peculiar blend of racial prejudice, perverted nationalism, and religious bigotry. Grounded in no philosophy, it still creates martial ethics out of ignorance; in love with catch words, it believes also that they are contagious. For the last twenty years we have been sitting, as a nation, beside the pot in which the witches of a superannuated Protestantism left all their phrases to boil. To-day a vast society has set to work passing round the concoction, which proves so amazingly popular that the society—the Ku Klux Klan—spreads steadily. One would have fancied that many seasons of liberalism were fatal to the autocracy of antique vagaries; but liberalism is only a thin coverlet under which the bones of hoary prepossessions harden in sleep. One would have thought that there was some basis for understanding in the business of being neighbors; the blinds, however, are always drawn for the blind.

To the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the Hon. Leroy Percy, former Senator from Mississippi, contributes a study of the Ku Klux which reveals nothing distinctly new, but does assemble very well the available facts. The author lends to his statement the authority of good, white, native-born Protestant character; he hales from the South; he is, geographically, subject to tar and feathers: only, we fear that few members of the Klan read the *Atlantic*. It is, therefore, a service to draw attention to Senator Percy's analysis and to set down certain of his more pertinent observations. The Klan, of course, will not be slaughtered by pen and ink, but rather by the virtue with which Job overcame Satan. Still, as in his case,

publicity has its distinct advantages.

The Klan is the "only Gentile White Protestant American-born organization in the world," and possesses, as an additional claim to originality, a fantastic secret ritual that binds members of the society to obedience and to secrecy. Itinerant speakers carry the doctrine from stump to stump, urging their brethren to behold the malicious group influence of Jews, Catholics, Negroes and foreigners, and to look into the morals of the surrounding territory. Local clans, accordingly, organize veritable detective agencies to uncover lapses from righteousness and to make reports in solemn convention assembled. A very solemn convention, indeed! Mahound, in Chesterton's "Lepanto," summons strange aids—giants and the genii, multiplex of wing and eye—but Mahound would have fainted at an address of the Imperial Wizard, directed to "Grand Dragons and Hydras, Goblins and Kleagles, Titans and Furies, Exalted Cyclops, Terrors of Klantons," et cetera, on the "Dreadful Day of the Weeping Week of the Mournful Month," with his Majesty's signature appended. And this tremendous appeal, rivalling anything which P. T. Barnum ever said about a Hindu fortune teller, may serve to invite the wrath of the Klan upon Peter Simpkins, whose nose is suspiciously red. It is ominous, of course; but where is the American sense of humor? That a people which produced the smiling sanity of Lincoln, the fun of Mark Twain, and the ironic laughter of Artemus Ward should take the Imperial Wizard for anything more important than a side-show is a decidedly crushing revelation. In every method employed by the Klan to air its purposes there is present the same ridiculousness verging on insanity. It is Mrs. Malaprop come out for reform—and Mrs. Malaprop.

It is difficult, after this, to take the

Ku Klux crew as seriously as it must be taken,—as Senator Percy, with an occasional platitudinous flourish, takes it. The following paragraph will show forth the best trump in the organization's miscellaneous outfit:

It is said that in California the anti-Japanese feeling is the basis of appeal; in some localities the Jew is referred to in a manner to rejoice the heart of Henry Ford; less frequently, white supremacy as an anti-Negro appeal is eloquently defended. But it appears the Church of Rome is never scanted: always she is represented as the deadly enemy of American institutions, to be crushed not so much for her religious tenets as for her dark and unexplained political machinations. Colonel Camp regaled Mississippi audiences with references to "that old dago on the Tiber," and "that slick and slimy cardinal who had more power in America during the war than the President of the United States."

We confidently expect Colonel Camp to verify these statements: he will prove, beyond doubt, how Congress stood at attention every time the wind blew from the direction of Baltimore, and how fifty-five bishops smiled when our armies passed in review. For the Colonel is capable of anything.

Our author's observations upon the Klan's dealings with the American Negro have a definite economic value, as is plain from this declaration:

A word may not be amiss as to the effect of the Klan's activities upon the Negro population in the agricultural sections of the South. The struggle in these sections is to retain the Negro population. The industrial system of the South is built upon this population. The loss of it means that the lumber-mills will lie idle, and the cotton fields, cornfields, and sugar fields will revert to the wilderness. The steady trend of the Negro population is away from the South to the industrial centres, because of better wages and better economic conditions than agriculture can compete with. This trend can not be arrested. It can easily, however, be so expedited as to afford no opportunity for readjustment to changed conditions, resulting in industrial paralysis and ruin. This is one of the terrifying potentialities of the Klan's work in these sections.

True it is that their orators avow, in their

public utterances, that the Klan is the friend of the Negro; that they will not hurt him, "if he does what is right." The answer to this is twofold: first, that the Negro can never be assured that he is doing what is right according to the Klan's conception of right; and, second, the original Ku Klux Klan was created solely for the purpose of terrorizing the Negro; he has never heard of its being associated with any other purpose, and it is impossible to reassure him on this point. It would be as easy to go through a sedge field populated with rabbits with a bunch of hounds, and to satisfy the rabbits that they were in no danger, but that you were intent upon fox-hunting alone. The reply would possibly be: "I never heard about your doing much except hunting rabbits. You look like you are fixed for hunting rabbits. What you say may be so; but even if it is, I see seven or eight young hounds in that bunch that might break away and start to running rabbits anyway. The best thing for this rabbit to do is to start to running now."

Any one who knows the Blacks of the South, and the strange, indefinable terror which surrounds the name of the Ku Klux Klan in their minds, knows that, following one of the sheeted parades of the Klan, it would be almost impossible to get close enough to a Negro to reassure him. This grave menace to industrial conditions is without compensating advantages of any kind.

As to many other details, which include interference in church worship, threatening parades, deeds of lawlessness and other crimes, we shall pass them by. Senator Percy concludes with this recommendation: "The light of publicity should be turned upon the trappings, tomfoolery, and gibberish of the Imperial Wizard." Well, such expenditure of light can do no harm, and will undoubtedly be supplied by the respectable elements in Protestantism which suffer calumny from stale tricks which ignoramuses play in their name. But diseases are seldom cured by turning on electricity, and nocturnal police have studied no medicine. We need to undertake, step by step, a renovation of American life. We need—though it seems pessimistic—a forty-day manna of plain common-sense.

Notes and Remarks.

Once again the practical wisdom of the Church has been recognized by the most modern of scholars. Representatives of the American Council of Learned Societies and of the American Philological Association have recently been active in the formation of a committee, the purpose of which is to urge the adoption of Latin as an international auxiliary language, not in order to displace any other ordinary existing language, but to be employed in addition to the national languages for communication with persons of other countries, and for the diffusion of literature of international value. The only other language seriously proposed for these purposes is Esperanto, but the superior claims of Latin are being upheld by scholars and men of letters throughout the world.

Imitation has been styled the sincerest flattery, and in adopting as the international language that of the universal Church, our scholars are showing their good sense, as well as incidentally knocking the props from under an old-time, stock-in-trade Protestant argument against that Church.

Some interesting particulars of the private life of Pius XI. in the Vatican have come to light through the Milan correspondent of the London *Mail*, who says that the new Pope confirms the opinion held by all who knew him well and used to admire his simple, austere manner of life. His private apartments are furnished with the greatest simplicity, there being no carpets, no curtains, and no sign of luxury. In the bedroom there is a brass bedstead, above which hangs a picture of the Madonna of Good Counsel; a mahogany chest of drawers, a small writing desk, and a cabinet in which his Holiness keeps his private papers. In his study there is a

large writing table, with a crucifix standing upon it. No books or reviews are to be seen. Generally, his Holiness does his writing in the great library on the second floor, and when he takes reviews or books from there himself into the private apartment, after he has finished with them, he brings them back himself to their places with the methodical care of the old librarian. He does not like to see anything on his writing table, and on every hand there is striking evidence of his love for tidiness and order.

The Pope lives entirely isolated in his private apartments, where no guard is on duty either during the day or at night. He has three servants, who take turn daily in waiting upon him. But he is particularly looked after by an old woman, "La Signora Linda," who had been for forty years the faithful maid and companion of the mother of the Pope. She superintends his extremely frugal meals. Those who know the affectionate attachment of Pius XI. to his family, and particularly the great devotion he always showed to his mother, were not surprised to hear that he had broken a long tradition of the Vatican by making La Signora Linda his housekeeper.

In the course of the chapter on "The Duties of the Citizen," in the volume "The State and the Church," noticed elsewhere in our columns, occurs a paragraph, which merits reflective reading from Americans generally:

A second duty [the first being obedience to law] is that of respect for public authority; and this means both public officials and their enactments. Of course this duty can be exaggerated, but in our day and country the opposite perversion is much more frequent. Through false inferences drawn from the principles of democracy, men are inclined to minimize this obligation, or even to reject it entirely. Conscious that elected officials are human beings of the same clay as himself, and dependent upon him for an elevation that is

only temporary, the citizen easily assumes that to show them respect is undemocratic and unworthy.... While public officials are sometimes lacking in personal worth and dignity, they are always the possessors and custodians of political power, which of its nature demands esteem and consideration. Were this attitude habitually taken by citizens, the problem of securing law observance would be greatly simplified. The man who refuses respect to civil authority because he fears that it would demean or degrade him, exhibits the slave mind and temper; for he has not sufficient confidence in his own worth to feel that he can afford to give honor where honor is due, or to recognize any kind of superiority. Such a man is not only a bad citizen but a detriment to any social group.

The foregoing is merely the application to civil conditions of the principle underlying religious obedience. Monks and nuns see in their legitimate superiors merely representatives of God Himself, and they consider it no dishonor to obey the commands of persons who, it may be, are in some respects their inferiors.

The daily press of England gave prominence a week or two ago to what was characterized as a miraculous cure at Lourdes. The subject of it was one of the company of English pilgrims to Our Lady's shrine in the Pyrenees,—a Miss Ellen Walker, of Anfield, Liverpool, who had been completely incapacitated for seven years, practically bedridden, and was suffering from spells of unconsciousness, which came on suddenly and frequently. On the journey to Lourdes, she had several of these attacks. During the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, on the fourth day of the pilgrimage, she was completely cured. During the previous days this lady had been carried about as an invalid; but at the end of the procession "she jumped up and ran up the steps of the Rosary Church."

In any other environment than that of Lourdes this cure would be unhesitatingly accepted as a genuine miracle;

but the Bureau of physicians at the Pyrenean shrine do not pronounce it miraculous. The patient's long illness was largely of a nervous character, and hence the cure was possible through other than supernatural means. The Bureau does not pronounce miracles cures of any such nature, even though the subjects and their friends are quite convinced that they have been miraculously restored to health. The leader of the English National Pilgrimage, this year, was the Archbishop of Birmingham, who thus summed up the outcome of the journey to Lourdes: "The manifestations at Lourdes are the divine answer to the miserable materialism of the age. The doctrine of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception is a 'key' doctrine, and she is the destroyer of all heresies. There may be material cures at Lourdes, but far greater are the spiritual cures wrought here. There is not one of us who will not go back better spiritually than he came."

The average American citizen may not be a specialist in economics or a thoroughly lucid expositor of the principles underlying the vexed question of the closed or open shop; he may not be able to draw the somewhat indeterminate line separating the rights of Capital from those of Labor, or differentiate the causes which make legitimate or the reverse the industrial strike; but he is quite competent to understand and approve this declaration of President Harding, made the other day at Marion, Ohio: "Liberty is gone in America when any man is denied by anybody the right to work and live by that work. It does not matter who denies. A free American has the right to labor without any other's leave."

Catholic readers of a recently-published work dealing with sexual morality, by Mr. Kenneth Ingram, will

find in it some fresh and acute thought on the subject of divorce. He would draw a rigid line between civil and religious marriage. The State must go its own way. "But there should always be a higher type of marriage, where the Catholic Church has been invoked for her blessing. And for those who choose to ask for this Sacrament, the union should be irrevocable save by death." In a chapter on sex education Mr. Ingram declares that it must not be treated as publicly as natural history or chemistry. It should be rather a matter for individuals than for public instruction. The home may be an admirable atmosphere. And he adds, "The Catholic Church possesses the invaluable medium of the confessional, and where the confessor can give sound sex instruction no better opportunity can well be imagined."

One subject on which the practical Catholic may frequently and profitably meditate is his proper attitude towards those of his friends, acquaintances, and fellow citizens who do not belong to the visible body of the Church. In one of the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. that attitude is thus tersely indicated: "In the duties that join us to God and to the Church, the greatest thing to be noted is that in the propaganda of Christian truth every one of us should labor as far as lies in his power." Now, irrespective of one's station in life, or one's learning, controversial ability, or other qualification for winning to the Faith those outside the Fold, every Catholic can, and assuredly should, pray for his non-Catholic neighbors,—pray habitually and fervently. In a recent sermon by Cardinal Bourne, there is reference to this responsibility, and the passage is well worth reproducing:

Certain it is that every man will be rewarded or condemned according to his acceptance of the light which God has given him.

No one certainly will be condemned except for refusal to accept that light when vouchsafed. We can never assume that any one has sinned against the light. There is such a sin, terrible as it is; and no doubt it is sometimes committed, when people refuse the opportunity given them of accepting the Catholic Faith; but we are never at liberty to assume this of any individual soul. Since, however, the normal way of saving souls is through the Church, we are faced with another mystery—that so many are left apparently without the opportunity of knowing and accepting the Faith. It is a mystery that God has made this gift of faith depend on those who labor as missionaries, and intends this work to be one of evangelization. While the command of teaching all nations applies in an especial manner to the accredited teachers of the Catholic Faith, it also applies in its degree to all who have accepted that Faith. There is only one work which we can do towards conversion—that is, to remove obstacles: the real work of conversion is wrought by the light that comes from God alone.

Summer being the natural season for conventions, conferences, annual meetings, etc., of associations of various kinds—educational, social, recreational, religious,—there is timeliness and practicality in the following extracts from an article in which a thoughtful contributor to the *Catholic Times*, of London, moralizes on a recent conference of the Young Men's Society, a thriving Catholic organization of England:

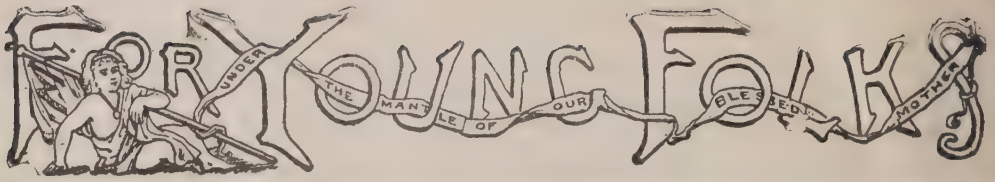
The spirit most to be desired at conferences is that of the eager, dissatisfied idealist, of the man who is anxious to aim at big things, of one who can grumble a bit with justice and acumen; of him who believes that, however much has been done, something finer could have been accomplished. The deadliest enemy possible to the life and fruitfulness of a conference is the complacent officialism which comes to consider routine and machinery not as means but as the end; which is content to do nothing, and cheerfully boasts of not having failed; which prefers ease to effort, and which is always more alert to see the probable risks in an effort than to see any splendors of possible result....

It would be easy to write columns in praise of such an organization as the Young Men's Society; but at the moment it seems better

worth while to beg of the members to ask themselves what good is accruing from large and expensive conferences, what are the ultimate objects and ambitions of the Society, is it progressing, or is it becoming fixed in certain ruts; and does it find that an annual feast of oratory and hospitality brings new strength to the organization, opens up new vistas, and achieves as a rule some real, tangible, and abiding result?

The action of the Belfast Government in conniving at, if not encouraging, the outrages recently perpetrated on Cardinal Logue has been very generally condemned, even by the non-Catholic press of Ireland and England. Not least forcible is the denunciation of Protestant ministers, one of whom, Canon Trotter, Rector of Ardrahan, County Galway, wrote to his local paper: "There is not a decent Protestant in Ireland whose blood will not boil with the fiercest indignation at the insult, annoyance, and sacrilege proffered to Cardinal Logue, and detailed by his Eminence in terms of such Christian mildness. What has our country come to when any clergyman, not to speak of the most exalted dignitary of his Church, and one who, in his honored old age, has by his public utterances shown himself to be 'the friend of all and the enemy of none,' can have to endure such an experience even for a brief period at the hands of scoundrels?"

In her Introduction to a rendition into modern English of "The Form of Perfect Living and Other Prose Treatises," by Richard Rolle, of Hampole, (1300-1349), Dr. Geraldine Hodgson makes the acute observation that "a generation which if it be not readily disturbed by sin, is easily and quickly shocked by crude suggestions concerning its possible consequences and reward." This recalls Gladstone's assertion of his conviction that the great majority of theological difficulties have their origin in an inadequate sense of sin.



The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

HUGH COURTNEY had kind, indulgent parents. He lived in a comfortable house, was always well clad, and never had to go hungry in his life. Many boys would have called him a lucky fellow; but Hugh was not well off—that is, he thought he was not: he was continually grumbling and complaining.

"I can't stand this any longer!" he said one day to his brother George. "I'm going to run away."

George often made the same announcement when he "got mad," as he said; but he never seriously thought of carrying out his threat. He was two years older than Hugh, and a little wiser; so now he only whistled softly, and remarked, half-jocosely, "I wouldn't if I were you."

"Yes, I will," repeated Hugh, with a jerk of the head and a fierce air. "I'm tired of this having to go to school, and to report to mother when school's out, before going off to the baseball grounds; and of running errands, and having to be in the house before dark. I'll run away and take care of myself. Lots of boys have to support themselves, and I can do as well as any of them. I was thirteen years old last week, you must remember."

George chuckled. He secretly admired his brother's defiant spirit, and was inclined to say he would go too. Through his mind flitted a vision of a gallant dash for freedom. What fun it would be to start off with Hugh to see the world,—to go West, hunt the buffalo

on the prairies, and live among the Indians, who would be sure to want to make him their chief; or to become a cowboy, with nothing to do but gallop about on a fiery mustang, or lasso wild horses upon the pampas of South America!

But George was cautious; he had sense enough to observe that fellows who set out with such aspirations seldom "get there," as he expressed it. To be sure, even a fugitive trip to New York and "a grand lark" would break the dull monotony of existence considerably. But, then, the upshot of it would be a rousing lecture from "the governor"; and likely as not he'd be packed off to college, "for the sake of the discipline," a possibility which had more than once been imminent. No, it would not do. He was as determined as Hugh to be independent and have his own way, but he intended to go about it in a surer manner. To be sent to college would spoil all his plans. He 'hated study, and was planning to leave school at the end of the term and go into business.' It would be very nice to have his own money to spend as he chose—a definite sum every week at his disposal, which would enable him to "take in" the baseball matches, and pleasant excursions in Summer. But, some one asked, would he not be obliged to work hard for this? Not at all. Father would get him a nice, easy place, where he'd have next to nothing to do, and be well paid for doing it. George concluded that this would be much better than running away; so he took from his lips the cigarette he was smoking, and, turning to Hugh, repeated: "I wouldn't if I were you."

But this good advice, delivered in so

tantalizing a manner, only aggravated the latter, who felt it to be a taunt.

"Do you mean to say I wouldn't dare?" he added, with a darker look.

"I mean that you could never manage the thing," his brother replied, with a smile. "What would you do for a living?"

"Oh, anything! I'd be a professional boot-black, for instance. I have a very respectable kit rigged up already."

George grinned. "You are not particularly fond of brushing father's boots," he ventured to remark.

"Ah—well," stammered Hugh, "this would be altogether different: I'd be doing it for the spondulix—for hard cash, you see!"

Ungrateful Hugh! He did not consider all that his father, with everyone of the family except easy-going George, was continually doing for him, without thought of recompense save that of affection and duty.

"And if trade were dull, I'd sell papers," he added, strengthening his position. "The newspaper business is always brisk. Or, I'd hire out as an errand-boy."

At this George was so convulsed with laughter that he nearly rolled off the garden bench on which he was lolling: "Isn't it partly to escape being sent on errands that you want to run away?" he began.

Hugh looked a little uncomfortable. "I don't say I intend to take to that," he answered; "it would only be in a pinch. In fact, I've about decided to be a district messenger boy, because they ride in the cars and wear good clothes; and I shouldn't like to disgrace the family by going shabby."

His brother did not suggest that if he did not disgrace them in any other way, they would have reason to be proud of him. George was not apt to indulge in such reflections, but he said to himself: "Jingo! if the district telegraph service

isn't running errands by the wholesale, I'd like to know what is!" It was too much trouble to argue the question, however; so he endeavored to dismiss it altogether, and said, taking up the number of the Nickel Library he had been reading:

"Well, it doesn't seem to me that the fellows who have to look out for themselves have a very jolly time of it."

"Pshaw! that's because you are so blamed lazy! I'd get on fast enough: I'm not afraid of work."

With this parting shot Hugh disappeared into the kitchen, attracted by the odor of frying doughnuts; for he had what is known as a "sweet tooth." And although he thought he should enjoy earning his own bread, he had made up his mind that it should be of the variety known as gingerbread. He considered it necessary to grumble when Hannah the cook asked him to do anything to oblige her; but he would have been surprised to have her interfere, except by a noisy protest, with his raids upon the pantry; for he had long since discovered that even when she caught him in the act, she could be appeased by a little bantering. Notwithstanding that the doughnuts proved as delectable as he anticipated, and Hannah pretended not to notice when he crammed three or four into his pockets, Hugh did not forget his grievances or abandon his purpose to run away. His mind was very fully made up.

Every evening, after supper, the young people were accustomed to gather around the sitting-room table and prepare their lessons for the following day. Hugh sat in his usual place, with his geography before him, but his thoughts were not upon it. When the others had completed their tasks, he closed the book with a slap, but remained idly tilting a small cane chair that happened to be near.

"Come!" said his sister Kate. "Let

us try some of the college songs in this new collection."

This meant that she would play the accompaniments, and Hugh and George might sing. They both had good voices; and the parish priest, Father Morris, an enthusiast in regard to church-music, had trained them for the choir of St. Mary's.

George indolently assented to Kate's proposition; but Hugh answered, sullenly:

"I don't feel like singing a single note to-night."

"Well, have a game of parchesi with me?" pleaded little Elsie.

"Games of that sort are stupid," he replied, with a yawn.

"The book I brought home yesterday is a capital story for boys," remarked Mr. Courtney. "It is full of incident and adventure, and at the same time of good tone. Have you looked into it, Hugh?"

"Yes, sir: I skimmed through it this afternoon when I came from school," said Hugh, "but found it tame!"

Mrs. Courtney glanced at him with a reproving expression, that at least had the effect of causing him to put down the chair, the gymnastic performances of which annoyed his father, as was evident from the ominous rattling of the latter's newspaper.

After a while Mr. Courtney began to read a humorous sketch aloud to his wife. Hugh was entertained in spite of himself, but he scowled and lowered his head to keep from laughing at the amusing points.

"I suspect you have been playing baseball too hard to-day, my son," said his father, pleasantly, as he bade him good-night.

"Haven't played at all!" mumbled Hugh, as he left the room.

"I'm afraid the boy is not well," said his mother, nervously, looking after him.

"I did not notice any failure of his appetite at supper," rejoined Mr. Courtney. "No: the trouble is that both he and George are getting spoiled. They have too easy a life. It would be better for them to rough it a little. Matters can not go on as at present; next Autumn they must either be sent away to school or be put to work. Discipline is what they need."

Mrs. Courtney sighed. She dreaded to have her boys go away, among companions of whose rearing she knew nothing; but, on the other hand, as her husband sometimes argued, was it not almost impossible to keep track of their associates at home? Sadly she acknowledged to herself that they were getting beyond her gentle sway, and therefore she would not oppose any plans for their correction and welfare which he might decide to adopt.

Unconscious of the anxious thought of which he was a subject, Hugh stumbled upstairs to the small room to which he had the exclusive right. Striking a match, he lit the bracket lamp. The light showed that it was a cozy nook to call one's own. A neat ingrain carpet covered the floor; beyond the iron bedstead, at one side of the window, was a chest of drawers, above which hung a round mirror just large enough to reflect Hugh's ruddy face, and to show him how crookedly he could part his hair when in a hurry—and it was one of his characteristics to be always in a hurry. Opposite was an old-fashioned triangular toilet-stand and a solitary chair. It was unmistakably a boy's room. In one corner stood a baseball bat; a pair of dumb-bells lay on the floor; above the door were disposed a patent fishing-rod and a splendid rifle, a Christmas present from his father. One would suppose that Hugh had almost everything a boy's heart could desire. Now, however, he heeded nothing but the shotgun, which he took down and

examined with the fond pride of a sportsman in his trusty companion. But after a few moments he put it back, saying, "No: I'll have to leave it here for George. It is heavy and would only be in the way."

Opening one of the drawers of the bureau, he found a leather skate bag, took out the handsome skates, wrapped them in the chamois skin kept for polishing the fine steel, and laid them again in the drawer. Then he proceeded to pack the bag with small articles. From time to time he glanced apprehensively around. His heart quailed strangely, but he refused to listen to its voice. "I said I would, and so I will!" he muttered.

On the wall hung a large photograph of Defregger's exquisite Madonna. Almost every room in the house contained similar reproductions of the masterpieces of Catholic art; for Mrs. Courtney was a firm believer in their silent influences. This picture was the first object upon which Hugh's eyes naturally rested in the morning, the last to which, from habit, they turned at night.

How beautiful it was!—the mass of white clouds at the foot of the picture; upon either side the silvery mists, which as one looks resolve themselves into a throng of tiny cherub faces with snowy wings; then a glory of sunlight, that cleaves the fleecy haze in twain and reveals the ethereal form of the Virgin Mother floating in the air, with the Divine Child in her arms. Enthroned in His Mother's arms, He leans against her heart, one dimpled hand upon her neck, the other resting upon the bright tresses which, like a second veil, mantle her shoulders; an attitude caressing and dependent, and yet in the pose of the figure is a suggestion of the power upon which all the world must lean. And the beautiful child face, with eyes gentle like His Mother's but grave in their

wondrous wisdom and searching the depths of the soul.

All this Hugh felt, though he could not have expressed it in words. That night, however, he avoided looking at the picture, and also the next morning. He arose at dawn, donned his best suit of clothes, then as quickly as possible, so as not to give himself time to waver, broke open the little bank which contained the money he had been saving for the Fourth of July, emptied the nickels and dimes and two or three quarters into his pockets, and, taking his satchel, stole softly downstairs. No one else in the house was awake; no one heard him as he quietly unlocked the side door and, without a backward glance, went out.

Though the town was hardly astir, Hugh did not dare to walk fast at first, for fear of attracting attention. But when he had gone some distance without encountering any one, he took to his heels and ran, not in the direction of the railway station, but toward a point known as the gravel-pit, where trains were often switched off, or stopped to take in water for the engine. Here were almost always a number of freight-cars run up on a side track. His plan was to stow himself away in one of these and wait for the train to start. When he reached the place, however, he caught his breath with surprise at the good fortune which apparently attended him. There, upon the main track, stood the Chicago Express. The engineer had found his tank short of water, and took this opportunity to replenish it. The train would not stop again till it reached New York, fifty miles distant. The conductor would be so occupied and flurried as he approached the end of his long route, that he would be apt to overlook a small boy.

All this passed through Hugh's mind with the rapidity of lightning. He felt that it was a rare chance. If obliged to

linger in the freight-car, he would have had leisure to repent of his rashness in leaving home; but now, upon the impulse of the moment, he rushed forward, jumped upon the platform of one of the passenger coaches, made his way in, and shrank into a seat. The next minute the belated train was speeding down the valley.

(To be continued.)

The Plant that Clothes the Island.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

FEW people give more than a passing glance to the lichen, yet without its help many a verdant island would have remained a bare volcanic rock, grim and barren. It is the humblest of plants, and in the order of nature comes first; it is one of the farthest travellers; for the fine dust of it, which holds the life out of which the plant springs, is borne thousands and thousands of miles by wind and water. Usually this plant is dry and leathery-looking, of very insignificant appearance, though there are islands which it covers with varied colors.

It is in itself a wonder of the microscope. Put a piece of it under a fairly strong magnifying glass, even, and you see a mass of cells, a number of tiny tubes of the thinnest tissue, holding spores or minute germs of life, an outer and an inner layer. When it seeds, these spores are wafted away in the form of very fine dust. And this dust seems capable of existing almost anywhere. It falls on the bare and rugged island which has been thrown up from the sea bottom by the action of volcanos; and through its work the barren rock becomes clothed with vegetation, then decked with flowers and shrubs, and provided with trees.

After fastening on the rocky surface of an island and clothing it with its first

coat of vegetation, it gives place to another of its kind, the leafy lichen, which in turn gives place to the liverwort. This plant is succeeded by the mosses; in time these decay; wind and weather tear them from the rocks, and mix them with the detritus (the particles worn off or detached from the rock by storms and friction) which the elements bring down; and the beginning of a soil is formed. Then the wind-carried or water-borne seeds rest on the island, and the second step has been taken by nature. Birds settle on the island, and they fetch seeds in the food their bodies contain; other arrivals come; every tempest brings a new plant; the zoological immigrants finally arrive; and, little by little, the once barren heap of rocks becomes a fertile and green-clad island.

Nowhere is there a finer display of leafy lichens than on Kerguelen's Island, which lies in the sub-Antarctic regions, and is more remote than any other island from the nearest continent. The rocks there are painted, as it were, with lichens. At the tops of the hills they look like forests, most of them being as large as little trees.

Lichens are seemingly of little importance, but how vast is the Creator's purpose which they carry out!

Our Big Policeman.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

THE wind is able, very often,
To blow you almost off your feet;
But I don't believe that one could soften
Our big policeman on his beat.
He walks along, oh, very solemn!
And looks for persons who've been bad;
Some people say his "spinal column"
Is always "stiff and ironclad."
But when my sister, Mary Lou,
Gave him a rose, he knelt right down,
Kissed her and said, "Now, dearie, you
Are quite the nicest miss in town."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Dent & Sons have just published "An English Anthology of Prose and Verse (14th-19th Century), by Sir Henry Newbolt.

—"The Irish Song Book," with original Irish airs, edited with an Introduction and notes by Alfred Perceval Graves, is announced by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

—Among new books soon to be published, we note "The Decline of Aristocracy in America." A more appealing work would be on the decline of democracy among us.

—"A Sister's Poems," being the posthumous verses of Sister Margaret Mary, of the Sisters of Mercy, will, in the dainty book-form which the publisher has supplied, bring pleasure to the author's friends and others. The poems are simple and dignified. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.

—It is a recognized fact that "Rhythmic Sight-Singing" can be and has been taught to children. But it was left to Mr. Charles C. Doorly to show in cold type how this can be done in a scientific manner. Practice, practice, patiently and perseveringly, will accomplish wonders in this, as well as in any other artistic line of work. The little book is full of practical, common-sense hints. J. Fischer & Bro.; price, 50 cents.

—A classic example of slowness in composition has long been Tom Moore's reply to a question as to how he was getting on with one of his poems, "Famously, I'm doing a line a day." Writing in *Harper's Magazine*, Percy Waxman records an instance of still greater deliberation. "Wasn't it Oscar Wilde," he queries, "who, while staying at a country house, was asked by an inquisitive lady at luncheon one day what he had been doing all the morning? 'Putting a comma in a sentence,' answered the imperturbable Oscar. And at dinner that night when asked what he had been doing all the afternoon he said: 'Taking it out again.'"

—Those who read Mr. Hilaire Belloc's newest book, "The Mercy of Allah," will enjoy satire which is keen and appropriate, but which could be much more keen and appropriate. The illustrious merchant Mahmond, who dwells in Bagdad, gathers his nephews about him for the purpose of explaining how his bank account grew from zero to a formidable array of zeros prefixed by one. It is, of course, a tale that applies directly to the life

around us and sounds the acrid note of economic criticism for which the author is famous. What a new "Gulliver's Travels" it might have been if the author had devoted to its composition twenty-five years instead of, as one fears, twenty-five days! Even so, "The Mercy of Allah" is well worth looking into. D. Appleton and Co.; price, \$2.

—Of the eighteen chapters of "The State and the Church," seven are credited to Dr. Ryan and three to Father Millar, S. J.; the remaining eight comprise extracts from Encyclicals of Leo XIII. and Benedict XV., essays by Archbishops Ireland and Spalding, expository papers by Cardinal Billot and Father Macksey, S. J., and selections from the latest Pastoral Letter of the American hierarchy. Needless to say, this third volume of the "Social Action Series," issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council, deserves a warm welcome from all educated members of the Church. Non-Catholics, also, should consult its pages before attributing to the Church doctrines which her accredited spokesmen do not sanction. The work is an octavo of 325 pages, with an index. Macmillan Co.; price, \$2.25.

—Of exceptional typographical excellence in its elegant leatherette binding is the "Biographical Sketch of Sister M. Augustine," by Mrs. W. A. King. An octavo booklet of only 31 pages, with several good illustrations, it nevertheless constitutes an admirable tribute to a devoted member of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Incidentally, the sketch discloses that, in less than fifty years, the Sisterhood of the Immaculate Heart has increased from one hundred and six (when Sister Augustine was professed, in 1873) to "more than sixteen hundred noble and scholarly women." The subject of this sketch labored in the mother-house of her institute at Monroe, Michigan, and is affectionately and gratefully remembered by many a hundred women, both in the world and religion, as a potent influence for good in the process of their intellectual and spiritual growth.

—For certain purposes, a memoir by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., is more satisfactory than a biography by Boswell. To interpret a life in the light of its mystical endowments and desires, and to give to others some little of the transferable achievement of that life, are purposes which Father Mar-

tindale has accomplished in "Richard Philip Garrold, S. J.—a Memoir." To the teacher, the book will be an inspiration in the real way to teach history; to the disciplinarian, it will be an "open sesame" to the hearts of dull, stupid, and unattractive pupils; the army chaplain will find in it his own experiences as lived by another; and the mystic will come face to face with the bravest and most relentless of his kind. One book could hardly do more. But readers will agree that this memoir accomplishes all its purposes, and lifts them close to the heart of God besides. Longmans, Green & Co.; price, \$2.50.

—Taking exception to the comments of the London Press on the recent staging of Dryden's "Amphitryon"—"deliberately dirty," "insufferably dull," etc.—the writer of "Et Cætera" in the London *Tablet* remarks:

Dryden himself was far greater and purer than his plays; he outgrew them; after his conversion to the Church in the zenith of his intellectual power, he wrote, in his "Ode to the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew," a repudiation that ought to be familiar to all lovers of literature:

O gracious God, how far have we
Profaned Thy heavenly gift of Poesy,
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love.

After a more particular regret expressed for what he himself had done "to increase the steaming ordures of the stage," he prays Heaven that the Vestal whom he sings may atone for all by having been in innocence a child, adding:

Even love (for love sometimes her Muse expressed)
Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast,
Light as the vapours of a morning dream;
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. Hubert Tholen, of the diocese of Peoria; Rev. Robert Burke, diocese of Newark; Rev. James Driscoll, D. D., archdiocese of New York; and Rev. J. L. Davis, C. J.

Sister M. Xavier, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister Agnes Marie, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. W. N. Willis, Mrs. Kathleen Ritchie, Mr. W. J. Convery, Mr. J. Van Raalte, Mrs. Agnes Ryan, Mr. Carl Nelson, Mr. Michael Maloney, Mrs. Dorine Gates, Mr. William Maher, Mrs. Mary Maxwell, Mr. Francis Grainger, Mr. Joseph Ouellette, Miss Catherine Colin, Mrs. Anna O'Brien, Mr. Richard Clark, Mr. George King, Miss Rosetta Hartnett, and Mr. Jacob Bauer.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: A. K., \$1; E. H., in honor of St. Anthony, \$8.75; friend (Conn.), \$10; M. E. S., \$3. For the victims of the famine in Russia: "in honor of the Most Precious Blood," \$2. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: friend, \$1; J. M. K., "in honor of the B. V. M.," \$10.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 5.—Our Lady of the Snow.

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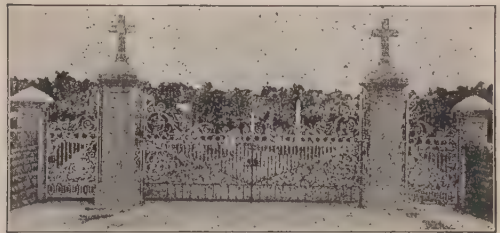
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST LUKE, I. 48

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 5, 1922.

NO. 6

[Copyright, 1922: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Transfiguration.

BY PRUDENTIUS. TRANSLATED BY W. J.
COPELAND.

YE, who for the Christ are seeking,
Lift your longing eyes on high,
There behold the glory breaking
Of celestial Majesty.

Bright the Vision there unveiling,
With supernal-lustre bright;
High, sublime, and never failing,
Elder than primæval light.

He is King all realms to gather,
King, whom Israel's tribes obey,
Promised to His people's Father,—
Abraham, and his seed for aye.

Seers to Him high witness breathing,
Seal their words with love and fear;
Him the Eternal Sire bequeathing,
Bids His own believe and hear.

Jesu, hail, Thyself revealing
Where Thy little ones adore,
With Thy Sire and Spirit healing,
One True God for evermore!

THERE can be no true religion without a lofty morality, and no more can there be a lofty morality without true religion. There can be manners without religion; but manners, such as cleanliness and courtesy, are a matter of soap and water. The difference between manners and morals is as wide as the difference between clean clothes and a clean heart.

—Rev. T. B. McLeod.

Devotion to Our Lady in Ancient Ireland.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.



O the sceptic, who is fond of affirming that devotion to God's holy Mother came into vogue long after the establishment of Christianity, it would be a decided soul-awakener to read some of the hymns and poems composed in her honor and in supplication to her by the early Christian Gaels. Wheresoever popular devotion to the Blessed Virgin was delayed, it certainly was not in Ireland; for men of the world, as well as men of God, turned to her as their Mother and mediator, even as our Blessed Lord meant they should, when He said to the beloved Apostle, "Son, Behold thy Mother!" Poets and scribes vied with each other in the splendor of the titles they gave her. Many of these devotees were pagan warriors, who, in making complete renunciation of their erstwhile deities, thought it only fitting to renounce the world as well. Kings and queens, with their subjects, sought Mary's aid in their new life as servants of Him who became the servant of all.

Most of the poems and hymns referred to have been lost to the world for centuries, but within recent years a few earnest Gaels have gone up and down the land in quest of these hidden gems. The result—possibly a fraction of

the original treasure,—has been edited and published in book form* by Miss Eleanor Hull, a non-Catholic who has done much excellent work in connection with early Irish literature and its rescue from oblivion. The dates set down for these compositions extend over several centuries. Some of them are as recent as the 16th and 17th centuries; but as they have been handed down by word of mouth, it is not easy to conjecture when they were composed, or, indeed, who the authors were. The genuineness of the devotion expressed to Our Lady is, however, unquestionable, and there is much poetic beauty in the songs and hymns themselves. To quote, almost at random:

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

Queen of all queens, oh! wonder of the loveliness of women,
Heart which hath held in check for us the righteous wrath of God;
Strong Staff of Light, and Fosterer of the Bright Child of Heaven,
Pray thou for us as we now pray that we may be forgiven.

She of the King of Stars, beloved, stainless, undefiled,
Christ chose as His Mother-nurse, to Him, the stainless Child;
Within her breast, as in a nest, the Paraclete reposes,
Lily among fairest flowers, Rose amid red roses.

She, the bright unsheathed sword to guard our souls in anguish,
She, the flawless limber-branch, to cover those that languish;
Where her healing mantle flows, may I find my hiding,
'Neath the fringes of her robe constantly abiding.

Hostile camps upon the plain, sharp swords clashed together,
Stricken fleets across the main stressed by Wintry weather;
Weary sickness on my heart, sinful thoughts alluring,
All the fever of my soul clings to her for curing.

She, the Maid, the careful King of the wide-wet world chooses,
In her speech forgiveness lies, no suppliant she refuses;
White Star of our troubled sea, on thy name I'm crying,
That Christ may draw in His spread net the living and the dying.

Could child-like devotion and love go further than in this hymn? In "The Keening of Mary," the heart of the Gael goes out in sorrow to, and sympathy with, the Mother of God, as if it, too, beat in anguish on Calvary's Hill while the Redeemer died for the salvation of mankind.

O Peter, O Apostle, hast thou seen my bright love?

*M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!**

I saw Him even now in the midst of His foemen,

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Come hither, two Marys, till ye keen my bright love.

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

What have we to keen if we keen not His bones?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Who is that stately Man on the tree of the Passion?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Dost thou not know thy Son, O Mother?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the little Son I carried nine months?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the little Son who was born in the stable?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the little Son who was nursed at Mary's breast?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful.

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the hammer that struck home nails through Thee?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the spear that went through Thy white side?

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

And is that the crown of thorns that crowned Thy beauteous head?

* "The Poem-Book of the Gael."

* My sorrow and my sorrow.

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!
 Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful,
M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

O woman, who weepest by this My death,
M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!
 There will be hundreds to-day in the Garden
 of Paradise!

M' ochon agus m' ochon, O!

Even to-day in the last stronghold
 of the Gael, the women keen the above
 composition in a low, sobbing recitative
 that brings Mary's seven sorrows as
 near to the listener as if it were a thing
 of yesterday, rather than two thousand
 years ago.

Whenever Our Lord is invoked, a
 prayer to His Mother follows, whether
 it be a prayer at morning, noon or
 night, in sickness or health, in praise or
 thanksgiving. Let me quote from two
 night prayers:

May the will of God be done by us,
 May the death of the saints be won by us,
 And the light of the kingdom begun in us;
 May Jesus, the Child, be beside my bed,
 May the Lamb of mercy uplift my head,
 May the Virgin her heavenly brightness shed,
 And Michael be steward of my soul.

O Jesus Christ, have mercy upon us;
 O Glorious Virgin, pray thou also for us;
 O Mother of God, O Bright Star of Knowl-
 edge,

O Queen of Paradise, watch thou and ward us;
 The light of glory obtain from thy Child for
 us,

A sight of thy house, by thy great power's
 might, for us,

The Light of all lights, and a sight of the
 Trinity,

And the grace of long patience in days of
 adversity.

The last line is, indeed, very fitting
 for the days in which we are now
 living and suffering; for surely, if man-
 kind ever sorely wanted a mediator be-
 side the Great White Throne of God, it
 is when adversity has put such a tax on
 patience. The last verse of a simple
 and beautiful hymn called "The White
 Paternoster," may also be appropriately
 quoted here:

O men of the world, who are shedding tears,
 I put Mary and her Son between you and
 your fears,

Brigit with her mantle,
 Michael with his shield;
 And the two long white hands of God from
 behind folding us all,
 Between you and each grief
 All the years,
 From this night till a year from to-night,
 And this night itself with God.

Three things are of God, and these
 three are what Mary told to her Son,
 for she heard them in heaven:

The merciful word,
 The singing word,
 And the good word.

May the powers of these three holy
 things be on all the men and women of
 Erin for evermore!

That Mary was beloved of the Gael
 from the earliest dawn of Christianity,
 that he went to her for aid in all trials
 and tribulations of body and soul, even
 as a child goes to a loving mother in
 perfect hope and confidence, and that,
 to him, any separation of Mother and
 Son in his devotions has been unthink-
 able, needs no proving, for to-day he is
 still the child calling on his heavenly
 Mother, even as his ancestors called on
 her for help in the days of St. Patrick
 and St. Columbkille.

THERE is no happiness in the world
 like that of a disposition made happy
 by the happiness of others. There is
 no joy to be compared to it. There is
 no sorrow that is not softened by it;
 for it is the balm of unselfishness.
 There is no inheritance a mother can
 leave her children comparable to that
 which flows from the luxury of doing
 good to others. The jewels which
 wealth can buy, the rewards which am-
 bition can secure, the pleasures of art
 and scenery, the abounding sense of
 health, and the exquisite enjoyment of
 mental creations, are nothing to this
 heavenly happiness.—*Anon.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.

HERE was something gray and cheerless in the atmosphere. The chill breeze, the dour sky, the bareness of the trees, to which but few leaves were clinging, sombre and brown, made the landscape most unattractive. Larry, at his sister's request, had suggested a walk to Eloise, which might give her the opportunity of seeing various points of interest in Westchester, its handsome villas, its broad boulevard. Marcia was very busy at home. She was glad of an opportunity of accomplishing a number of things without the restraining presence of a guest. With a blue checked apron covering her entire dress, from neck to hem, and sleeves drawn over her white blouse, she was busy assisting Eliza in the preserving of late pears, and trying a new recipe.

Eliza began to discuss, in no very measured terms, the young lady, who had come here, out of some outlandish place, to take the roof from over their heads.

"Now, never did I see," she declared emphatically, "a more conceited, haughty young dame, the very moral of her ould grandfather."

"Eliza," said Marcia, quietly, "you forget that you are speaking of my cousin, Miss Eloise Brentwood."

Marcia rather detested herself, as she expressed it, for the priggish tone of this reproof, and yet she had felt called upon to protest. Eliza, who was not very easily silenced, vigorously defended herself.

"I don't forget at all, and I that was in this house before you were born, and was one of the first to hold you in my arms, bein' then a young nursemaid. So I can take a liberty, once in a while, and

say my say. Nobody would ever think the same Miss Eloise was a drop's blood to you; no, nor could never hold a candle to you, nor to Mr. Larry, neither."

"Hush, hush, Eliza!" cried Marcia, half laughing, half indignant, "she is a guest here, if, indeed, we aren't *her* guests, and Mr. Larry, for one, wouldn't like to hear her criticized."

"God love you both for a pair of innocents," exclaimed Eliza, falling back into a series of grunts, while little Minna who had stepped to the door with some food for the chickens, made a seasonable diversion.

"Oh, Miss Marcia!" she cried, "Miss Marcia, there's some one out here—a great, big gentleman."

With one of her quaint little curtseys, at the kitchen door, evidently addressed to some one outside, she retreated, and Marcia stepped out onto the lawn, to find herself confronted with a tall young man: there was a smile upon his lips, scarcely hidden by the close-cut mustache. At his temples, there was a mere indication of gray hair.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," he said. "I seem to have been veering towards the wrong door."

"Yes, sir, that is the right one up those steps."

He did not tell her that he had already tried that entrance, and that his summons at the bell had not been answered.

"But it doesn't matter in the least," went on Marcia. "Can I be of any service to you? Our maid is taking her day off."

She fancied he might have lost his way, and for a moment, the blue eyes looked inquiringly into the dark ones.

"You see, I was told," the stranger explained, "that this is the House at the Cross Roads, and I came here to call on Miss Brentwood."

A light of recognition came into the blue eyes.

"Then of course you must be Mr. Gregory Glassford."

She flushed slightly, and as if in explanation added:

"You see we have been talking about you a good deal these days, and I know some one who will be very glad to see you."

"Eloise! Yes, the little madcap; no doubt, she will be glad, if she happens to be in the mood."

"Madcap?" repeated Marcia, "why, that is the very last way I should describe the extremely proper and correct young lady, who has been our guest for the past weeks."

"Then the convent must have worked wonders, as I hoped it would."

"Meanwhile, this is a very unconventional proceeding," laughed Marcia.

The visitor liked that laugh; it was so true and wholesome.

"Permitting you to stand outside the kitchen door, while I receive you in my kitchen finery. I will send some one to open the door, and I shall be back in a moment to introduce you to my mother."

Instead of obeying her intimation he detained her to say:

"You know we are connections?"

"Yes, mother was trying to make me understand one more ramification of the Brentwoods."

"For, I presume," the man said, tentatively, "you belong to the Walter Brentwood family."

"Yes, I am Marcia."

"I wonder," Gregory continued, "how it is that we have never met."

"We shall discuss that important problem," answered Marcia, "when I have shed my kitchen apron, and am seated decorously in the living room. Though I warn you in advance that I am quite in the dark about all such matters."

"How delightfully informal she is," thought Gregory, as, mounting the steps, he waited admission. Marcia ap-

peared almost immediately, without her apron and sleeves, and followed the visitor into the living room, where Mrs. Brentwood was taking her customary afternoon nap, in her easy chair.

At the sound of Marcia's voice in conversation, she hastily, but with indifferent success, strove to rouse herself, and inquired, in a quavering voice and with the uncertainty of one still partially detained in the land of dreams:

"Is that your grandfather, dear Marcia?"

"No, no, mother!" Marcia answered, going over to straighten the cap and thoroughly awaken the sleeper. "This is some one who has come to call on Eloise. Let me introduce—"

"Gregory Glassford," interposed the visitor, seeing that Marcia hesitated; "surely you have not entirely forgotten me, Mrs. Brentwood?"

"Oh, no," responded the elder woman, with a marked constraint and embarrassment in her tone, "and—I am glad to see you, again. It is so very long since we met."

There was a pause, and the silence that followed seemed charged with a certain significance. Mrs. Brentwood, mindful of her conversational duty, added:

"Eloise expected that you would come before long."

"I should have written to announce my visit," Mr. Glassford apologized, "but my movements have been very uncertain. This afternoon has been almost my first leisure moment since my return from Washington."

Marcia, ringing, gave a brief order to Sarah, who had just come in and was demurely, but eagerly, striving to catch a glimpse of the gentleman, whom she had already set down as "Miss Eloise's beau."

"He's as handsome as a picture," she reported later in the kitchen.

"I seen him when he came nigh to the kitchen door," commented Eliza. "He's a big man and too black for my taste."

"He's very, *very* big," agreed Minna, who would have barely come up to the gentleman's elbow.

"Miss Eloise is a pretty good height herself," observed Sarah.

"She wants two or three inches of being as tall as Miss Marcia," contended the cook.

Sarah, busy with the tea, buttered toast and sandwiches, which she presently carried to the living room, did not pursue the subject.

Marica at once began to pour out some tea. Meanwhile, the visitor was noting in detail all the features of that room, many of which had jarred upon Eloise, and which she had mentally described as "poky." They charmed and rested the mind of the present observer, whose path had mostly led through luxurious modern mansions, clubs and hotels. He liked that atmosphere suggestive of the past: the corner cupboard, whence Marcia had taken the china; the carved furniture, each piece a relic; the curtains of ancient pattern, the softly shaded lights, the fire upon the hearth, the elder woman in her easy chair, and the young girl pouring tea, whom it was refreshing to find, not ultra modern, but retaining dignity and reserve, for all her easy cordiality. He did not perceive, what had speedily caught the eye of Eloise, the shabbiness of the carpet, nor the fact, so apparent to the young lady from Paris, that Marcia's dark blue house dress had been made at home.

Gregory Glassford had pre-eminently the art of putting those with whom he conversed at ease. So he presently overcame that constraint, which had been at first so marked in the demeanor of Mrs. Brentwood; and Marcia herself found him far less difficult to entertain than Eloise.

"I thought Eloise would have been back before now," observed Marcia, "but she can not be away very much longer."

Mr. Glassford did not seem to find the period of waiting over long. He fell into an easy, flowing conversation with Mrs. Brentwood, on the past, into which Marcia interjected an occasional stray sentence. She was not a very great talker at any time, and she liked to listen to these fragments from a past, concerning which she had a lively curiosity, that had never been fully satisfied, even by her stepmother, who was so frankly communicative on most topics.

"I was almost a boy when I came here last," observed Gregory.

"Yes, and you were little more than a boy when I saw you first," responded Mrs. Brentwood. "It was with Ambrose Gilfillan, and, you know, my husband never liked him."

"No," agreed Gregory, fixing his dark eyes upon the fire.

"So it was very painful, that day," the old woman continued, "when my husband turned his back upon him."

"I remember," said Gregory; and Marcia fancied, unless it was a shadow from the dancing firelight, that his face looked sterner and harder.

"Surely," said Mrs. Brentwood, in a tone that was almost beseeching, "you knew that *he* was right."

"I did not know," said Gregory, hurriedly, yet speaking with the reluctance of an honest man, who will not stoop to prevarication.

Mrs. Brentwood leaned back in her chair, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"I wonder," said Marcia, speaking suddenly from the shadows that surrounded the tea table, where she still sat, "what it was that you did not know, of which you could not be certain?"

There was a flash of steel in the blue

eyes, but Gregory answered composedly:

"Be assured, I shall not impart to you my very insufficient information—not unwillingly, but necessarily."

Upon this conversation, which had become uncomfortable, entered Eloise, who took note and was highly displeased at what she saw. In the first place, she had wanted to introduce Gregory herself, with something of a flourish of trumpets. In the second place, she was not at all charmed to find that he had already placed himself on a footing of something like intimacy with these people, and especially with the blue-eyed, presiding genius of the house. Marcia had been displeasing to her from the first, with her complete self-possession, her eyes, in which smiles and tears were very near together, and her way of taking everything for granted.

"I see," she said, standing still, near Mrs. Brentwood's chair, "that I am disturbing a convivial party."

Gregory sprang up with a light of real pleasure in his eyes.

"Eloise, my dear, little Eloise," he said.

He held out both his hands, but Eloise ignoring them, swept him a formal curtsy, such as she had been taught to make on grand occasions at the convent.

"Unchanged! unchanged!" cried Gregory, but he bent forward, and, as Marcia thought, rather unceremoniously interrupted the girl's performance, and raised her up to where he could, as he said, have a good look at her. He took her hand and held it in both his own, looking down at her with a glance, in which there was something of sadness.

"My little Eloise!" he repeated.

"Little no longer! if Monsieur will be good enough to take notice that Eloise is almost up to his shoulder."

"Yes, yes," he said absently, "the years pass, and I remember you as so tiny a child, that I can scarcely realize that you are quite grown up."

"I was *that* before I went away, as you know very well," returned Eloise, petulantly; "I only went to be polished off at the convent."

"Well, let us see what they have done to you in France."

He held her at arm's length, and looked into her face, with the same half sad, half quizzical expression.

Something in this address, and in Gregory's general bearing, was displeasing to the newly made heiress, whose sense of her own importance was boundless. No one seemed to take her seriously. Concealing her annoyance, however, she introduced her cousin Larry to Mr. Glassford, as "still another of the Brentwoods."

When the two had shaken hands and exchanged a few commonplaces, Eloise said:

"Come over here, Gregory. I know Aunt Jane and Marcia will excuse you. I have a thousand things to say."

Gregory rather reluctantly followed her to an alcove near a window, with broad, cushioned seats. The young man raised his eyebrows, with a deprecating expression, as he passed Marcia, who said lightly:

"There must be a great deal to talk about."

She busied herself, meanwhile, in giving tea to Larry, and finally led him away, in turn, to the dining-room, where she said she wanted his advice.

So Eloise and her guardian were left practically alone in the larger room; for the back of Mrs. Brentwood's chair was towards them, and that lady, who had been no little disturbed by the sight after so many years of Gregory Glassford and the memories he had recalled, relapsed into slumber.

The New Medievalism.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS, PH. D.

NO historical epoch has been more misrepresented and maligned than the Middle Ages. To call them the Dark Ages, to dismiss them in a few lines as unworthy the consideration of serious historians, and useless for the understanding of the modern world, has been the general attitude of the last four hundred years. Modern science and art and life and progress were all inspired by Greece and Rome, whose buried treasures of thought and beauty were made available to the Western World by the Renaissance. Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, in his Lowell Lectures in Boston, with the warped outlook peculiar to his type of mind, insists that "the gloomy splendor of Dante—the mightiest product of the Middle Ages,—had put out the cheerfulness and light of Greek life, even as Virgil understood them, with a cruel and relentless creed." And he contrasts the Gothic Cathedral, "the ideal gloom in which to worship a relentless God and a tortured Christ," with the Renaissance palace, "a place of light and gladness."

Here and there, some scholar, who thought himself more discriminating, spoke and wrote of the Middle Ages in patronizing tones. While denying to them the right to a man's full stature, he was willing to admit the charm of their childlike innocence, their naïve belief in saints and miracles, and their skill in constructing beautifully such toys as pleased them. Gargoyles and the Golden Legend appealed to these dilettante intellectuals, and comprised the sum total of their knowledge about the Middle Ages.

The end of the nineteenth century saw a reaction. A few better-informed admirers grew enthusiastic over the

past, and fairly revelled in its lost beauty. Antiquarian idealists, they would fain have led men back to a Utopia that never was and never could be. The Middle Ages were distinctly not the millennium of peace, progress and contentment which they etched in such glowing lines. The sober historian who aims to present them in their true light, must record their failings, their unprovoked wars, their cruelties, their petty baronial and intercommunal feuds, their heresies even, and their bitter quarrels between the temporal and the spiritual power. In many ways we have progressed beyond them. The contributions of modern science to the welfare of mankind are not to be brushed aside lightly. They are real and undeniable. Fully to acknowledge their value is not to disparage the Middle Ages.

But it is equally true that the haughty bearing of the self-sufficient Modernist, who despised the Middle Ages as an epoch of obscurantism, when the human mind was in bondage, and a time which has nothing whatever in common with our present civilization, is rapidly giving place to a truer and juster view of the continuity of history and human development. It has long been contended by Catholic writers that our modern civilization is rooted deep in the Middle Ages. As unbiased non-Catholic historians began to read and study the records, they were surprised to find that they contained much more than the history of the Latin Church and of "Papal aggressions." They found a society instinct with vitality, acutely alive to all the problems that ever agitated the human mind, asking new questions and setting forth the answers with amazing vigor and fearless independence. Milton had dismissed these intellectual conflicts with the sneer that they were battles "of kites and crows." He failed to realize, or he ignored delib-

erately, how much he himself owed to his literary ancestors.

It is coming to be recognized more and more that the Middle Ages were not a set-back in the history of the race. Nor were they a mere episode, a breach in the continuity of classical civilization. They passed away, and it was inevitable that they should pass away, never to return. When our modern civilization gradually emerged, with the printing press as its most potent instrument of propaganda, it found itself in possession of ideas and institutions for which it claimed the sole credit, as original contributions to the progress of the world. This blatant arrogance will soon cease to be a sign of enlightenment.

Professor Allison of Yale, writing recently in the *North American Review* on "Medievalist and Modernist," made an eloquent and convincing plea for a saner appreciation of the Middle Ages. Professor Hearnshaw of the London University, in a new volume on "Medieval Contributions to Modern Civilization," has gone one step further. He attempts to make available some of the facts on which the Modernist may base an unbiased judgment of the Middle Ages, and the contributions they made to Religion, Philosophy, Science, Art, Politics, Literature, Economics, Education, Woman's Work,—to every department of life in which the Modernist prides himself on being an originator. It was a task well worth doing, and he has availed himself of the assistance of various specialists whose knowledge is based on personal investigation. That none of these writers are members of the Church, will add all the more weight to their testimony in many quarters.

The chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Claude Jenkins, M. A., F. S. A., writes on "The Religious Contribution of the Middle Ages." The Modernist has completely divorced

religion from politics. The Medievalist recognized no divorce of any kind. The dominating idea of the Middle Ages was the necessary, and obvious, relationship between God and man, between the Creator and the creature. It governed all of man's activities. He envisaged everything in its relation to eternity. All this is anathema to the Modernist, who prides himself on having segregated religion and politics in water-tight compartments, to the greater benefit, he likes to think, of both. Yet you can not divorce the religion and the politics of the true citizen without detriment to the State, because you can not build a common life on the basis of self-interest, however much enlightened. We persist blindly in the futile attempt, and imagine we have found the panacea for all political evils in the teaching of civics to the new generation. The result is not quite to our liking. Yet we fail to see that we are teaching the maxims of Christian conduct without the Christian motive.

The materialist is prone to say that religious men are impractical. Hence for a thousand years, humanity moved in a circle. And he likes to point out that the Medieval aspirations after a life of evangelical poverty, which are found so beautiful to read, even by many who themselves admit that they could never attempt to rise to their level, represent a reaction against the impoverishment of Christian ideas, and the degradation of Christian practice, observable in the life of the Medieval Church. But as the Rev. Jenkins points out, these aspirations are themselves part of that life, and they exemplify principles of perfect democracy based on religion, as in the early Franciscan movement, for which our modern age is still seeking.

All religious literature is indebted beyond compare to the Middle Ages. Practically all the familiar and best-

loved hymns, used to-day in Protestant services, have been taken over whole, or only slightly altered, from the Medieval Church. The writer devotes three pages to listing their titles, and admits that the "Imitation of Christ" has never been rivalled even among non-Catholics. Carlyle wrote truly of Dante: "Dante, the Italian man, was sent into our world to embody musically the religion of the Middle Ages, the religion of our modern Europe, its inner life."

If the religion of the Middle Ages was the "bête noire" of the Modernist, Medieval philosophy was scarcely less so; for he supposed that it was called into being and pursued merely to buttress the current theology. The truth of the matter is that philosophy was considered a part of secular riches, and, as Alcuin taught, "the only part which has never left its possessor miserable." No devotee of modern philosophy could have expressed in more fitting terms his high regard for this mistress of all knowledge. Nor was Medieval philosophy all cast in the same rigid mould. Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus are at least as wide apart as Descartes and Kant. The great masters of the Middle Ages dared to think with an independence and originality that would be uncommonly refreshing in our own day, when the majority of modern thinkers are merely rehashing Kant and Spencer, while pretending to stand for untrammelled thought.

Gibbon gave forcible expression to the modern view of Medieval philosophers when he wrote: "In many a volume of laborious controversy they exposed the weakness of the understanding and the corruptness of the heart, insulted human nature in the sages of antiquity, and proscribed the spirit of philosophical inquiry so repugnant to the doctrine, or at least the temper, of an humble believer." The irony of the passage has lost its bite, but the spirit it

represents has survived. A student presenting himself for a degree in philosophy in any modern non-Catholic University, is required to know the history of ancient philosophy, and the history of modern philosophy from Descartes to Kant, and must have special knowledge of the books of these periods. But Medieval philosophy is no part of the course. Were any one to offer a thesis in it, he would probably be referred to the departments of history or theology.

As a matter of fact, all history, the history of thought included, is continuous. Viewed from within, there are no transitions, no breaks in its flow; although viewed from without, the mind marks off very sharply beginnings and ends of periods. Hence Medieval philosophy was the natural efflorescence of Greek thought, although it was also more than that. The dominating concept of the Greek mind was the supremacy of reason as the interpreter of life and nature. The Medieval mind is dominated by the concept of divine meaning and purpose in nature and life: the Incarnation is a fact, whose consequences can not be avoided or ignored. The dominant concept of the modern mind is the infallibility of the experimental method as a means of investigation—which does not mean that the Medieval philosopher was contemptuous of experimentation. Quite the contrary. But experiments with him led to explanatory theories of the ultimate why and wherefore. With the modern philosopher they lead only to practical applications. This is amply apparent, to take but one instance, in psychology as expounded by the most sane and learned Medieval and modern philosophers.

Only in this twentieth century are well-informed men beginning to admit that science as the study of facts, and experimentation to verify them was by no means unknown in the Middle Ages.

The best systematizers among the Schoolmen were also given to direct observation of nature, and have left us voluminous encyclopedias embodying the result of their painstaking work. Roger Bacon stands out as a prominent example. His contributions to optics, astronomy, geography, mechanical science, chemistry, mathematics, are undeniable. To decry these men for not having invented modern instruments of precision is tantamount to blaming our scientists of to-day for not having invented the aeroplane or the wireless twenty years ago. The universe remains a constant source of discoverable, but as yet undiscovered powers and laws. Progress consists in bringing them to light gradually.

In the domain of art the merits of the Middle Ages have been acknowledged more willingly, although not without strong and sometimes violent opposition. For a long time only the paganism of antiquity and the neo-paganism of the Renaissance stood for real art. Gothic and barbarian were synonymous: true art was killed when the rigid morality of Christianity ceased to regard men as beautiful children untroubled by any moral scruples. Yet, no more than in philosophy or in science was there a real gap in the artistic development of men under Christianity. Sculpture, revived under definitely Christian inspiration after Constantine, producing beautiful relics in marble and ivory during the fifth and sixth centuries, sculptures about which connoisseurs would have raved—such has been modern snobbishness,—had they been found buried under the ruins of some ancient Greek city.

In art as well as in other fields, the Middle Ages exhibited an amazing variety of taste and perfection. Gothic architecture is supposed to be their characteristic product. Yet it occupied only some three or four centuries out

of a period of a thousand years, and that only in a small part of Western Europe. In the East it was unknown. In Rome it was a foreign fashion which never seriously interrupted Romanesque work. Europe between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries had at least four great kinds of architecture: Basilican, Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic, and within these main styles an extraordinary number of varieties. These styles include all the greatest structures in the world. Their builders were real artists: they were creators. Fearless of tradition, they dared, experimented, were themselves always, and never the shadow of something that had once lived and was dead. Gothic revivalists have imitated Gothic in everything but this: that Gothic is not an imitation. They are Medieval in everything except in being Medieval. To be truly Medieval is to be entirely modern.

It is well that the contribution of the Middle Ages to the cause of popular education should be pointed out by other than Catholic pens. The Middle Ages taught the rudiments of knowledge in the vernacular, writes J. W. Adamson, professor at King's College, London. "Public instruction in reading, writing and summing originated within that period under economic pressure. It is a mere prejudice, the child of ignorance, which ascribes the origin of this kind of instruction to the influence of Luther, Knox, Calvin and others. Elementary instruction of this kind existed long before the Reformation." In all schools the religious element predominated, "because it was held that education must be a religious education, or, conversely, that religion is education. We can easily be unfair to our ancestors on this point." English poetry, economics, politics, are all equally indebted to the Middle Ages as the writers on these topics abundantly show, and that to a much greater extent than most men

conversant with these subjects, themselves realize.

However little many Moderns may be aware of it, "we issue from the Middle Ages." Emerson said, that "they are the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see." It is vain to regret their passing, and idle to dream of a return to them. For better or for worse, the human race moves onward. But it is a decided gain for truth, and a sane conception of progress, that they should be put in their true light by those who have ignored them so long. Few of them are ready as yet to admit that the glorious Reformation was a ruthless destruction of all that was best in the past. However, a new era is dawning, and the travesty of the Middle Ages is at an end.

Nostalgia.

BY EDWIN B. MCELFRICK.

IT slumbers 'neath the mellow moon,
 A little house to-night
 Among the stalwart locust trees
 Bedecked with blossoms white,
 Which exhale a subtle perfume
 That fills the ambient air;
 And a longing penetrates me—
 My heart yearns to be there.
 How often from a tower
 O'er the city's roofs of gray,
 Do I view the placid waters
 Of the shining, sunlit bay,
 And the sail boats drifting idly
 Out beyond the harbor bar,
 While my wistful thoughts are winging
 O'er the hills away and far,
 Where a field's aflame with clover,
 And the lilac at the door
 Lifts its plume of scented purple;
 And from the sycamore,
 The mocking-bird flutes nightly
 Above the chamber, where
 Enchanting visions lured me
 To the lighted city's glare.

"A Business Proposition."

BY K. B. S.

FATHER JOHN RYAN, parish priest of Barchester, looked down on his congregation from the pulpit as he closed the notice book after reading the weekly announcements. He was pausing for half a minute to make sure that he remembered the general plan of his sermon. He knew his congregation well. They were not very numerous, for the Catholics were but a small flock in this old cathedral town of a southern English county. He knew where each one sat at the last Mass on Sunday mornings, and thus it was easy for him to notice that just in front of the pulpit a stranger was sitting—a stoutly-built, prosperous-looking man, with a thick gold chain across the wide front of his waistcoat. Very few of Father Ryan's flock wore chains or had a prosperous appearance. "I wonder who he is," thought the priest. "Perhaps a visitor, come to see the old cathedral." Then he turned his mind to his text and his explanation of the day's Gospel, and forgot all about the man with the thick gold chain.

He thought of him again when, an hour later, he turned the morning's collection out of the offertory plate into the bag in which it usually remained until he counted it on Monday morning, and sent the heap of coppers to be changed into more portable currency by a friendly shopkeeper. As the brown coins, that made up the bulk of the collection, poured into the bag, there was here and there, among the pence and halfpence, a stray sixpence; but these bits of silver were few and far between. On this Sunday, however, there was a sudden flash of gold, as a sovereign dropped into the bag (for it was in the old days long before the Great War and before golden sovereigns had been re-

placed by paper notes of depreciated worth). Never before had such a coin appeared in the Sunday collection at Barchester. "That must be from our visitor," thought the priest.

Yet another hour and Father Ryan had finished his combined breakfast and dinner, and was taking a brief rest in his little study. He had smoked a pipe, read his letters, and was settling down to enjoy the Dublin weekly paper posted to him by a friend in the "old country," when there was a tap at the door, and his housekeeper announced that a gentleman wanted to see him; "a Mr. Dennehy, sir. He says he has come all the way from America."

"I'll see him here," said the priest, and in half a minute Mr. Dennehy made his appearance; and, as Father Ryan expected, proved to be the stranger whom he had seen near the pulpit at the morning Mass.

"I hope I'm not disturbing your Reverence," he said; "I know Sunday is a pretty full day for the clergy, and all the busier if they have to run a place single-handed. I just want fifteen minutes, if you can spare them right away. If you can't, I can come back any time to-day you fix up."

"Sit down, Mr. Dennehy, and take as much time as you please," was the priest's reply. "I am free till the catechism at four o'clock," and he pointed to an armchair.

Dennehy settled himself comfortably in it, the priest sat facing him on the other chair near his writing table.

"You may have heard my name," said the visitor, "or you may have seen it in some of our American papers, if any of them ever get as far as this quiet old place of yours." He took out a wallet and opened it. "That's one of my business cards. I daresay it will be a reminder."

The card was an elaborate work of steel engraving with a shiny surface

from which stood out a miniature presentment of a huge factory, row and row of long roofs, with three tall chimneys towering over them. In ornamental lettering above were the words:

"THE DENNEHY SHOE CO.

"PRESIDENT, DANIEL J. DENNEHY."

And in smaller letters below:

"The Dennehy Shoe is the highest production of allied science and industry."

Now Father Ryan had never heard of the Dennehy Shoe—but then there were many things in the world of which the fame had not reached quiet, old-world Barchester. He vaguely wondered if Mr. Dennehy was going to enlarge on this wonderful production of American enterprise, and solicit an order—but his visitor did not look like a man to whom an order from the parish priest would be worth the trouble of a visit. He did not like to say he had never heard of Dennehy and the famous Shoe; so he said, as he looked at the card, that the factory seemed to be a very big affair.

"You're just right there, Father," said Dennehy. "It's about the biggest shoe concern in our State. I just produced that card to show you that I'd done pretty well over on the other side. I have not the honor of an introduction to you, Father, but there's something else I should like to show you. I'm going over to Rome before I leave Europe. I came across last week from New York. I thought it might be useful over in Rome to have an endorsement from some one they would know, so cast your eyes over this letter our bishop gave me. I reckon you know him by name, anyhow."

Father Ryan glanced at the letter. It said that the bearer, Mr. Daniel J. Dennehy, was foremost in every good work in the diocese, a large employer of labor, who dealt liberally with his

employees, and an active and valued member of various Catholic and charitable organizations."

"I don't show you that, Father," he said, "to blow my own trumpet. The bishop is a kind man, and has piled it on some, but it will show you I'm all straight."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Dennehy," said Father Ryan. "I saw you at the last Mass to-day."

"Yes, I was there. It's not the old church I remember when I was here: it's a pretty considerable improvement; but at first I was sorry not to see the little old church."

"It must have been a good many years ago if you remember the old church."

"Yes, that is so. When was the new one built?"

"More than twenty years ago," said Father Ryan. "It was before I came here."

"Well, now, it's more than thirty years since I saw Barchester last. It's less changed than one would expect, but the church is one of the new features. It's queer, now, that the places I remember best are just the ones that have changed. On my way down to Mass from the Railway Hotel, I turned into Fore Street to see the place where I started work long ago. It was a little shop with a timbered gable hanging out over the street. They said it was three hundred years old. It's pulled down now and there is a big, stone-fronted shop with fine plate-glass windows, and they are running a different business there. When I got my first job there as a boy, it was a little boot and shoe shop."

Father Ryan had been in Barchester long enough to remember when, soon after his coming, the old gabled houses in Fore Street were demolished to make way for modern buildings. There had been unavailing protests against these

picturesque relics of old Barchester being destroyed. He thought of the little boot shop, and glanced at the card on his desk with its picture of the huge factory.

Dennehy saw the glance, and read the thought.

"Yes, Father," he said, "I've got on pretty well since then. I've made my pile, and it's a big one. I'm not bragging about it. I've had wonderful luck. God has been good to me. But it's the old hard times I think oftenest about, and that's what brought me back here to Barchester. I never talk about those times, but I want to talk about them now, if I am not tiring you, Father."

"Tiring me!" said Father Ryan, "why, you are interesting me, Mr. Dennehy. I am delighted to listen to a fellow-countryman and a Barchester man, too, who has scored as you have done. I'm waiting to hear how you made good, and built up your wonderful business."

"Sure, that's the poorest part of my story," replied the other. "Business talk is dull talk, except among business men; it's about as lively as the multiplication table. I want to say a word or two about the old times. But I'm not talking for talk's sake. It's going to lead up to something practical, almost a business proposition."

Without the remotest idea of what kind of a proposition was coming, Father Ryan told his visitor to tell his story in his own way.

"That's right, Father," said Dennehy, with a smile. "You called me a Barchester man just now, but I reckon I'm a Galway man. I was born in the county, on the shores of Lough Corrib. I was over there last week. I landed at Queenstown, and went off to Connaught that very day. I tried to find the old place, but it's wiped off the map and off the face of the country long ago. I couldn't get track of it, anyhow. Some-

times I think I had the name wrong. 'Twas Auhavarra, or something like that. I was a mere child when we were driven out."

"One of the clearances," suggested the priest.

"Yes, that was it. I just remember the little house, one room only and the shed for the cow, and the chickens running about, and the turf stack I used to climb over; and then like a nightmare, a terrible day of fright, a crowd about the place and the police and the crowbar gang; and the thatch on fire, and how we spent the next night in the corner of a poor neighbor's house, and next day had a lift in a cart and came to the railway to go away for good and all. It was the old story that went on, year after year, in those bad times here, there and everywhere in the old country."

"And that was how you came to Barchester?"

"Yes, Father. My poor father used to come over near here harvesting. So, as he told me the tale, after that, the priest and the neighbors found a few pounds, and we crossed over by Liverpool, and he came here to find work among people he knew. He got work sure enough on a farm close by here, and he used to cart the stuff to market in Barchester. My first memory of the place is seeing it from the cart, when my father took me for a ride into the city in the early morning. Then he gave up the job and got work as a carter here in the town, and we took lodgings, because my mother wanted me to go to the Catholic school. That was long before your time, Father, and a poor little school it was; but the old teacher taught well, though he was a little free with his cane, and, anyhow, we learned God's truth."

"I have heard of the school from the old people here," said Father Ryan. "It was a small, lean-to shed against the

church wall. There were about a dozen boys and the course was reading, writing, figuring and catechism."

"Yes, that was it," said Dennehy. "Father Corcoran used to come in sometimes for the catechism, God rest his soul! And Mr. Moriarty—that was the schoolmaster—used sometimes tell us about Ireland, and Cromwell, and William of Orange and the old bad times, and about O'Connell, and Emmet, and Fitzgerald, and the Old Brigade. It was rather a mixed up story, bits here and bits there; but it was better than learning lists of the kings and queens of England! I had seen a bit of live history myself when our roof was burned off over our heads there by Lough Corrib. I liked those lessons, and they were the next best thing I learned after the catechism. When I began to make money in the States, I planked down dollar bills for every move in Ireland, and before that I tried to join in a fight for her. That was soon after I went across there, when the boys were trying a raid into Canada. I joined up, but we did not get very far. Some one gave the show away, and Uncle Sam's regulars rounded us up as we came to the Niagara River, and the Red Coats were waiting on the other side, and that was the end of my soldiering."

"Well, you had a try for it anyway," said Father Ryan with an approving smile. "But when did you go to America?"

"I'm coming to that, Father. I'm trying to make a long story short. I left school at twelve years old. I hadn't much of an education, but with Father Corcoran and Mr. Moriarty at church and school, and my good mother at home, I learned to love Faith and Fatherland, and that's the best education a man can get. I had the blessing of a good father and mother. My father was a steady, sober, hard-working man,

ready to help a poorer man when he could, a big strong man, but kind and gentle as a child; and my mother—she was a living saint, Father, always at work, though she was never really strong, always patient, keeping our home—two rooms in a back street—bright as a new pin, doing sewing when she could to help out my father's pay, teaching me all about our holy Faith and about the dear old land. I'm telling you all this, Father, because I want you to understand what I am going to ask you to help me to do,—what I came here for."

"I am only too pleased to hear such a story," said the priest, "and only too happy to do anything I can for you, Mr. Dennehy."

"It's very good of you, Father. Well, as I was saying, I went to work when I was just twelve years old. There was a Mr. Hunter, who kept the boot shop in the gabled house in Fore Street. My father did some carting for him, and he fixed it up for me to make a start in his employ. I was to be the shop boy, and he promised to teach me the trade. It was a good chance, and there were to be wages from the start, not much, half a crown a week to begin with, but half a crown more meant something to us then. Do you know, Father, the Saturday night when I came home with my first wages was one of the happiest moments in my life. I've made thousands of dollars on a deal many a time since then, but it was nothing to the delight of taking home that first bright half-crown piece. I gave it to my mother, and she caught me in her arms and kissed me, and said: 'I'll keep that first money you ever earned for me, Patrick,' and I answered: 'No, mother, spend it on something you wish for, and I'll earn more bright half crowns; and please God, when I'm a man, I'll make a fortune for you.' And she caught me up again and kissed me, and I saw tears in

her eyes, but I knew she was happy; and like a child as I was, I believed what I said, that she would live on till I could make a fortune for her. Boy and man I was always a dreamer of day dreams, though—God's will be done—very few of them came true."

"But the fortune came true right enough," suggested Father Ryan.

"True for you, Father, but not as I dreamed it. There was no fortune for my poor mother. She went to her reward long before that."

"And she has had the treasure that is laid up in heaven for such good souls," said Father Ryan.

"True for you again, Father. But how often in my days of success I have thought of her years of patient work and hard, hard times. I had been three years with Mr. Hunter when bad fortune came again. Mr. Hunter was a good man and a good master, though he was an Englishman, and a Protestant. He was a Dissenter of some sort, but not of the black Protestant kind we have in Ireland. He taught me my trade, and taught me well. I worked hard for him. He raised my pay bit by bit till it was twelve shillings a week—three dollars,—pay ran low enough those times. It was a help, and he was giving me the trade that made me. My father was getting good wages, and we felt we were prospering, until one afternoon—I shall never forget it,—that afternoon when my mother came into the shop, white as a sheet, and all a-tremble and spoke to Mr. Hunter, and burst out crying as she spoke, and he came to me and said very quietly, taking my hand, 'Don't do any more work to-day, my boy, and you need not come to-morrow. Go with your mother. I am sorry for the bad news. Your father has had an accident.' I thought that it was news of his death that he was breaking to me, but he saw the question in my eyes, and went on, 'No, he is not dead, but he has been

badly hurt. 'Go with your mother to the hospital.' And sure enough it was badly hurt he was. We found him dying. Father Corcoran was with him. A horse had bolted in High Street, and father had dashed at its head to stop it and was knocked down, and the wheel went over him. He died that evening. God rest his soul!"

(To be continued.)

Trinity College Library.

BY M. S. WEALE.

ONE of the many places of interest in Dublin city is the library of Trinity College; yet as the librarian himself once remarked in my hearing, it is strange how few people seem to be aware of the fact that it is open to the public to visit when they will.

The earlier history of this famous library of close on 400,000 volumes is a curious one. It was founded in the year 1601, by subscription from the troops of Queen Elizabeth, after the battle of Kinsale. Some years later Ussher's Library was purchased for the college by the army then in Ireland; but the books were kept in Dublin Castle by Cromwell's orders, and were not delivered to their rightful owners until the Restoration. Many valuable books and manuscripts were added to the library at various times; and in 1801 an act of Parliament was passed, giving it, together with the library of the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library the right to a free copy of every book published in the United Kingdom.

The present fine building, which lies to the right across Trinity quadrangle, was completed in 1732. A stroll round the library among the exhibition cases reveals many interesting and precious relics of bygone days. Perhaps the oldest text in the library is the world-famous Egyptian Book of the Dead. The

pages shown are made up of sombre-hued pictures, with descriptive hieroglyphics. From them we obtain fascinating glimpses of the life of ancient Egypt: here we see the strange animal-headed gods of her mythology—Horus, Ra, Osiris, Anubis, and the scarab-headed god; there is a priest, in panther's skin, pouring a libation; elsewhere we are shown the boat-shaped hearse, drawn by oxen, and servants drawing the funeral shrine and carrying articles for the tomb. Another scene depicts the dead man, as he was in life, playing draughts in a bower with his wife; another, his soul and that of his wife, as human-headed birds, standing over the tomb; and yet another, the spirit of the dead man visiting his mummified body.

There are many interesting Greek and Latin manuscripts, the earliest being a papyrus with a fragment of a Greek romance from Medinet-el-Fayoum, written in the second century A. D. Greek manuscripts of the 9th, 10th, and 11th centuries may also be seen, and two interesting palimpsests. The earlier of these is a fragment of Isaiah, the original writing dating from 500 A. D.; the second is Codex Z of St. Matthew, the two writings being of the 6th and 13th centuries respectively. There are also beautiful breviaries of the 14th and 15th centuries, the Codex Montfortianus Testamentum Novum Gr. of the 16th century, and a leaf of the Codex Palatinus—written in silver on purple vellum in the fifth century, the rest of this interesting manuscript which has been preserved being in Vienna. Among the missals is one named the Fazel Missal, and containing this inscription: "Finitum est hoc opus in monasterio regularissarum S. Agnetis in Valle Josaphat anno 1460." The Colophon reads: "Liber monasterii beate Agnetis virginis in Valle Josaphat in Delf, ordinis canonissarum regularissarum." In

another case can be seen a very beautifully illuminated Horarium of the 14th century; and in yet another, a book of sacred song, *Cantiones Sacræ*, 1575; while elsewhere is a copy of the Codex Ussenianus of the 6th century. The edges of the last being much worn, it is mounted on new parchment.

Among its most cherished possessions, the Library counts its old Irish manuscripts, chief above all the famous Book of Kells. This wonderful book of the Four Gospels in Latin dates, perhaps, from as early as A. D. 590; yet, though the parchment is darkened by age, the colors of its exquisite Celtic designs are as fresh to-day as ever. Tradition ascribes the beginning of this book to the great saint Colum-Cille himself; and it is mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters as already ancient and venerable in the 11th century. They relate that it had been stolen, together with its golden case, from the sacristy in the monastery of Kells, the shrine taken away, and the book itself placed under sods of turf, where, happily, it remained preserved until it was recovered. The script in the Book of Kells is large and wondrously clear; the Celtic designs in the paintings are of so exquisitely fine a character that nothing like them is seen elsewhere. The Book of Durrow, a Latin Gospel of the 7th century, is another beautiful Irish manuscript; but the colors in the paintings lack the brilliancy of those of the Book of Kells.

An old Irish Book of Hymns (11th cent.) contains the famous "St. Patrick's Breastplate"; and not far away from it is the "shrine" of the famous Book of Armagh, A. D. 937. Of this latter it is stated in the Annals of the Four Masters, "The canon Patraic was covered by Donnchadh, son of Fionn, King of Ireland." Elsewhere, the student comes across an interesting old Bull of Pope Nicholas III., 1297, direct-

ing the Archdeacon of Leighlin to inquire into the complaint of the prior and chapter of Holy Trinity, Dublin, against John, vicar of Baliradri who, without authority, had published a decree of excommunication against them.

But, perhaps, most interesting of all to an English visitor, would be a copy of the Vision of Pier's Plowman, of the 15th century, and one of Hyde's Psalter, the earliest complete English prose psalter. This latter was written in the 14th century, and the Latin text and English translation follow each other, verse by verse. There are also copies of Roger Bacon's "Opus Magnus" (sæc, xvi), Miles Coverdale's Bible (1535), and an old college deed dated 1592. There is not wanting a first edition of Shakespeare (1623), "bought at Dr. Brown's sale for 22½ guineas,—wants the last leaf."

Among exhibits of more general interest may be mentioned a copy of Petrarch's sonnets, dated 1470; an Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" (Venezia 1554) and an Icelandic Parliamentary manuscript of 1485. In a case by itself stands the famous harp of Tara, called the harp of Brian Boroihme. It certainly dates from, at latest, A. D. 1400, bears the arms of O'Neill, and is believed to have been used for church services.

Finally, it is interesting, especially in these days, to note that, hanging on one wall of the library, is a framed copy of the roll of Grattan's Parliament, bearing the signatures of all the members of that body.

THE words "so long" when used in saying farewell are not slang, but have a legitimate origin, as they form the expression used by Norwegians when concluding an interview. "Saa laeng," they say instead of "good-bye," pronouncing the *g* soft, and accompanying the words by a graceful little wave of the hand.

The Abbey of Evesham.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

FIVE hundred years ago the Abbey of Evesham in pleasant and fruitful Worcestershire was as large and stately as any at that time throughout the broad shires of England. To-day, the news that the site of it, with the beautiful gatehouse, which is all that remains, has again been sold, recalls the tragedy of its destruction. It is questionable if there is another instance which more vividly illustrates the tremendous evils, which were effected by the iniquitous spoliations of the days of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., suffered by Church and nation alike in England.

Singularly enough, the noble and historic gatehouse, or bell tower, as some call it, which formed the entrance to the chapter house of the Benedictines, was the last of their buildings, being commenced by the good Abbot Lichfield in 1533. His successor, in 1539, had the thankless task of carrying out the farce, enacted throughout England, of a voluntary grant and surrender of all the remaining possessions of the Church, which preceded the Act of 1539 for "dissolution of abbeys." Two years later, Leland, on visiting Evesham, finds what he terms "the late abbey." Its destruction must, indeed, have been rapid. Already this magnificent edifice was roofless, and the walls were become a stone quarry.

All was swept away. The Abbey church, with its sixteen altars and its hundred and sixty-four gilded pillars, its chapter house, its cloisters, library, refectory, dormitory, buttery, and treasury; its almonry, granary, and storehouses; all the various buildings for the service of the church, and for the accommodation of eighty-nine religious inmates and sixty-five servitors, were utter ruins in the time of William Shakespeare. A century later, of the

great mass of buildings nothing was left beyond a "huge deal of rubbish overgrown with grass." To-day, even that is gone, and the beautiful gatehouse alone remains.

With the sudden and violent dissolution of the Abbey, incalculable poverty and wretchedness came upon the neighboring people.

Wherever there was a well-endowed religious house in Britain, there was a large and regular expenditure, employing local industries in the best way to promote the happiness of the population. Under this expenditure, not only did handicrafts flourish, but the arts were encouraged. The poor were succored amply and wisely without raising up an idle pauper population; whereas, in the next decade or so, the law-makers and Parliament had to provide relief for the necessitous, who by then were greatly increased in numbers, and were dealt with in the spirit of a detestable severity.

While the Abbey of Evesham stood, there was a yearly disbursement going forward which has been computed to be equal to \$500,000 of our present money. Here, as elsewhere, the revenues principally derived from manor lands and tenements, in eight different counties, were seized by Henry VIII. More than 150 inmates were turned out upon the world, a few with starveling pensions, but the greater number reduced to absolute indigence; and two-thirds of the population of Evesham, deriving their living from the Abbey's expenditure, were left to face poverty and ruin. A hive of industry, well-being, and peace, created by the Benedictines, became an idle and dilapidated place for generations. Though to-day, the Vale of Evesham is the busy scene of market gardening, and famed for its fruit as in the years of the monks.

Their house to the service of Him and His Mother, and its site, was sold to a

private person, who sought for pecuniary advantage by the rapid destruction of a pile of noble buildings, which the piety and magnificence of five centuries had been rearing. Yet, misfortune came upon him, and upon his son, and grandson. Not until the fourth generation did the ban lift from the Andrewes family—the great-grandson, who had removed himself and family to Berkhamsted in Hertfordshire, and who, upon his own industry, thrived better than had his forbears with Evesham Abbey.

Alas, alas, for the tragedy of it, and, above and before all, for the centuries of retardation of things spiritual!

The Limits of Temptation.

MOST Catholics know that temptation itself is not sinful, but only yielding to temptation. Very many of us, however, either do not know or do not act on the knowledge that God has fixed limits to the temptations proffered to us, whether by the world, the flesh, or the devil, who frequently utilizes both the world and the flesh as his agents. The timid soul, fearful that in the face of a violent temptation it will surely fall, needs to remember the assurance given by St. Paul, "Yet God will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear."

When, at times, God permits violent temptations to assail us, He invariably gives us grace sufficient to enable us to withstand them. The trouble most frequently is that we do not solicit His help, but, imagining that we have not strength to resist, do not fight against the tempter. Now, since, as Job tells us, "the life of man upon earth is a warfare," it behooves us to fight valiantly. Unless we do so, we can not hope to conquer; and unless we conquer, we shall not be crowned in eternity.

A Saying of St. Louis.

AMONG the many edifying narratives scattered through the "Life of St. Louis," by Sire de Joinville, the following is especially interesting.

The King sent for me one day and said: "You are a man of such shrewd intellect that I don't dare speak to you of matters touching God; so I have called in these monks whom you see here, because I have a question to ask you." His question was this: "Senechal, what thing is God?" I replied: "Sire, so good a thing that there can not be a better."—"Truly," said he, "you have answered well, for the reply you have given is written in this book which I hold in my hand. Now, let me ask you which would you prefer: to be a leper, or to have committed a mortal sin?" And I, who never lied to him, replied that I'd sooner have committed thirty mortal sins than have leprosy.

When the monks had gone out, he bade me approach and seated me at his feet. "How could you say that?" he inquired. I told him that I would say it again. Then he said to me: "You have spoken like a fool, for there is no leprosy so foul as the state of mortal sin, because the soul in mortal sin is like the devil: therefore there can not be any leprosy so hideous. It is certain that when a leper dies he is freed from the disease of his body. But when a man who has sinned mortally dies he does not know, nor is it certain, that his repentance has been such that God has forgiven him. Accordingly, he should have a great fear that his leprosy may endure as long as God is God. And so, I conjure you as earnestly as I can, that, for the love of God and of me, you dispose your heart to prefer all possible bodily evil—leprosy or other disease—to the death which mortal sin would inflict upon your soul."

Moral Discipline in Education.

IT is to be hoped that an article by Dr. David Starr Jordan, on "The Care and Culture of Freshmen" has not escaped the attention of Catholic educators, especially the heads of our colleges; for the writer has something to say regarding discipline which is of the highest importance and the most general application. The folly of thinking that the work of training young students in personal habits can be effected without some positive method requiring concerted action and constant vigilance on the part of college authorities, is lamentably general. The disposition to let students do as they please until they do something outrageous accounts for the terrible waste of life and character in educational institutions. The obligation of professors to strengthen this movement is thus pointed out by Dr. Jordan:

Half the weakness and folly of college students comes from their not knowing any better. If they knew where their professors stood in moral questions, they would tend to stand with them. Hence the importance, for the sake of morals, that the teachers should know the students, and that they should feel personal responsibility for them....The professors can not be police officers, nor employ police methods. This goes without saying. It is necessary, on the other hand, that they should stand strongly against vices....

Whatever the system of handling Freshmen, there should be an evident purpose behind it, and this purpose should be a moral one. There should be a constant effort for the repression and extirpation of vice, and the reason should be made clear that vice is destructive of manhood. It is an incentive to manliness for a boy to see that the college values manhood. It adds to his respect for higher education to see that his teachers are not cowards, but that they are ready to set themselves squarely against abuses in student life.

In condemnation of the apathetic attitude assumed by college authorities regarding the abuses of the fraternity system and of athletics, Dr. Jordan

says: "There is no evil in college life which is not there through the negligence of those who occupy the place of control." We see no reason why fraternities among students could not, with proper effort on the part of college authorities, be rendered highly beneficial; these organizations, however, seem to be in bad repute everywhere on account of the abuses so generally connected with them. Athletics are everywhere and nowhere without abuses.

Like many other teachers, Dr. Jordan does not seem to realize that mere moral discipline can not effect that thorough improvement in student life which he so much desires. Moral motive power, which is produced only by religion, is required for such a result. Dr. Jordan always refers to the professors, the faculty, etc.; never to the presidents of educational institutions. But, as every effort for the improvement of the student body must emanate from, or be directed by, their head, it is plain that presidents of colleges and universities should be men with a high sense of responsibility, quick to discern evil tendencies, alert in scenting dangers, firm in correcting disorders.

No educator deserves the name whose students are not only wiser but better as a result of association with him,—more heartfelt and dutiful, and worthy of companionship with the noblest spirits. "Education," says Ruskin, "does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know: it teaches them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching youths the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust; it is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continuous work, to be done by kindness, by precept, and by praise; but, above all, by example."

Notes and Remarks.

A strong plea, and a novel one, in behalf of the denominational school, was made by Prof. J. S. Phillimore in an address delivered a while ago in Glasgow. He contended that the denominational school is a bulwark against paralyzing uniformity. "The State itself, having no religion, and the community itself having no one definite religion, have now come to realize that a positive and definite religious teaching does give to teaching a reality and force of conviction which are impossible to secure in any other way: in other words, that a really denominational school is a ready-made centre of energy which may with great advantage be utilized. And whereas the nineteenth century worshipped uniformity and system in administration, it is now generally admitted by people who have no denominational interest to serve or support, that excessive uniformity of system is the very paralysis and death of education. It is a matter on which teachers and theorists are agreed. Where there exists a group of parents, homogeneous in belief and agreed in the resolve to have their children educated in a certain doctrine, *that*, so far from being an obstacle or a difficulty, is a godsend to a wisely-conceived national system. It is just what the community wants. It is in the general interest that there should be many and various such groups. They provide the State with what it now admits to be desirable, but has difficulty in providing—vital variety and elasticity of type.

"Among the thinking sort of people—the thinking sort of people who know something of history,—it comes to be realized that, amidst the decay of rallying standards and the bankruptcy of beliefs, the Catholic Church has indefeasible principles of health and solidity. With Anarchy, the Catholic

Church can never come to terms: everyone knows that who knows anything. Anarchy is the worst of human evils; and those who can read the signs of the times see in the Catholic Church the one safeguard between Civilization and Anarchy. And so to the motives of justice are added motives of expediency of various orders, including the very highest."

One reads with some amazement that, although food-stuffs, medicaments, clothing, etc., are still sorely needed in extensive regions of Russia, an organization in New York for supplying such things has been disbanded, "because the public are not in the mood of giving." Although thousands of lives have been saved on the hunger front of Russia, the grim aftermath of famine—disease, epidemics, under-nourishment—is in full swing there. The same is true of Armenia, Austria, and some parts of Germany. Especially is this the case with many little children. Can it be possible that when money is being spent so lavishly in luxury, the public should have none to expend in charity? At the risk of being called pharisaical—anything, by any number of persons,—let us say that it is impossible to understand how, for one thing, Christians can give or attend costly banquets when thousands of fellow-creatures are lacking the necessities of life.

Newspaper comments on the "heaven" of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—a heaven in which are to dwell not only mankind but horses, dogs, and other animals—gives the note of timeliness to an explanation made in the *Bombay Examiner*. Its editor having written: "In the case of animals, we Catholics believe that the death of the body carries with it the obliteration of the animal soul, or vital principle, and this may be called total annihilation," a cor-

respondent asks how he can reconcile that statement with Cardinal Wiseman's holding that the spirits of animals will survive their bodies in some sort of happy future. Father Hull's reply is, as usual, quite adequate: "Such views as those attributed to Cardinal Wiseman rest simply on sentiment, and are probably not meant seriously. The other view is the common one, and has more to say for itself. Still when it comes to demonstration we are at a standstill. There is no revelation settling the point dogmatically. There is no philosophical proof which is really conclusive. No Christian tenet would be upset or contradicted if it were to turn out that animal souls have a continued existence, transmigratory or other. At the same time any positive assertion in that line would be without proof. That is all we need or can know."

Fair-minded readers of "Conscription and Conscience," a new book by Mr. J. W. Graham, an English Quaker, will admit that many conscientious objectors to military service in England must have endured a veritable martyrdom during the long ordeal of the World War. Violent prejudice was rampant; justice often miscarried; the law was not always administered, and in frequent instances there was a contest between force, degenerating into brutality and outrage, on the one side, and conscience on the other. Most people have almost forgotten that such a contest ever took place; but the griefs and the wrongs of it must be atoned for, like the sufferings and sorrows endured by the innocent in every country.

An epithet which the man in the street is apt to consider no little compliment when applied to himself is "broad-minded." There is a certain connotation of bigness, generosity, and exceptional mental vigor attached to it—

something not precisely definite, but agreeably vague and indeterminate. The lexicographers state that the word means "characterized by breadth of view and freedom from bigotry; liberal and unprejudiced." This definition requires, however, some limitations; and *Truth* furnishes the following:

We can be broad-minded only in matters of which we are ignorant; as soon as we know what is true we necessarily become narrow. Before the earth was discovered to be spherical in shape men were free to believe that it was either a sphere or a plane; we are no longer free in this matter to believe as we like, for we now know that it is a sphere. So in the matter of religion: As long as we do not know the Truth, we can be broad; as soon as the Truth is revealed to us, we must believe what is revealed and reject all else in conflict with that Truth.

As regards this last point, the same periodical explains why the Church must continue to be exclusive rather than "liberal" or "broad-minded" in the current meaning of the term:

The reason Liberal Christianity is broad-minded is that it denies that there is any definite truth taught by any religion—hence all are equally true. The Church, claiming to teach the truth, must for that very reason be "exclusive." If Christ had taught nothing for us to believe, we should be free; since He has taught certain doctrines as revealed truths we are not free as Catholics to believe anything else. Instead of being a note of weakness, the "exclusiveness" of the Church is in reality a strong evidence in her favor. If there is a religion that teaches the truth, that religion must claim infallibility for itself and deny the claims of all others; in other words, a Catholic or Universal Religion is for all men, and there is no room for another.

Judging from the published reports of the National Assembly of the Church of England, recently held in London, all is not smooth sailing with that institution. The Bishop of Glasgow frankly admitted that in matters of public worship there is "something like anarchy"; and a veteran High Church champion, Mr. Athelstan Riley, was still

more outspoken. According to him, "the task of the bishops to-day is not merely to be the guardians of the one Faith, but to keep the comprehensive Church of England from falling to pieces. If the laity have not flinty hearts, let them pity the task of the poor bishops. But they are very well fitted for the tasks before them because they are past masters in the art of compromise.

Mr. Riley, moreover, told the Assembly that "the deepest rift in the unity of the Church of England is not the division that exists as to the nature of the Eucharistic Office—that is not the real division. The real division in the Church of England is between those who believe that God came down from heaven to offer a sacrifice for sin, and those who do not believe that God was Incarnate, or that a sacrifice for sin was necessary at all."

Unfortunately, the number of these latter is becoming increasingly large, not only in the Church of England, but in all other sectarian bodies.

In a very interesting letter contributed to the *Michigan Catholic* by N. A. Du Kette, a Negro student of Columbia College (Catholic), Dubuque, Iowa, the following suggestion is offered:

In case a school desires to admit a Negro—and among the students race feeling runs high,—might I suggest that the faculty explain the doctrine of the universal mission of the Church in a clear and firm manner and then admit the colored applicant? The new student, if he prove equal to his difficult rôle, will not only win the friendship of his fellow-students, but I am persuaded, in the end, gain the admiration of all as well.

That this suggestion, or a similar one, has already been adopted in several Catholic colleges is apparent from the letter's concluding paragraph:

In conclusion, let me express the wish that the day be not far distant when more of our Catholic colleges of the North will follow the commendable example of my dear Alma Mater

whose embracing arms have received Negro, Indian, Mexican, Chinaman and Filipino. The same broad spirit prevails (to mention a few names that occur to my mind at this writing) at St. Thomas College and St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota; the University of Detroit, Michigan; Marquette University in Milwaukee, and Fordham University in New York, where Negroes are studying at present; the advance guard, I trust, of a mighty host in the most distant future.

The assumption of the name "Catholic" by clergymen of the Church of England gives rise to sundry inconveniences in various parts of the world, and especially so, we should judge, in British India. There, it appears, certain Anglican ministers do not scruple to open letters addressed to the "Catholic Chaplain," although they know full well that such letters are not meant for them. They open the letters, re-address them to the "Roman Catholic Chaplain," and add a note to the effect that the designation "Catholic" belongs to them as much as to anybody else. The *Catholic Herald of India* disposes of the question thus briefly: "Now the question in such matters is not whether the Church of England chaplain calls himself 'Catholic,' but whether the public calls him so. And so far the public doesn't. And the C. of E. chaplain knows this. Whether or not he has a right to claim the designation Catholic, he has no right to open letters addressed to the Catholic Chaplain, as long as the public does not acknowledge his claim. This is a matter not for theologians, but for gentlemen to settle."

In an address to students of a school at Nantes, M. Georges Clemenceau recently gave a bit of advice—which is timely to students the world over, and is perhaps especially applicable to American youth. He said: "The great and beautiful French University has been magnificently developed since I sat on a

school bench. But discipline must reign. You have need of it, even if sometimes it is a little too stern. It may happen that you will be blamed unjustly, but you will see this often in life, and the more unjust is the blame, the more meritorious is it for you to endure it. It is this that the well-trained soldier invariably says to himself: you will obey at once, submit to punishment and complain afterward."

Soldierly obedience, as indicated in the foregoing, differs from the higher type, religious obedience, in one respect only: good religious always obey at once, submit to punishment, and complain—not at all.

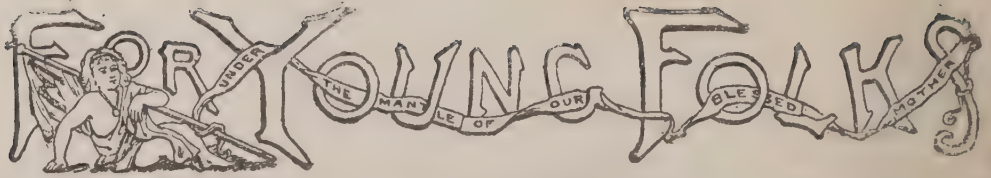
Later on, when people have learned what a quantity of precious objects the Four Courts in Dublin contained, there will be deep regret over its destruction. The loss is inestimable. Parchments of highest value, ecclesiastical documents, dating from the Thirteenth Century and earlier; ancient parish registers, wills, deeds, etc., any number of them, utterly perished. Among the most important of these documents was a series of wills ranging in date from about the year 1534 down to 1899, with a collection of Royal documents connected with the dissolution of the religious houses in Ireland. The whole world of scholarship is poorer for the disaster. Historians and students of historical research will realize their loss when informed that the enumeration of the precious documents housed in the Four Courts in Dublin, filled 300 closely printed pages.

One of the worth-while by-products of the Great War is the notable increase in the number of organized libraries in hospitals and sanatoriums. The curative power of books was thoroughly demonstrated in the military hospitals throughout 1918, and at present most

physicians acknowledge that a good library is an effective therapeutic agent. As one superintendent of a general hospital puts it: "These libraries are wonderful things for the patients. We doctors used to think that when we had performed a successful operation our duty was ended. If the patient died of homesickness after it, that was none of our concern. We knew that a contented mind was half the battle, but we took little pains to make him contented. Now we have learned that the hospital must look after the mental health of a patient during convalescence, and we have learned that wholesome books do more than almost any other one thing to keep him happy and help him get well."

A corollary of the foregoing is that, in the charitable work of supplying hospitals with reading-matter, care should be exercised in the selection of such matter. It should be interesting, but should also be clean, elevating and inspiring.

A striking fact, which has been noted both by the secular and the sectarian press, is the simultaneous appearance of books by non-Catholic authors, like "Abbé Pierre" (to mention only one), calculated, not only to destroy prejudice against the Church, but to inspire respect for it; and books by renegade priests (to mention none), the object of which would seem to be to uproot faith in Christianity and to ridicule Christian morality. More than one Protestant reviewer of such books as we refer to has observed that, when a Catholic, especially a priest, turns away from the Church, he is apt to become an opponent of Christianity and all things Christian. There is much significance in this. The fine fragrance of the soul is lost, and fidelity to the flesh enslaves the spirit. In a true sense the unfortunate delinquents become deaf and dumb and blind.



Little Things.

BY L. CLARK.

LITTLE birds with cheerful voice
Make the Summer vales rejoice.

Little tasks our time employ,
Little frettings waste our joy.

Little quarrels stir great strife,
Little cares corrode our life.

Little prayers, when none are near,
Give us courage, banish fear.

Little deeds in lowly ways
Win Our Lady's smile of praise.

Little duties, one by one,
And our little life is done.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

IN several of the passing street-cars Hugh saw the sign "Central Park." "I think," he said to himself, "I'll go there and see the animals." Having followed the route of the cars for nearly an hour without seeing even at a distance a vista of green trees or of an open space, he paused to inquire the way of a young Hebrew peddling collar buttons.

"Valk to de Park!" repeated he. "Doin' it for a vager, vas yer? No? Yer must vant ter make good use o' yer trotters. How far? Lem me zee. A long two mile from here, I should say."

This was discouraging. Hugh, after considering a moment, said: "Well, if I ride? Is it the L—— railroad? Is there a station near?"

"Over on de Sixth Avenue," said the peddler, incredulous that any one should

want to trudge farther when he could take a car at the crossing. "Go straidt down Vaverley Place here till yer come ter de Avenue, den up a block, und dere yer are!"

Hugh thanked him and started off.

"Must be from de countdry," mused the street vender.

Hugh had been quite near the grateful shade of trees and a lovely bit of sward, after all; for in a few minutes he found himself in Washington Park. He hurried on, however, and a quarter of an hour later was enjoying the sensation of being whirled along through the air, above the gay windows of the handsome stores, above the rumbling teams and trams, and the ever-changing throng of pedestrians.

Upon arriving at his destination, he went at once to the menagerie. Perhaps it was because he was beginning to feel very tired that the animals did not seem as interesting as when he was here once before with his father. He wandered about for an hour or two, however; saw the baby hippopotamus and the midget monkey, paid his respects to the majestic lions and the royal Bengal tigers, and called upon the elephants and camels.

Suddenly he realized that the sun had set and it was almost dusk. With a pang he remembered that among the thousands of homes in the great city there was none for him. It may be all very well to start out in the early morning, with hours of blue sky and sunshine before one, to see the world; but when night comes, even the wild beast of the forest is glad of a shelter that he can call his own.

In consternation, Hugh wondered where he should pass the hours of dark-

ness. Singularly, this was a point which until now had well-nigh escaped his consideration. He had a vague idea that cheap lodgings were to be obtained, but where should he look for them? He inquired of a quick, little man whom he met after leaving the Park, and who proved to be a French waiter looking for employment. "*Je ne sais pas*," was the reply. "*Mais*, perhaps—*oui*, you can, I tink, get them at ze Five Points, or *encore* in ze Avenue A——."

He pointed toward the lower part of the city, and at the same moment Hugh caught sight of an electric car spinning along Madison Avenue, a block distant. He hastened up the street and boarded the next one. He felt uneasy about seeking refuge in the densely populated section of the town, however; would he not find there, not only the poor huddled together, but thieves and desperadoes of every description? What if he should fall in with such a gang, who would either do away with him, or make him the victim of some escapade which would lead to his being brought up in the police court the next day?

Now the car sped past the Orphans' Home, and the grand Cathedral, which Hugh thought must be the most beautiful church in the world. He timidly questioned the conductor as to the route.

"We only go to the post-office," was the terse reply.

Hugh brightened with a sudden idea. Why not spend the night in the post-office? He could hide away in a corner and thus save his money. He had only twenty cents left, and must make this sum last as long as possible.

When the car reached the great building he got out and went into one of the corridors. He walked around and read some of the notices posted about. He was hungry, but felt that he could not afford the luxury of supper, even if he had known where to procure something to eat. It grew late; and, tired and

chilled, he leaned against the wall in a secluded spot and slept a while. Aroused by a chance noise from what could hardly be called a restful slumber, he went and sat on the stairs and slept again. Several times he awoke. He wished he had his overcoat, that the stairs were not so hard; his limbs were cramped: they ached all over.

After a long time morning came. As soon as he dared, he went out and walked around. He did not appear at all like the well-dressed lad of yesterday. His clothes were covered with dust, his shoes unpolished; he had taken off his collar and forgot to put it on again; his face and hands were unwashed, his hair uncombed; his Derby hat was ruined: a man had stumbled over him on the stairs and stepped on it. Something worse had happened, too. Being in a hurry for his breakfast, he put his hand in his pocket to feel for the twenty cents. He staggered back into the doorway with a cry of dismay. His money was gone! A thief had relieved him of it while he was asleep.

Thoroughly miserable, Hugh sat on the stairs again and buried his face in his hands. He wished he was a little fellow, so that he might cry; as it was he wiped away a tear or two with his grimy fists. But nobody saw, and, he remembered bitterly, nobody cared. A policeman came along and demanded brusquely: "What are you loafin' around here for?" He made some inarticulate reply. "Come, move on!" continued the guardian of the peace, assisting his locomotion by taking him by the back of the neck and landing him in the street. Hugh was very angry, but the shaking caused him to brace up at once. "I must see if I can not earn my breakfast," he said to himself.

He heard a newsboy calling, "*Herald! Sun! Tribune!*" Hugh accosted him with, "Will you let me sell papers for you?" The urchin looked at him in

amazement. Perhaps those suspicious stains upon his cheeks and his reckless air told their own story, however. The New York gamin is rude and uncouth, hard upon the surface as a walnut with its double shell; but often deep down in his heart there is a kernel of kindness, and he who reaches it will find it wholesome and sweet.

Jinksy (for such was the name of this particular specimen) understood what those daubs of dirt about a fellow's eyes meant. He knew well by experience the trials of roughing it. "Here's a young blokie way down on his luck," he said to himself; and, notwithstanding the risk in trusting a stranger, magnanimously handed Hugh two papers. When he had sold them Jinksy said, "Good!" and gave him a cent. He tried again; finally, all the papers were gone, and he had five cents, which he carefully concealed in an inside pocket.

Jinksy disappeared across the Park. Hugh wandered in the same direction till he came to a restaurant. He went in and said to a man behind a counter at which people were eating: "Will you give me a cup of coffee and a piece of bread for five cents?" The man had boys of his own, and he was in good-humor that morning. "Here's your coffee and bread, and keep your five cents," he answered.

After that Hugh met a man with a valise. "Here, boy," said he, "carry this for me, and I'll give you five cents." Hugh carried it to the man's store.

"How much did he give yer?" sang out an inquisitive street Arab, who watched the parting transaction.

"A nickel," replied Hugh, pleased at his success.

"He couldn't ha' got any one in the reg'lar business ter do it for less 'an a tenner! Yer'd better look out, freshy! Yer'll have the Union down on yer for doin' it so cheap."

This warning caused Hugh a little

concern. "Still," he said aside, "there is no use in borrowing trouble. I have ten cents anyhow." With this he bought his dinner, this time in the Bowery. Then he strolled around again.

By and by he saw some ragamuffins in a doorway, apparently engaged in waiting for something to turn up, but really intent upon annoying and pilfering from a young Italian fruit vender who had his stand at the corner. The youth, though small and weak-looking, was bright and smart. He had displayed his wares to advantage: here a pile of golden oranges, there a branch of luscious red bananas and a pyramid of dates. His manner, too, was winning and pleasant. His smile and the respectful "*Si, signora*," with which he answered the buxom German *frauen*, and the workwomen too tired to care for a substantial lunch, but craving a bit of fruit; the "*Mille grazie*," with which he thanked the shabby little cash-girl for her penny purchase; and the "*Ecco, signor*," with which he greeted the roughest of the men, won him many customers.

But, though gracious, Beppo was a high-spirited little fellow. He was so busy waiting upon his patrons that he did not notice what was going on at the doorway. The idlers had a long stick with a pin stuck in the end of it. When Beppo was looking the other way, one of them slipped out, stretched over to the stand with the stick till the pin stuck into a date, then jerked it away and ate the date. They continued this till all but one had secured a date. Just as this last boy had hooked a fat one, Beppo turned and caught them. "Stop that!" he cried, with flashing eyes. "*Si, macaroni!*" called his tormentors, mockingly.

Beppo tried not to mind, but a tint of crimson glowed in his swarthy cheeks, and for the next few moments he was more formally polite to those who

paused to buy. The rascals kept on jeering at him and joking among themselves; then for an interval they were quiet, and the young fruit vender, watching from under his dark brows, thought they were about to depart. But not at all. Cautiously the vagabond who had not succeeded in getting a date stole out with the stick and plunged it into the pyramid.

Though he happened to be the largest and strongest of the group, Beppo sprang upon him, and in a twinkling there was a general scuffle, the others siding with their comrade against the unfortunate little merchant, who, of course, was rapidly getting the worst of it. They got him down, and were going through his pockets, when Hugh, who could stand it no longer, rushed in and pommelled right and left. He was no fighter, but had plenty of pluck, and could make good use of his fists in a just cause. Hugh's aid gave Beppo a chance to get upon his feet again. He and his champion could hardly have held their own against so many, however; but, fortunately, at this point two other boys, attracted by the shouts and yells of the combatants, came running round the corner, and drove the rogues away by the cry of "Cheese it! The cop!"

The newcomers, seeing that their ruse proved effectual, laughed heartily. One was a district messenger boy; the other, a lad with a tattered jacket and the swagger of a walking delegate.

"I'm Nick Davin, of the D. M. Service, as you see," said the former, tapping the buttons of his uniform. "And this is Buck Swivels. He ain't got anybody belongin' to him, but I have a mother, I have."

Hugh bowed politely, and soon the little party began to grow friendly.

(To be continued.)

Charlemagne's Teacher.

THE Emperor Charlemagne was at the height of his success. His armies had everywhere proved invincible, and his victories were as lasting as they were numerous. It was at this time, flushed with the pleasure of conquest, and holding conquered domains as cheaply as if they had been toys, that higher ambitions seized him. He resolved to be known not only as the Great Emperor, but as the patron of learning. His own habits had been studious. Night after night he would leave his bed to watch the courses of the stars; and when there was time to spare from the duties a sovereign owes his people it was given to the delights of science.

But a teacher was needed for the great school he wished to establish at Paris, and he began to look around him. In all his wide dominions there were few scholars; none to whom he dared entrust his project. Men's thoughts had been of battle, and the tender plant of learning flourishes but feebly amid scenes of carnage. He was forced to turn to more peaceful lands. It was at Parma that he met the Anglo-Saxon Alcuin.

"Here," said Charlemagne, "is the man I have been looking for."

Alcuin was returning from Rome to England. He had long been keeper of the cathedral library at York, and head-master of its famous school.

It was an easy thing to win a battle—it was a far harder task to win the confidence of this travelling scholar, and bear him away in triumph. There must have been a mighty struggle in Alcuin's mind when the Emperor besought him to go to France. We can imagine what arguments were used, and how none were of avail until the consideration that God had there a mission for some wise teacher turned the scale.

HE that would have the fruit must climb the tree.

Alcuin pondered, and no doubt prayed to be led aright, then yielded. The quiet traveller, instead of journeying homeward toward his library in his beloved country, turned his face away from the familiar English friends, perhaps with many pangs.

Soon we see him establishing his school in Paris, in the very heart of the palace, with the Emperor for head pupil, and princes and bishops attending his lectures. Charlemagne and his family had a fancy for other names than their own, the Emperor himself being known in the school as simply David; "though," says one author, "we can never think of him by any other name than Charley."

The success of the new venture was without parallel, and I think that the most important lesson Alcuin taught, both by precept and example, on every occasion, was that there is but one right way to say things, and that a gentle way; and that one must be gentle in order to be strong.

The town of Tours we are familiar with in connection with St. Martin, and here was built an abbey named for this Saint, whose generous heart, beating under the armor of a soldier, moved him to divide his cloak with a beggar by the wayside.

In time Alcuin drooped under the perfumed palace air, and he was given charge of St. Martin's Abbey. Near this he established another school, seeming to have the true instinct of the teacher, and instructing as long as he could speak. It was a grief to the Abbot to be removed from his dear Emperor even by temporary separations, and two hundred and thirty-two letters which passed between them survive to testify to the affectionate regard in which they held each other.

Alcuin's little home at Tours is still in existence after eleven centuries. A traveller says it is now used as a

granary, but we are loath to believe this. Rather let us think of it as it was when its master described it, with its birds and flowers and healing plants; its garden, the river close at hand, and the cloister filled with fragrance from the lilies and the roses.

"O my sweet home, that I have always loved!" he wrote as old age stole over him; "adieu!"

Alcuin died when nearing his three-score years and ten, full of honors, but modest as one of his own lilies that bloomed in his cloister garden at Tours.

FRANCESCA.

A Jewish Legend.

The Jews have a tradition that once David, becoming impatient, complained to the Lord that He had made many useless things. When told to name them, he replied: "The list is long—too long to give; but surely, Lord, You will admit that there can be no use for men after they have lost their reason; or for those troublesome pests, flies and spiders." The Lord made answer that David in after life would learn what was then so hard for him to understand. So it was.

When the Psalmist wished to escape from the palace of Achish it was only by feigning madness that he succeeded. When he was puzzling his brain to conjecture how to get away after having taken the spear from the sleeping Saul, a fly stung the warrior who penned the prisoner in, causing him to roll over and thus release David. He was at last to learn the use of the spider. He was flying over the desert to escape Saul, when, as a last chance, he took refuge in a cave. A friendly spider immediately spun a web over the entrance. His enemies came up swiftly. "He can not be in here," said the leader; "for here is a spider's web at the door." So they went on, and David was saved.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An English version of the study of "Goya as a Portrait Painter," by Don Aureliano de Bernete y Moret, the late director of the Prado Museum at Madrid, is announced.

—The Oxford University has just published a new volume by Sir Israel Gollancz in his series of "Select Early English Poems," entitled "St. Erkenwald (Bishop of London, 675, 693): An Alliterative Poem Written about 1386, Narrating a Miracle Wrought by the Bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral." It is of archæological and religious interest.

—We can not refrain from drawing attention to the most recent work of M. Henri Bordeaux, "La Maison Morte." Here is a story handling, from a deeply Catholic point of view, one of the supreme moral problems that can arise out of family life, and distinguished for a rare beauty of narrative manner. Perhaps it ought to be added that "La Maison Morte" is intended for mature minds.

—An American edition of "The Hounds of Banba," issued by B. W. Huebsch, of New York, will attract, we hope, more attention to this unusually fine volume of short stories by Daniel Corkery. In them, as in no other artistic work, is reflected the idealistic spirit of Ireland in 1916. Mr. Corkery, however, is no propagandist, but a genuine poet whose characters and incidents are tremendously alive and compelling.

—"Moral Principles in Hospital Practice," by the Rev. Patrick A. Finney, C. M. (Herder Book Co.), is not so much a volume for general reading as a practical handbook for Sisters engaged in hospital work. It may also serve as a manual for consultation by Catholic doctors, Catholic nurses, and theological students, the orthodoxy of its doctrine being vouched for by the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Glennon. It has a good index, a bibliography, and a medical vocabulary. Price, \$1.25.

—Those readers who have passed fifty, "the old age of youth," or reached sixty, "the youth of old age," will be more interested than others in "Random Memories," by Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. The literary men whom, as a boy, he met in his distinguished father's home, are, many of them at least, comparatively unknown to the present generation of average Americans; and not a few of an earlier generation, who were wont to admire the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,"

will experience a distinct surprise on reading this apparently flippant reference to one of the "great authors" of their youth: "I had almost forgotten Dr. Holmes, the dear little man. He was like a sparrow, always chirping so gayly."

—Prof. Leacock, the delightful Canadian humorist, enjoys, what he calls, the "quiet and respectability of the English Press" compared with the American; the English newspaper, he says, is "designed to be read quietly, propped up against the sugar-bowl of a man eating a slow breakfast in a quiet corner of a club," whereas the American paper is "for reading by a man hanging on the straps of a clattering subway express." Complimentary, of course, but there is a suspicion of sarcasm here. "Quiet" and "respectability" may mean dullness and staidness.

—"The Land of the Miamis," by Elmore Barce (Fowler, Indiana: the Benton Review Shop), a large volume of 450 pages, purports to be a comprehensive history of the Indian wars of the early Northwest, an account of the struggle to secure possession of that territory from the end of the Revolution until 1812. The work is illustrated with a number of views and maps, contains a bibliography of 89 volumes, and has an adequate index. So far as a somewhat cursory examination enables one to judge, religion and its exponents receive but scant notice. Price, \$3.

—A book that is providing considerable sensation for French literary circles is Leon Daudet's very recent examination of "the murderous nonsense which has infested France for the last one hundred and thirty years." The title is, "The Stupid Nineteenth Century." What M. Daudet's conclusions are we do not know, but the title induced a leading French review to invite characterizations from prominent literary men. These seem to imply, on the whole, that while the Nineteenth Century may not have been stupid, it was *bête*. Perhaps some would be inclined to consider the Twentieth Century even worse; at least, the idea of "progress" is scarcely any longer even on the defensive.

—The centenary of Shelley should not pass without notice from us, if only to recall Francis Thompson's charitable version of him—"he dabbles his fingers in the day-fall." One can not help remembering, of course, the wild, self-willed young dreamer upon whose fiery

youth neither affection nor faith set any restraint, and whose romantic exploits seem to have been counselled by satanic fever. But Heaven had made of him a poet,—haunting, insinuating, tremendous, when he forgot his little self and was awed by the wonder of the stars. Upon what remained his inner shrine, the hand of the world never struck, and the music fashioned there has that "innocence of anger and surprise," which is the robe of song.

—"The Boyhood Consciousness of Christ," by the Rev. P. J. Temple, is a critical examination of verse 49 of the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke: "And He said to them: How is it that you sought Me? did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" or, as the author renders the Greek text, "Why did you seek Me? Did you not know that in the (things) of My Father I must be?" The book is apparently a thesis for a degree in theology, and will interest specialists more than ordinary readers. It bears the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Hayes of New York. An octavo of 244 pages, it is supplied with all such appurtenances as one looks for in a scholarly production—a table of contents, a list of abbreviations, a bibliography, and indices. Like all the publications of the Macmillans, it is well printed and substantially bound. Price, \$3.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Andrew Gara, of the diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Nicholas Ward, C. P.; and Rev. Edward Steffen, S. J.

Brother Paul, C. S. C.

Sister M. Aquin, of the Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Louis Dellone, Mr. L. A. Becker, Miss Ellen Hogan, Miss Anna Crosby, Mr. C. J. Ritter, Mr. Robert Weinel, Miss Anne Reeves, Miss Lize de Pombiray, Mr. George Edwards, Mrs. W. G. Kennedy, Mr. Joseph Pumphrey, Miss Louise Barman, Mr. John Smith, Mr. James Campbell, Miss Anne B. McCormick, Miss Jessamine M. Keenan, Mr. William Smith, and Mr. Henry Martin.

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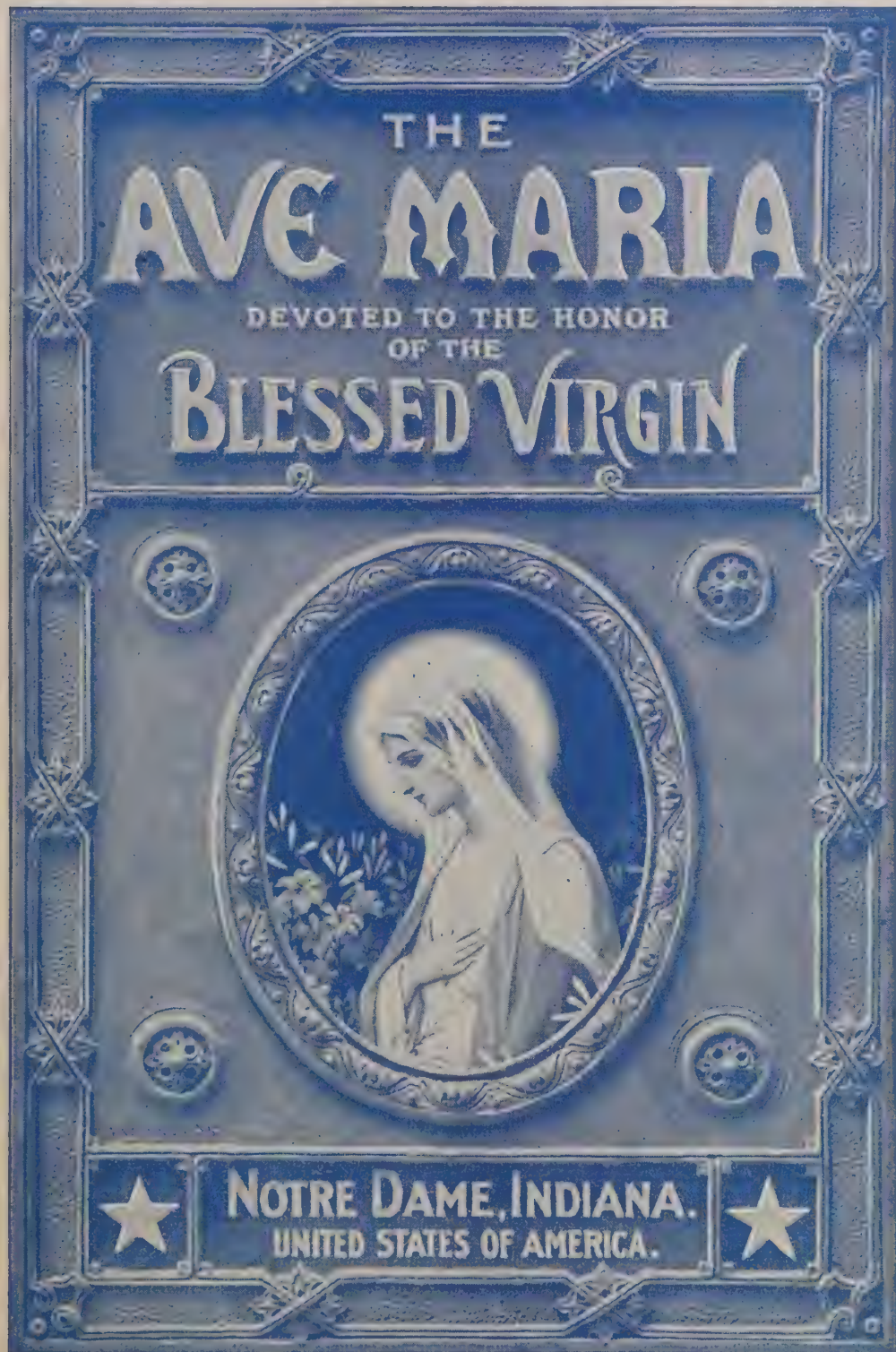
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 12.—St. Clare, V. St. Muredach, B.	WEDNESDAY, 16.—St. Joachim Father of the B. V. M.
SUNDAY, 13.—TENTH AFTER PENTECOST. SS. Hippolytus and Cassian, MM.	THURSDAY, 17.—St. Hyacinth, C.
MONDAY, 14.—St. Eusebius, C. Vigil. <i>Fest.</i>	FRIDAY, 18.—St. Agapitus, M.
TUESDAY, 15.—ASSUMPTION OF THE B. V. M.	SATURDAY, 19.—The Most Pure Heart of Mary. St. Louis of Toulouse, C.

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VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 12, 1922.

NO. 7

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On the Assumption.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

YOU who love ardently, and bear the loss,
 The dreary loneliness, the agony
 Which fiercer grows,—the pangs that only
 He,
 The Merciful, in memory of His cross,
 His five red wounds can still!—the doubts that
 toss
 The storm-swept hearts which grieving
 wretchedly
 Are gloomed by fear, and seldom safe or
 free
 From the sad question, "Lord, O let us see!"
 See with the eyes of faith on this fair day
 When in the dawn and through the fragrant
 dew,
 She rushed unto His Heart, more quick
 than fire
 Burning the August woods that bar its way;
 And He knew her, and Him, she, glorious,
 knew,—
 This is the Word that answers our Desire.

The Celebration of the Assumption.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

HERE is uncertainty both in regard to the exact date of the death of the Blessed Virgin and as to how soon after it she was assumed into heaven. In the opinion of Eusebius she lived to be sixty-eight, which would mean that she died in the year 48 of our era. Nicephorus holds, on the contrary, that she passed away in the year 5 of the reign

of Claudius, that is to say, in the year 798 of Rome, or 45 of the common era. It is stated in the chronicle of Hippolytus of Thebes, that Mary gave birth to our Divine Lord at the age of sixteen, and survived Him only eleven years, which would make her about three score at the period of her death. The general opinion, however, is that she was over sixty when she died. The authors of the "Art de vérifier les Dates" hold that Mary was sixty-six at the time of her decease.

Metaphrastes says that the Apostles carried the body of the Blessed Virgin to the tomb, and Juvenal, Patriarch of Jerusalem in the 5th century, tells us that they watched by her grave for three days. St. Thomas, who was absent when she died, begged to be allowed to look at her once more on his return. Moved by his entreaties the other Apostles allowed the tomb to be opened. It was empty, however; except for the winding sheet and the scarcely faded flowers. On this point tradition never varies: "No people, no city, no church has ever boasted of possessing the mortal remains of the Blessed Virgin, nor any portion of her body," says Godescard. "Thus, without prescribing the belief of the corporal assumption of Mary into heaven, the Church sufficiently gives us to understand the opinion to which she inclines."

The Blessed Virgin is supposed to have been buried in the Valley of Josaphat and, consequently, to have

from there been assumed into heaven. It is this pious belief which connects the Assumption with the celebrated Indulgence of the Portiuncula. Aided by contributions from the people of Assisi, some hermits erected a chapel to "Our Lady of Josaphat," more than fourteen hundred years ago. These hermits had come from Palestine and settled in Italy, establishing themselves in the Valley of Spoleto, in the Province of Umbria. Some relics from the Valley of Josaphat were placed by them in the newly-erected chapel, which was so small that it was known as Portiuncula.

Because the celestial spirits often visited this little chapel and sang God's praises within its sacred walls, it was also sometimes called St. Mary of the Angels. It was here that the prayers of the humble Francis of Assisi obtained for the faithful the Indulgence of the Portiuncula, to commemorate the granting of which Murillo painted what art critics have called "the most wonderful picture they had ever seen." In it the Blessed Virgin is represented as interceding with her Divine Son, while numerous angels hover round. St. Francis himself said to Pope Honorius the Third that "Jesus Christ was the Notary, His Blessed Mother the parchment, and the angels the witnesses" to the granting of this Indulgence. It seems, therefore, a not unappropriate coincidence that the two feasts should be celebrated in the golden month of August.

As the Apostles were the first to celebrate the Assumption, it is naturally one of the oldest Christian festivals, although, in the opinion of Duchesne and others, it was not kept in Rome until the seventh century. It was a widely recognized feast in the East, however, at an early date, and was certainly celebrated in Palestine, and during the month of August, before the sixth century. In Egypt and Arabia,

as also in Gaul, which borrowed many of its customs from the East, the Assumption was kept in January. The first to make the 15th of August the obligatory date throughout the Greek Empire is said to have been the Emperor Maurice. In our own time the Greek Church prolongs the festivities till the 23d, and even till the 29th of August.

The first day of August is marked in the Syriac Calendar as *Saum Miriam*, or the fast of Mary, while the 15th is *fithr Miriam*, or the cessation of Mary's fast. The reason for this is that in the East it is usual to prepare for the feast of the Assumption—there called "Our Lady's Easter"—by a fifteen days' fast. The 15th, 16th and 17th of August are feasts of the Blessed Virgin at Gerace in Calabria; her death being commemorated on the 15th, her assumption on the 16th, and her coronation on the 17th. In Piazza, Sicily, the Assumption is celebrated on the 20th of February, the anniversary of the great earthquake that occurred there in 1743. As, according to the Revelations of their holy patroness, St. Brigitta of Sweden, our Blessed Lady was not assumed into heaven till fifteen days after her decease, the Brigittines celebrate, on the 30th of August, what they call the "Glorification of Mary."

During the Middle Ages the thirtieth day after the feast of the Assumption was regarded as sacred. It was a festival that nearly coincides with our feast of the Holy Name of Mary, and it may be that there is some connection between them. "The name of Mary is sweeter to the lips than a honeycomb, more flattering to the ear than sweet song, more delicious to the heart than the purest joy," says St. Anthony of Padua: *nomen Virgines Mariæ, mel in ore, melos in aure, jubilum in corde*. The learned Bardenhewer gives at least seventy different meanings to the name

of Mary. The sister of Moses is the only Mary mentioned in the Old Testament. It has been suggested that since it was an Egyptian princess who caused the boy to be called Moses, the origin of his sister's name might have also been Egyptian. In the opinion of some writers Mary is a mixture of Egyptian and Hebrew. The Hebrew word for it is *Miryam*, derived from *mar*, bitter, and *yám*, sea. Taken as a compound it could mean *myrr*, that is to say mistress of the sea. If the theory of its Egyptian and Hebrew origin be accepted, the verb "to love" being rendered in Egyptian by *mer* or *mar*, and *Yam* or *Yahweh* being a Hebrew term for the Divine name, Mary would mean "one loving Yahweh," or "one beloved by Jehovah."

It is a common error to trace the name "Star of the Sea," so frequently given to the Mother of God, to St. Jerome. The term used by that saint was not *Stella maris* (Star of the Sea), but *stilla maris*, or *drop* of the sea. It is so written in a Banberg manuscript of the ninth century. It is interesting to remember in connection with the name of Mary that the expression "to be well nourished" is synonymous in the East with beauty and grace of form. If, therefore, as some maintain, Mary is derived from *mara*, "to be well nourished," it would signify "the beautiful and perfect one."

In France it is customary for Catholic parents to give the name of Mary to both sons and daughters. But the Poles showed their respect for the Mother of God in exactly the opposite way; for they refused to bestow it on either boys or girls, regarding it as something too sacred for ordinary use. As an instance of this P. Paoli Segneri says, "that when King Ladislas the Fourth of Poland was about to marry Mary Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Nevers, he asked to have a clause inserted in the

marriage contract stipulating that his bride should drop her name of Mary and be known only as Louisa, so as not to shock the pious prejudices of her future subjects with regard to the name of God's holy Mother."

The Irish showed their reverence for the name of Mary by having two different words for it; one of which they used in referring to the Blessed Virgin, the other when any other woman was the bearer of it. *Maol-Mhuire*, or the servant of Mary, was, however, a name frequently given to children in ancient Ireland. In its Anglicized form it is scarcely recognizable. Such names as Meyler, Miles, Murray and Gilmore are supposed to have been originally either *Maol-Mhuire*, the servant of Mary, or *MacGuolla-Mhuire*, the son of the servant of Mary.

Like the Hebrews, Greeks, and other antique races, the ancient Irish had nothing to correspond to the modern surname. It was not till the eleventh century that surnames began to be used in all parts of Ireland. When it is transformed into a family name *Maol-Mhuire*, the servant of Mary, became *O'Maoil-Mhuire*.

THE trouble with many of us is that we are apt to lose sight of the one great aim for which we were created; that, instead of keeping our eyes fixed on our Creator as we go along the narrow path which leads to eternal union with Him, we allow ourselves to be drawn aside by the attractions and distractions which beckon to us on every hand. This accounts for those frequent feelings of disgust and discouragement with our necessary duties, as well as those feelings of jealousy when comparing our lot with that of others who seem better off. We forget that if we but travel long enough on the straight road, we shall reach God, the Great Leveller.

—Anon.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.

GREGORY GLASSFORD was a busy man of affairs, a notable figure on the Produce Exchange, where he dealt largely in cargoes of coffee and spices, and where he preserved the best traditions of that old-time body of merchants, of whom his father had been a conspicuous example. The young man found time to pay more or less frequent visits to the House at the Cross Roads, and sometimes on the invitation of Eloise, courteously seconded by Mrs. Brentwood and Marcia, he remained over the week-end and enjoyed his sojourn.

He went there for a definite purpose, apart from the pleasure he felt in a certain genial hospitality, which was the very spirit and essence of the house. He wanted to study Eloise, both on her account and on his own, with reference to certain affairs between them, which had occurred, shortly before her departure for France. Previous to that, their relations had always been those of guardian and ward; and that he had forgotten, even for a few brief moments, that rôle which he had striven so conscientiously to play, was a constant reproach to him.

He also wanted to acquaint himself with these new surroundings, and decide what would be best for her immediate future. The inheritance, by which Eloise set such store, meant less than nothing to him. For, even if he had been of a mercenary trend, his own affluent circumstances made the amount insufficient to impress him. Nevertheless, he was aware that it might attract towards the girl, men less favored by fortune than himself, and, in many instances, undesirable. He had always the fear of one individual, which had

led him to hurry his ward off to the French convent.

Her mother, a connection of his by marriage, and one who had been inordinately devoted to social activities, dying young, had left her daughter to the care of her sister, a gay and frivolous woman, whose only formula for the training of her niece was that she should prove to be a social success, and gather about her as many admirers as possible. Her views had been totally at variance with those of the father, James Brentwood. An engineer by profession, he had, during all the later years of his life, no settled home, and his daughter had either accompanied him in his wanderings, or had stopped with her aunt, Mrs. Critchley, and attended an ultra-fashionable day school.

James Brentwood was a devout Catholic, who stood out for the right, amid all the cross currents of the Brentwood family stream and its tributaries. He strove to implant the seeds of faith in that one child, to whom he was devoted with a painful intensity of affection. But, dying prematurely, he was forced to leave the task to others. Amongst those included in that varied family group, James Brentwood fixed his eyes upon Gregory Glassford as one who, in the position of guardian, might assume at least a certain control over the impulsive Eloise.

"If your father had lived," James Brentwood said, on one of his last conversations with Gregory, in whom he placed implicit confidence,—*"if your father had lived, he would have been as one in a thousand for the office of guardian. Will you, his son, do me the favor I ask in the name of our friendship to accept the trust?"*

And Gregory, despite inward misgivings, answered that he would.

James Brentwood died soon after of a fever contracted when working on

the Panama Canal. He left a letter appointing Glassford, though he was then only twenty-seven, as one of the executors, but begging him to have watch and ward over his daughter, and, as far as possible, to advance her spiritual, no less than her temporal interests. He begged of him to see that she was brought up in those principles which had actuated his whole life, and by which he knew that Gregory Glassford was governed.

Gregory, being sociably desirable, and one of the inner circle of the Brentwood connections, was made much of by Mrs. Critchley, and thus was enabled to exercise a certain supervision over the daughter of his friend.

Eloise, in her demeanor towards him, had been usually pliable and submissive, with occasional fits of rebellion, which threw into relief the final surrender. Almost always she deferred to his judgment. After her fashion, she had been devoted to her father, and accepted with trust, and apparently with affection, the guardian whom he had appointed.

There was one instance, however, in which that beneficent influence seemed to fail, and it was a case which filled Mr. Glassford with the liveliest apprehensions. It was about a certain Reginald Hubbard, commonly known to his friends as "Reggie." A favorite of Mrs. Critchley's, he was thrown much into the society of her niece, by whom he seemed to be attracted. This man's character and record, which were the gossip of the clubs, were well known to Glassford. He was aware of his reckless gambling on the Stock Exchange, whereby the commonest principles of honesty were violated; also of more than one unsavory scandal, in which his name had figured. Altogether, Gregory felt that it would be but ill carrying out his friend's wishes, to permit Eloise to become involved with a profligate and a spendthrift. It was all too evident

that Eloise was flattered by the attentions of this man of the world.

In his anxiety to prevent such a catastrophe, Gregory exerted every means in his power to please her, and there came an evening, when moonlight was flooding the garden and Eloise was in one of her most charming moods, that Gregory permitted himself to go further than he had ever dreamed of doing. There had been a few moments of romantic infatuation, when words of admiration, even of tenderness, had burst from his lips, and Gregory stood committed to what was practically a declaration of love.

Now, that episode had filled Gregory with the keenest self-reproach, since it seemed to him like taking advantage of the girl's youth and inexperience, and all the more so that during the two years which had elapsed, that romantic infatuation had passed away with the moment that gave it birth. But he felt that, in any event, this issue between them had to be squarely faced. Had she taken his attitude seriously—which he very much doubted,—he would have felt bound in honor to fulfil such pledges as he might then have made. But he would have preferred that she should forget the episode.

That a more mature Eloise might conceivably attract and hold him by the strongest of bonds was a possibility, not without its charm; but the most satisfactory solution of the problem for the moment, was that they should return to their previous relation of guardian and ward. The moment of folly, as he designated their parting interview in the garden, had taken place after she had consented to go over seas. It was partly his influence that had prevailed, and partly that she had liked the idea of crossing the ocean, and finding a new experience in convent life.

In one of the first conversations, which they had together in the House

at the Cross Roads, Eloise referred to that sacrifice which she had made at his request, in leaving the gayeties of New York for the seclusion of a convent.

"If you had asked me to go to the Desert of Sahara, Gregory," she said, "I should have gone."

"But the sacrifice, at the time," Gregory responded awkwardly, "was quite as much on my side as on yours."

Eloise smiled and shook her head.

"Except for that moment in the garden," she said, "you never really cared for me."

Gregory's face clouded.

"That moment in the garden was unpardonable," he cried.

Eloise did not think so. It had delighted her at the time, as showing the power she exercised over this apparently unimpressionable guardian, and she felt aggrieved that he should thus severely condemn it.

"Of course," she went on, in a smooth, even voice, which concealed her displeasure, "my own sentiments at the time were most vague."

"Undoubtedly they were," agreed Gregory, relieved at her tone, "though I was very much afraid they were veering in a wrong direction."

She knew in her heart that they had veered, but she did not choose to discuss this question with her guardian.

"I was very fond of you, Gregory."

"As a good ward should be," Gregory returned lightly, "and so we are glad to see each other, and to know that we are, and shall always be, I hope, on the best of good terms."

"That sounds so prosaic," Eloise said, with a frown which reminded him of the Eloise of the past.

"Most of life is prosaic," he said, rather lamely. For there arose before him that scene in the garden, when Eloise had called him her adorable Gregory, and had declared that she loved him better than any one in the world.

With a keenness of perception, with which he was almost fatally endowed, he had surmised, what was really the case, that she was unconsciously actuated by a passion of pique and wounded self-love, because Reginald Hubbard had bade her a very cool and unemotional good-bye, and had left the dinner party at Mrs. Critchley's very early. He remembered how he had striven to persuade her that she was but a child, and could know nothing for years of real love. She had reproached him for playing the unpleasant rôle of a prophet, and, to his consternation, had burst into a passion of tears.

"You are the only person in the world I really love," she had cried, "and I only wish you loved me half so well."

He had been charmed from the first by the House at the Cross Roads and its inhabitants. He viewed with concern the determination of Eloise to take possession of this dwelling, which her grandfather's legacy had bestowed upon her, and thus practically eject its present occupants.

"I want to feel," she explained, "that I am really, truly, and for the first time in my life, head of my own house."

Gregory Glassford smiled indulgently. To him she seemed so very young, despite her nineteen years.

"You want, in short," he said, "as so many little girls have done, to play house."

Eloise did not relish this tone, but she passed on to the second item in her programme:

"Of course, I shall need a chaperone of my own choice. If only it were possible to have Dolly Critchley!"

This last was thrown out defiantly, as she was aware of her guardian's sentiments. But Gregory only laughed.

"There is no danger of that. Imagine Mrs. Critchley asked to settle down in this charming, but, to her, very quiet, little village."

"Oh, I know, I know! She would not stand the life here for a month. And with the shabbiness of the house, and all that, I couldn't even ask her on a visit. It will have to be some one very different, of course, and some one that will not interfere too much."

"Eloise," objected her guardian, and his tone was very serious, "hasn't it ever occurred to you that, in your desire to play house, you will make it very difficult for your aunt and cousin?"

Eloise opened her eyes wide, and the man beside her was quick to notice that she had not even considered that part of the subject.

"Why, you would not expect me to give up my legacy!"

"Of course not, but is there not some compromise which might be reached?"

Eloise looked at him, her gray eyes darkening with some hidden feeling.

"I have fallen quite in love with your surroundings here," Gregory continued, easily, "the house and its inhabitants. To my mind, you could not do better than adopt as your official chaperone, your aunt, Mrs. Walter Brentwood."

"She is only my aunt by marriage."

"The world does not heed such subtle distinctions. Such an arrangement, for the time being at least, would seem eminently proper and natural, and you would avoid giving pain to those who are deeply attached to this house."

"You seem very solicitous for my newly-found relations."

"I am."

"Well, then, let me tell you, that, even if they cared to stay under the circumstances, such an arrangement would not answer at all."

Her tone was so vehement, that Gregory in amazement inquired the reason.

"Because Marcia would always be mistress here."

"Is she so very dominating?"

"Whether she is or not does not mat-

ter. She might be very glad to get rid of the management of this household, but yet she would be the real ruler. The servants, for example—"

Gregory, with a man's contempt for household details, waved that suggestion aside:

"The servants could easily be changed."

"Not these servants; that is to say, the cook, and her satellite, Minna. Where Marcia is, they would be."

Gregory smiled involuntarily, as he recalled his glance in through the kitchen door, on the occasion of his first visit, and the snatches of conversation he had overheard. In that respect, she was probably right. Still, he had a strong man's obstinacy in wishing to carry his point, and he had made up his mind, just as he had previously done about the convent, that no better arrangement could be made.

But he had an intuitive feeling that this was not the Eloise whom he had found so submissive upon a former occasion, and that in addition to the new, and apparently radical change in herself, there was some new feeling at work, the nature of which he did not fully understand.

"The arrangement would only, at the worst, be temporary," he urged, adding with some embarrassment, "for when you marry—"

"For heaven's sake! do not bring up the question of marriage," said Eloise, "for I shall have to be sure, and very sure, of my own sentiments, before any man shall put a ring on my finger."

"A sentiment which I fully endorse," Gregory said. "I hope, indeed, dear little girl, that you will not only be sure of your own sentiments, but of the sort of man who may inspire them."

"Now he is hitting at Reggie. Poor Reggie, always good-natured and obliging," thought Eloise.

But none of these reflections did she

put into words. She was inordinately vexed at the whole trend of the conversation, which was only the second or third she had held with her guardian since her return. But what might have passed between them, can only be conjectured, since they were disturbed by the entrance of Minna, who had been despatched by Marcia with a telegram for Mr. Glassford. With an apology, Gregory instantly opened it, while Minna, who stood waiting, presently put in:

"Please, sir, Miss Marcia told me to ask if there was an answer."

"No answer at all," Gregory replied, and, rising to his feet, he told Eloise:

"I shall have to return at once to town."

He could scarcely have told why he did not at once inform Eloise of the nature of the summons.

He turned at the door to say:

"Make my apologies to your aunt and cousin."

Eloise nodded rather impatiently. It was not the aunt and cousin he came here to see, but her alone. As he reached the outer door, to which, in her petulant mood, she did not accompany him, he turned back once more:

"My dear Eloise, I beg of you to do nothing rash,—nothing without consulting me."

She smiled that peculiar smile of hers, which at times was almost repellent. But he noticed that she made no promise. She stood at the window and watched Gregory go out the gate and down the walk, with a new and curiously mingled feeling in her heart towards him, towards life, towards what she would have called destiny.

(To be continued.)

IF I have the treasure of Faith in my hands, I can profitably open them to my country.—*Thiers*.

A Saint of the Sixteenth Century.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

AT the Capuchin friary attached to the Church "Il Redentore" in Venice, there will be shown you, if you are a favored visitor, many folios of well-bound manuscripts, written neatly and carefully. They are the friary's chief treasure; the work of one of the first friars who dwelt at Il Redentore, and looked upon Venice as his home—one who, in his day, was a notable preacher, the ambassador of Pope and princes, and Minister-General of his Order; and yet withal the humblest of friars and the most selfless of workers. He was canonized but a few years since. Perhaps some day he will be crowned a Doctor of the Church. At least that is what the friars at Venice will tell you, as they show you the manuscripts; and they say it quietly and with conviction.

But besides his extraordinary sanctity, St. Lawrence of Brindisi was out of the common run of men even in natural endowments. He possessed a strong and persuasive personality, and a wonderful facility for accomplishing whatever he set his hand to do. In whatever company he was, his presence compelled attention: he had the gift of imparting enthusiasm, and men were proud to acknowledge his leadership. His mind was quick and receptive; his sympathies wide and embracing; his speech eloquent. With these qualities went an untiring energy and the calmness of reserved strength. Such a man in any path of life would find the way open before him.

Though Venice rightly claims St. Lawrence as her own, he was born in 1559 at Brindisi, where his family, of good Venetian stock, were living in some sort of exile: hence it is that he is commonly known as St. Lawrence of Brindisi. His secular name was Julius

Cæsar Rossi: which gave the annalist of the Capuchin Order an opportunity he could not resist; for this Julius Cæsar, he tells us gravely, "*came to the Franciscan Order, saw the life and conquered his spiritual foes.*" Certainly in the saint's career there was a good deal to justify the phrase: *veni, vidi, vici*. He took the name of Lawrence on the day he received the religious habit out of devotion to the great Deacon-martyr of the early Church, and again the annalist falls into the temptation: the name Lawrence (Laurentius) was a prophecy that this man was to wear the laurel—to be *laureatus*!

At this time he was barely fifteen years of age. From his early boyhood he had aspired to the religious life and the priesthood. When as a child he was chosen, according to Italian custom, to preach at the Christmas festival in the Cathedral of Brindisi, he took himself and his audience quite seriously, and preached with such simple eloquence, that other churches in Calabria asked for the boy-preacher, and he was taken on a preaching tour; thus early did his career of success begin. At Brindisi he went to a school in the friary of the Conventuals, and there it was he conceived the idea of becoming a Franciscan. His mother, now a widow, would not hear of it: she wanted him at home; but the boy, though strongly attached to her, remained firm in his resolve: "God has called me, I can not deny Him," he would reply to her entreaties. Eventually she gave way; but Julius, fearing further difficulties, obtained her consent to go to Venice to continue his schooling in a seminary for ecclesiastical students. Thus it was that he returned to the city of his ancestors.

Whilst studying at the seminary he made the acquaintance of the Capuchins. The great Church of Il Redentore—the votive offering of the city in thanksgiving for the cessation of the plague—

was not yet built: and it was in the older church that he listened to the sermons of the friars. He very quickly decided to become a Capuchin, and applied to be received into the Order. The Superior held out no easy inducement. He pictured graphically to the boy the austerities of the life as they stood in a bare, narrow cell. "Can you endure such a life?" he asked. "Let me have a crucifix and I think I can," was the ready response.

Decision and earnestness carried him through his novitiate in spite of a breakdown in health. Another characteristic which early showed itself was the thoroughness with which he did whatever he attempted. He set himself to master the Hebrew, Greek, Syriac and Chaldaic languages: a feat which should commend him to our modern critics. A few years later when he undertook missions to the Jews, he was said by the Jews themselves to speak their language "as one of themselves"; and he once remarked to a friend that if the text of the Scriptures should be lost, he believed he could write out the whole Bible from memory in the original languages. Another trait which showed itself in his student days was the ease with which he could turn from one occupation to another. Whatever he was engaged in—be it study or prayer or the routine duties of the common life,—occupied his whole mind for the time being.

His public career began when he was but twenty-three years of age, and before he had attained to the priesthood. A special preacher was required to preach the Lenten course in one of the Venetian churches. Lawrence was sent; and such was the effect of his sermons that he was at once sought after for other churches. From this time he practically lived in the public eye. Two years later he received the priesthood after some hesitation on his part: for,

like his spiritual father, St. Francis, he held himself unworthy of the dignity. He was then appointed lecturer in divinity for the Capuchins of the Venetian Province: within four years he was chosen as Guardian of that most important house of the Province; in 1590, when he was but thirty-two years of age, he was elected Minister-Provincial of Tuscany. Six years after this he was called to Rome as a Definitor-General of the whole Order. He must have been a prodigious worker: for, notwithstanding the labors attached to these offices, he continued his apostolic work of preaching, and wrote not a few books. His sermons were always carefully prepared, as his manuscripts prove.

Already, too, he was known as "Il Santo"—"The Saint." In Venice, the people would wait hours for him as he passed through the streets, that his blessing might cure their sick. At Padua on his arrival there the crowds gathered, crying out: *Ecco il Santo!*

His call to Rome brought him into direct relations with the Pope; and from this time began those activities which entitle him to no mean place in the history of the Papacy.

His first Papal commission was to work for the conversion of the Jews in Rome and Italy. The traditional policy of the Holy See had always been one of clemency and protection towards the Jewish race, and nowhere were they treated more humanely than in Rome itself. Within their own quarter they were allowed freedom of worship. At the same time, however, the Popes had consistently aimed to win them over to Christianity by appointing preachers to expound to them the Christian faith. No coercion was used: they were to be won, not forced.

In pursuance of this policy Clement VIII. commissioned St. Lawrence to work for their conversion. He was admirably fitted for the office by the

fluency with which he spoke the Hebrew tongue; but besides that he had the gift of sympathy which disarmed suspicion, and a capacity for entering into the mental attitude of his audience, which enabled him to understand and appreciate the arguments they brought against him. When preaching to them he followed the Hebrew method of interpreting Scripture; in debate he was tolerant and courteous.

Once at Venice certain rabbis, fearing his influence over their people, plotted to assassinate him. Elsewhere he seems invariably to have won completely the esteem and affection of the rabbis and the Jews. And he deserved it, if one instance may be taken as showing the spirit in which he met them. At Mantua, the Jews had frequently to suffer at the hands of the mob. To protect them against this violence, Lawrence persuaded the Duke to assign them a quarter of the city for their own residence: and out of consideration for their feelings he had all Christian emblems removed.

In 1599, just as he had entered on his fortieth year, he received a new appointment which was to have far-reaching results. Two years before this, the Archbishop of Prague had written to the General of the Capuchins, begging him to send friars to Bohemia to assist in restoring the Catholic Faith against the invasion of Protestantism. No steps, however, at that time were taken to meet the Archbishop's wish. But at the approach of the General Chapter of the Order, which met in Rome, in 1599, the Archbishop again appealed, this time to the Pope himself; and by the advice of Clement VIII. the Chapter resolved to dispatch a body of friars to work in Bohemia. Lawrence was nominated Superior with the title of Commissary, and given a wide discretion as to the employment of those under his authority.

The position of the Church in Ger-

many was one to baffle any ordinary ingenuity. Protestantism, there as elsewhere, was not merely a religious heresy; it was a catastrophic upheaval, a revolt against the whole existing order of things, political, intellectual and social. For a time, indeed, it seemed as if the whole nation must be lost to the Church. In the end Southern Germany and the Rhine provinces were, on the whole, recovered from the invading Protestantism after a struggle of nearly a hundred years.

At the time St. Lawrence was sent to Germany, the Catholic recovery had set in; yet it was far from assured. Two main lines of policy lay before the Papacy—politically the Catholic princes had to be kept steadfast in their allegiance to the Church. Their allegiance was a necessity, if the mass of the people were to be saved from heresy. A Protestant Prince meant a Protestant State-Church. But a religion forced upon the people by the will of the prince is not the ideal of the Gospel: a mere political profession of Catholicism is in reality no Catholicism. The Catholic princes might abolish Protestant worship in their States and force upon the people an external conformity to Catholic worship; but the Church could not rest content with that.

Capuchin missionaries were already at work in the Netherlands, Switzerland and the Tyrol, when St. Lawrence was despatched to labor in Bohemia and the dominions of the Emperor. He arrived in Prague towards the end of 1599. On the way he had an interview with the Archduke Matthias about religious affairs in Austria, which resulted in his founding a friary in Vienna where he left six of his companions.

At Prague he was welcomed by the Archbishop and the Papal Nuncio, and at once put his hand to the work for which he had come. But it was characteristic of him that before he undertook

to preach against the Protestants, he set himself to master the particular teaching of the Bohemian preachers. He attended their discourses and took notes of their arguments: not until he felt that he had grasped their side of the question, did he venture to reply. And in his sermons he always treated them with courtesy, never using invective and, as a rule, avoiding allusions to particular persons. It was the same attitude of mind and heart as that in which he had preached to the Jews in Italy. In a very short time he was the recognized champion of the Catholic cause in Prague. His sermons were attended by crowds of Catholics and Protestants. He not only preached in the churches: he met the heretics at informal meetings arranged by mutual acquaintances, and debated with them in friendly fashion. But religious feeling ran high, and there were times when he appeared in public at the risk of his life.

On one occasion, as he was returning from a friendly debate, a party of heretics set upon him, and he was only saved by the fortunate arrival upon the scene of three Catholic youths. His position was rendered the more difficult by the attitude of the Emperor. Rudolph II. was a man of weak, indecisive character and of unbalanced mind: utterly incapable of holding the reins of government and the responsibilities of his office. Politics worried him, he was more at home dabbling in science. The coming of the Capuchins to Prague was not altogether to his liking, though he gave a donation towards the building of the friary; and from the first they were opposed by the party in immediate attendance upon the Emperor. Amongst these was the dissolute astronomer, Tycho Brahe, who, according to the Emperor's own statement, had predicted that Rudolph would be murdered by a Capuchin. However true that may be, the Emperor's antagonism became so

strong that Lawrence decided it would be better for the interests of the Church if the Capuchins left Prague. They were actually setting forth when the Emperor suddenly recalled them.

More happy were Lawrence's relations with the Archduke Matthias, in whose hands was the actual government of Austria and Hungary and with the Archduke Ferdinand who ruled in Styria. At the request of these princes he established a number of friaries in their territories which were to be centres of missionary activity.

The year 1601 brought Lawrence into the diplomatic service of the Empire. The occasion was the new offensive of the Turks against Hungary. Their naval power had been shattered at the battle of Lepanto, but their military forces were yet strong. In the face of the danger, the Pope found himself again forced by circumstances to head a Christian league against the Turks. Rudolph, the Emperor, could not be trusted to deal with the crisis. So it happened that St. Lawrence was sent as Papal and Imperial envoy to Bavaria to secure the adhesion of the Duke Maximilian. That was the beginning of a life-long friendship between the friar and this prince who was to become the leader of the Catholic League.

In the campaign which followed, Lawrence and several of his friars were attached as chaplains to the army of the Archduke Matthias. The Christian and Turkish main armies came in touch with each other near Stuhlweissenbourg in Hungary. The Turks were in superior strength, and under cover of night managed to out-manceuvre the army of Matthias, who in the morning found himself at such disadvantage that retreat seemed the wiser course. A council of war was held at which Lawrence was called; and, against the majority of the council, he contended for battle, offering himself to go in front of the army. His

decision carried the day; and the Turkish army was utterly routed. During the fight, Lawrence was everywhere, crucifix in hand.

In the following year, Lawrence was recalled to Rome and elected Superior-General of his Order. The Papal Nuncio and the German princes had sent an urgent petition to the Pope against his recall; they even begged that he might be released from all superiorship in the Order, and left free to carry on his apostolic work. Their petition, however, was not heeded; probably it was remembered at Rome four years later when, at the request of the Emperor himself, Lawrence was sent back to Germany with authority to preach in all the Germanic States, and as Chaplain-General to the army which was to contend against the Turks.

(Conclusion next week.)

Antiphons.

(*Infra Octavam Assumptionis B. V. M.*)

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

PROMISE and Fact to seers' eyes,
Thou wert a rainbow in their skies.
By Carmel's height they sighted thee,
And vines of fragrant Engaddi.
The bow of song grew more intense
O'er mounts of myrrh and frankincense:
More colorful the heavens shone
Through saffron fields and cinnamon;
Till singing Promise held its breath,
Hearing the Fact at Nazareth.
As summoned to thy farther skies,
Still art thou Promise to our eyes.
Higher is faith than Carmel's height,
Than vines more wondrous in thy sight.
Hope is a bow across the day,
At night a fragrant Milky Way.
Round every cloud are we aware
An arch of love intones thy care.
Ave! and on thy children tend
To find the Fact where rainbows end.

"A Business Proposition."

BY K. B. S.

(CONTINUED.)

"WELL, Father, everyone was very good to us," continued Mr. Dennehy. "Father Corcoran came with a ten-pound note, and said the people had subscribed to help us. I think now that, though times were hard, he donated most of it himself. And Mr. Hunter told me that if I would put in a little more time at the shop he would raise my pay to eighteen shillings. We would have got on very well then, only from that day my poor mother seemed to grow suddenly older: her hair went grey and her face thin, and she was often ill, but she would say that she would soon be well again. I had no idea how ill she was; for she tried to hide it from me, and was always as bright and cheerful as she could be, and she used to say how good it was to have me getting every comfort for her. It was poor comfort, Father, but we had lived hard lives, and with poor people a little goes a long way. The good woman we lodged with used to do many things for her, and Mr. Hunter raised my pay again, and I used to go on thinking that my mother would be well when the fine weather came.

"But at last, one evening—it was just after the last Christmas we had together,—we were sitting by the fire, and she seemed very silent and thoughtful, and I was just going to ask her if there was any bad news, when she drew her chair near mine and put her arm round my neck and rested my head on her shoulder and said almost in a whisper, 'Patrick dear, you must be brave and take it as God's good will. Sure He knows best. I have not long in this world. God will take me soon. He and His Blessed Mother will guard you, my boy; and, please God, I will be allowed to watch over my boy.' I burst

out crying like a child, and she kissed me again and again, and told me it would be better, as God was arranging it all for us, and she had suffered a lot, though she did not let me know. Then I tried to put on a brave face, and we said our Rosary together, and I felt better. She died on St. Joseph's day.

"The last fortnight was a dreary time. She was in the hospital, and I used to see her there when I could. They let me spend most of the last day with her, and she died a holy, happy death, with the priest beside her. When he turned to me and said, 'She is gone,' I felt alone in the world with nothing to live for."

"And then you left England?"

"Not at once, Father. I stayed on a few months in Barchester. That Summer was a terrible time. Dry, blazing hot weather, so that one could hardly work by day or sleep at night. There was a lot of illness in the place; fever was flying about, and Mr. Hunter caught it and died in a week. He left me twenty pounds in his will. I was hoping that perhaps the widow would carry on the business, and let me run it for her; though I was only a young fellow of seventeen I felt I was a man, and knew the business well enough to manage it. But she told me she had an offer for it, and that a new owner was coming in; and he brought his own people with him, two grown up sons, to help him. So I had to go. I had run the shop for a month after Mr. Hunter died, and I handed it all over in good order, and Mrs. Hunter, when she wished me good-bye and good luck, gave me ten pounds out of the money she got for the shop.

"I did not know where to look for another job, and you know, Father, how we Irishmen think of America as the place where there is work for everyone—though that's not so any longer, more's the pity,—so I told Father Corcoran I was off to Philadelphia now that

I had thirty pounds in hand, or, to be more exact, off to New York. And he told me that though he was sorry to part with me, he thought it was a good plan, and he gave me letters to friends of his in New York city, and from that day 'I never looked back.'

"After a rough passage in a crowded steerage I landed in New York with good health, a good trade in my hands, and a little money, and, thanks to Father Corcoran's letters, I found friends and work at once. And I made the fortune, but that's another story and a dull one. They say it's dangerous to be a rich man, and true it is. I've seen many a man poorer for being rich; and if I have not gone that way it's because by God's grace I have not forgotten what my poor mother taught me."

"She has kept her word," said the priest, "she has watched over her boy."

"Sure, Father. You are right again. I told her I would make a fortune for her, and now I want to spend some of what I have made for her and for my father. I've been thinking no end about old times lately. I feel like a lonely man for the last two years since my wife died. We had two children—my son fell by a Spanish bullet in the trenches before Santiago. It was a good death, for he was fighting for freedom, but I would have been a proud man if he had died fighting for old Ireland. My daughter is a Sister of Charity in San Francisco. It was not my plan for her, but it was God's; but I do feel lonely sometimes when I think of her. So I have been dreaming dreams again, and made my plans, and I have come here to see if you and I, Father, can make something out of them."

"I have no doubt they are very sound plans," said Father Ryan. "I shall be very happy to talk them over with you and see what can be done." He had

hardly given his approval in advance of his visitor's plans when he felt he must guard it by a proviso that "he would see what could be done." For even as he spoke it had occurred to him that Dennehy might possibly be one of those well-intentioned, but occasionally embarrassing "pious founders," whose ideas are more magnificent than practical. Perhaps by that subtle thought reading that comes into action when two people are talking together, Dennehy half understood what was in the priest's mind, for he almost answered the unspoken thought.

"See here, Father," he said, "what I have been thinking out means doing something fairly big for your church and school. I must see the school to-morrow. I guess it's something very different from the tumble-down shack of my school days, but it's the same school where I learned my lessons. Just as I am the same as little Pat Dennehy of long ago, though I've grown a bit since then. And the church is rebuilt; but it's for me the same church where I went to Mass with my father and mother. But then they are your church and school, and you must have the last word about anything that is to be done. I don't want to butt in and turn everything upside down. So that's a straight deal."

"It is like your good self to put it that way," said Father Ryan. "But I am sure there will be no difficulty in agreeing about any plans you suggest for helping our church and schools."

"If there is we must find a way round it, Father. Now just to clear the ground; I'm told most of the churches over here have got a debt of some kind on them. I reckon yours is no exception."

"Well, we are lucky here in Barchester," explained the priest. "We had a big debt on the church, but for twenty years the people have been collecting to

pay it off, and we are nearly clear now."

"We are talking business, Father. Do you mind naming the precise figure?" And as he asked the question Dennehy pulled a big wallet out of his breast pocket. "I want to make a contribution to this Sunday collection of yours," he added.

"We have got it down to about three hundred and fifty pounds."

"You're not talking business, Father. I want the precise amount."

"If you insist you shall have it," said the priest, leaning over to his desk to take from one of its drawers a little memorandum book. He turned over its pages and replied to the question: "The balance after our last payment was, as I said, three hundred and fifty. We have in the bank out of our collections just fifteen pounds against that."

"Net debit balance three three five," interjected Dennehy.

"Wrong," said Father Ryan, smiling. "It's something to catch a business man out. Our collectors are going their rounds this afternoon as usual, and this evening I shall have a bagful of pence and sixpences that will make up about another pound."

"Right you are, Father. We can't get the exact figure till this evening. Now let me come round again to-morrow. Then tell me what the figure is, and I will give you a check for it. And before your sermon to-night just tell the people the money collected to-day has cleared off the debt for good and all."

"I don't know how to thank you. I shall tell the people to pray for a generous friend of theirs who is clearing off what is left of the debt."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Father. I want to be there this evening, and I couldn't come to the church to hear your Reverence talking about me from the pulpit."

"But I must say something. They

will be wondering how I have got the money so suddenly."

"Let them wonder. Or, stop a minute. I have an idea that I like above all things. Tell them there is a legacy coming that will clear off the rest of the debt."

"But, Mr. Dennehy, you are alive, and I hope the time is far off when you will be having legacies paid in your name."

Dennehy laughed. "Yes," he said, "I reckon I'm all alive. But I told you I promised my poor mother I would make a fortune for her. This is *her* money I am going to hand over."

"Well, as you are so bent on it, I must find a way to put it as you wish."

"So that's fixed," said Dennehy. "I generally get my way in a business deal, Father. I shall see you to-morrow. By the way, is there a debt on the school?"

"No, that's all clear."

"So much the better. Please take me to see it to-morrow, Father. I have some ideas about it, but we can fix them up after I have seen it. You may have some improvements to make there, but whatever else we do, the boys must have a holiday. And there is another thing to be settled. I want to found a prize, or scholarship, to be given each year for the two things that really matter. I don't know how one of them will fit in with your British school regulations, but it must be fitted in. One prize, whatever it may be, each year will be for Christian Doctrine, and the other for history,—not lists of the kings and queens of England, but the history of the Old Country. I reckon the boys are mostly Irish."

"Yes. Irish or of Irish descent—though some of them seem hardly to know it."

"That's what the prize will put right. Make an Irishman proud of the old Catholic land that kept the Faith for him, and it will help to keep him true to it. Don't you agree to that, Father?"

"With all my heart."

"Well, we can fix up things for the school to-morrow, and there is something I want to do for the church, too, if you agree to it."

"You have done enough, and more than enough already—"

"No, indeed. There's something else. But we've had a long talk, and there are some papers I wanted to show you but forgot to bring along. We can go into it to-morrow."

"But, Mr. Dennehy, I must insist that you have done enough for me and my people already. I feel I would only be taking advantage of your generosity if I allowed you to suggest anything more. I don't know what to say to thank you."

"Now, please don't say anything, Father. Sure it's delighted I am to have the chance. We'll talk about it to-morrow, and I rather reckon you won't object to it. But I'm a reasonable man, Father, and if you can suggest anything better, I won't stand in the way. Now, I want to have a look at some of the old places. And to-morrow, if it fits in with your own plans, I want to come round about eleven and see the schools, and then you must come over to the Hotel, and we'll have a bit of lunch and another talk. Is that all right?"

"I shall be delighted," said the priest. "I shall expect you at eleven."

(Conclusion next week.)

WHAT are the works upon which all our profit, all our perfection, depends? All those which it is our lot to perform, but especially the ordinary ones that we do every day. These are the most frequent, and therefore upon these, more than upon others, we ought to fix our eyes and to employ our attention. The measure of their perfection will be the measure of our own. If we do them perfectly, we shall be perfect; if imperfectly, imperfect.—*Rodriguez.*

The Lore of Fans.

BY G. M. HORT.

THE origin of the fan is very ancient. Huge fans made of feathers, and borne on long poles, were part of the insignia of royalty in the East, and special slaves were assigned to the duty of carrying these emblems.

The Assyrian monuments represent Sennacherib attended by these fan-bearers; and fans, made of the feathers of the ibis, were used in Ancient Egypt to fan Queen Cleopatra as she journeyed in her royal barge. In Egypt, also, the fan had a peculiar importance as a symbol of the protective power of the gods, whose special favorites the kings were supposed to be. Their presence must have added considerably to the respectful awe in which the great of the earth were held; and the sight of their swaying beauty round the monarch, as he sat in state, must have been impressive.

Nor are fans without their sacred associations in Christian ceremonial. Used, during the celebration of the Mass, to drive away flies from the altar, they were carried in ecclesiastical processions, and received all the honor due to the service they had done the sanctuary. Besides the old idea of their sacred character, the suggestion of supernatural protection given by their great, outspread "wings," survived into Christian thought and practice; and to this day, great fans (*flabella*) are carried in the Papal processions, as a mark of honor to the Holy Father.

The dainty hand-fan of modern fashion bears, seemingly, but small resemblance to the stately and solemn *flabella*; but it also was known in very early times, and has a long history. Many are the legends of the origin of the first folding fan.

One story tells how, long ago in China, the daughter of a great Man-

darin, oppressed by the heat at some public function, took off the little silk mask, which custom decreed she should wear in public, and waved it to and fro to cool her face. This daring act led, at first, to a scandalized outcry; but afterwards, says the tale, to a new and highly popular fashion.

Another legend attributes the first folding fan to a Japanese artist who, some centuries before Christ, took for his model the wing of a bat. Other very probable models will suggest themselves to most of us: the leaf of a palm-tree and the human hand, so graceful and so flexibly shaped, are both essentially fanlike.

From the East, the fan fashion travelled to the south of Europe. The Italian princess, Catherine of Medici, when she became the bride of a French prince, introduced fans into France; her son, Henry III. was accustomed to carry a little fan about with him, and many of his courtiers followed his example.

This habit would have been considered quite reasonable in Japan or China where, up to this very day, fans are carried by women and men of all classes. But in France it seems to have been counted among Henry's many effeminate and foppish traits; and probably helped to give him his well-known nickname—the "Do-Nothing King."

In England, only women favored fans. Queen Elizabeth possessed, as we should expect, a number of very fine ones. But these Tudor fans seem to have been, mainly, of the stiff non-folding sort; and their long handles were favorite weapons of chastisement with the irascible ladies of the period, who ruled their households rather by fear than by love.

The Eighteenth Century has been justly called "The Golden Age of the Fan," especially in France, where fan-making became a serious art, and where

the best artists of the day were not ashamed to put their best work on the carefully prepared surface of the fan's "leaf" or "mount." The favorite material for the "leaf" were taffeta, silk, or fine parchment; the so-called "chicken-skin," of which so many famous fans were made, being a specially-treated kind of vellum. The great painter Antoine Watteau painted some of his most exquisite pastoral scenes on fan-mounts. Very elaborate, too, was the workmanship of the ivory, or mother-o'-pearl sticks, that form the folding-fan handle. The two outer ones, known as the "guards" or "panaches," sometimes contained tiny mirrors, or spy-glasses, and were beautifully carved, or enriched with inlaid patterns of gold or silver.

Vanity of Vanities! And yet these lovely playthings of leisure and luxury were sometimes put to graver uses. In the time of Louis XIV. large fans became the vogue at court; and in those days of much scheming, political secrets were often whispered behind the convenient shelter of some "grande dame's fan as she sat stately and serene at Versailles.

During the Revolution, the aristocrats who emigrated to England brought some very beautiful and valuable fans along with them; and were soon glad enough—poor souls!—to exchange the useless things of beauty for the bare necessities of life. So, in some cases, these costly toys became life-savers! Others, which remained behind in ill-fated France, had a stranger destiny still; for we hear that some of the ladies of Versailles carried their beautiful fans with them in the fatal tumbrils, and up the steps of the guillotine.

This sounds like a sad display of frivolity in the face of death; and we are inclined to think that only very light-minded people could have been guilty of

it. But perhaps those same fans, behind which so many foolish secrets had once been whispered, were used as a momentary shelter for wiser words, for last farewells and mutual encouragements, breathed by pale lips. Perhaps, too, an outspread fan, here and there, did, for its unfortunate owner, a yet greater service. Perhaps a priest, in the crowd around the tumbril, or himself seated in it to share his penitent's doom, was able to hear a faltering confession, and to speak words of comfort and absolution behind the delicate silken screen of Madame la Marquise's fan!

Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh.

CENTURIES before the so-called Reformation, the sons of the holy Abbot of Molesme had wandered far from the beautiful and peaceful forest of Citeaux to found other abbeys and monasteries, not only on the Continent of Europe, but in the islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Amongst other places in the land of St. Patrick where these white-robed Cistercian monks were welcomed, was a beautiful vale in Tipperary where they founded a house of their Order—that of Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh. Here, adown the ages of faith, they lived lives of prayerful usefulness, their voices raised only in praise and chant and prayer to their God, the spacious, smiling lands around cultivated and made fruitful to abundance by their own willing labor; the poor, ever welcome at the abbey gates, the sick, the needy, the sorrowful, the distressed always sure of help and comfort—temporal as well as spiritual. Though living in peace far from the world, the spectre which had arisen over Christian Europe was not unknown to them. “We are in God's hands,” the Abbot said, and his monks bowed their heads in silent assent. Neither craven

fear nor unworthy doubt assailed them as they went to and fro about their various tasks for love of Him who died for love of them.

Within the fretted choir they knelt, thirty-nine in all, lost in prayer, and so wrapt in Him whose bonds they wore that they heard not the din and clatter of Henry's bloodhounds as they hurried along the peaceful vale, eager for spoil and plunder, these vampires in human shape who pulled down in an hour what centuries had builded, and, in less than a day, hardened and degraded and polluted what ages had softened and cleansed and purified. So much the more satisfying to their lust of blood and greed of worldly goods it was that the shrine they were about to desecrate was Our Lady's Shrine and the day, Assumption Eve. The Mother of Him whom they hated was hated also of them. But as they swarmed to the gates, no one met them—no white-robed figure barred their passage.

“What!” cried the leader, “no monks here! The swine have fled and robbed us of their gold. Howbeit! we'll fire the sty and burn the bones.”

The gates were not made to withstand the power of strong hands. They were gates of peace—not of war. It did not need much strength, even cowards' strength, to fell them. Tumbling over each other in their haste, the sinful rabble crowded into the church and up the nave, regardless of His Presence there, even as that other rabble ages ago thronged the hall of Pilate and shouted: “Away with Him!” Yet, why this sudden halt—this look of fear on faces hardened with crimes? Only that white-robed ring of holy men praying the prayer of praise and thanksgiving within the fretted choir. A curious sight surely for their eyes accustomed to scenes of strife and bloodshed. But the shock was only temporary. The prize had not escaped,—had

not even attempted to escape,—nay, had not even realized that danger was near.

With one swoop the men fell upon the kneeling monks and blood and mangled bodies strewed the stones. The plunder was managed with almost the same despatch, and God looked down from His Great White Throne on thirty-nine souls standing before Him awaiting the particular judgment, and on a desecrated shrine in a shining valley where human lips would be heard no more sounding His praises at midnight hour, dawning day, or, in the evening, when the sun reddens all the sheaves of yellow wheat in the fair lands around where the toil of His servants had made the desert bloom as the rose.

Brother Marius was not amongst his brethren within the fretted choir. His duty lay in the fields attending to flocks or herds, or, mayhap, with sharp-edged sickle cutting down the yellow-eared sheaves destined to fill the abbey granaries in preparation for the coming Winter. His task finished, he hurried home through the golden hush of the Summer evening to assist at Vespers. The stillness of the high-vaulted nave did not strike Brother Marius as he entered the church, for quiet and peace were amongst the characteristics of Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh; but when he stepped within the fretted choir, his heart all but ceased to beat as he looked at the carnage Henry's human wolves had wrought. A moment of horrified stupefaction at the ghastly sight, and the monk turned away to throw himself on the pavement before a picture of Mary receiving Our Lord after He was taken down from the cross.

"Oh! Mother Mary, sweetest! how canst thou bear to see thy children dead around thine altar on Assumption Eve?" he sobbed. "The loveliest feastday of all the harvest-tide, when young and old stream forth with grapes and corn, and bring their freshest flowers to deck thy

shrine! Oh! Mother Mary, turn thy pleading eyes upon this mournful slaughter! Can it be thou carest not; canst thou forget Nenagh? No, sweetest Mother! Never! Speak that word before the Throne; that word of grace—just *one*."

He was silenced by a triumphant peal of sweet-voiced bells making wondrous melody in the silent church and filling the golden evening with the peace "that passeth understanding." And as he listened enraptured, lo! the martyred Abbot rose up with mitre, cope, and alb, the cross-bearer stood erect with his burden of love, the thurifer swung the incense, and two by two, the white-robed brethren stood up and walked in accustomed train. Never was chant of earth more sweet or more solemn, while angelic choirs swelled the strain, celebrating the entrance of the Stainless Maid into Heaven.

Thus runs the legend of Our Lady's Abbey of Nenagh, taken from O'Reilly's "Sufferings for the Catholic Faith in Ireland," as related by Henriquez, the Spanish chronicler at the Irish Seminary at Seville.

Hitherto Unpublished Thoughts of Joseph de Maistre.

Christianity brings ineffable joy; but it never laughs.

Passion can be conquered only by the Sacraments; which is a simple experiment in dynamics.

All religions have their mythologies; in a sacred religion the mythology is itself sacred.

All religious disputes must return to the axiom: be a Catholic or nothing.

Hero-worship is nothing but veneration of the saints, spoiled and poorly understood.

The first characteristic of a true religion must be that it rests upon authority.

Outside the Pale of the Church.

A SHORT time ago we published some memorable lines written by the saintly French Jesuit, Père de Ravignan, addressed to Queen Marie-Amélie, when her son, the Duke of Orleans, met with a death so sudden, tragic, and seemingly unprovided as to leave little hope of his eternal salvation in the minds of many pious Catholics. With fuller confidence in the infinite mercy of God, stronger faith in the efficiency of prayer; knowing that in this world, while a spark of life remains, there is no impassable barrier between grace and the soul, mindful, moreover, that the moment of death is exceedingly hard to determine, and that an instant of time suffices for a complete change of heart, Father de Ravignan was able to pen words which have doubtless afforded unspeakable consolation to a great many besides the afflicted mother and sorrowing friends to whom they were addressed.

Since that letter was published, a friend has called our attention to another one by that great father of souls, Cardinal Newman, quite as well calculated to console those who mourn for loved ones who died outside the Church. This letter, dated Sept. 4, 1862, was addressed to Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart (Sophia Ryder) on the death of her mother, the widow of the Anglican Bishop Ryder. To most of our readers the subjoined lines will probably be new, though they have often been quoted, and are doubtless treasured by a great many converts:

...I said a black Mass for your intention this morning, and had been intending to write you a line when your letter came....

We know perfectly well, and hold with all our hearts, that the Catholic Church is the sole Communion in which there is salvation. But we know, too, that there is such a state of mind as invincible ignorance; and the present Pope, in one of his allocutions, has expressly recognized it.

He has said, too—if my memory is correct—that no one can decide who is in invincible ignorance and who is not. Indeed, it seems plain that it would require a particular revelation in order to be able to do so.

For myself, I certainly do not consider—speaking under correction—that, in order to be in invincible ignorance, one must be out of sight and hearing of Catholicism, and that to be near Catholics is incompatible with such an ignorance.

Habit, formation of mind, prejudice, reliance and faith in others, may be as real walls of separation as mountains. Members of one and the same household may be more distant from each other in the intercommunion of mutual apprehension of ideas than they would be made by the interposition of an ocean.

Your dear mother may have been in perfect good faith. And if we once get so far as to feel the possibility of this, then we may take the comfort to ourselves, and believe that all those tokens of sincerity and devotion, which we see in our Protestant friends, are not mere appearances and pretences, but real evidence that their ignorance was *not* vincible and their separation from the Church *not* voluntary....

Till, then, I am called by the voice of the Church to think otherwise, I shall think hopefully where others, who have no means of judging, rashly despair....

The same thought is expressed more briefly, though not less clearly, by that other great convert of our time, Cardinal Manning, who never tired of declaring that many belong to the Church who are out of its visible unity. "The Church teaches that men may be inculpably out of its pale. Now, they are inculpably out of it who are, and have always been, either physically or morally unable to see their obligation to submit to it. And they only are culpably out of it who are both physically and morally able to know that it is God's will they should submit to the Church; and either knowing it, will not obey that knowledge, or, not knowing it, are culpable for that ignorance."

Let us leave to the uncovenanted mercy of God both those who seem to die out of the pale of the Church, and those whose death is apparently unprovided and unhallowed.

Notes and Remarks.

The immortal Homeric nap, which in literature covers as many sins as charity is said to atone for in ordinary life, frequently turns into a long and profound siesta against which all alarms are powerless. How consistently the Catholic body has worked to clear up misinterpretations of dogma and practice is exemplified, for instance, in a vast literature concerning the veneration paid to the Blessed Mother. This magazine, with more than a half-century of weekly issues to its credit, has kept this goal always primarily in view; and THE AVE MARIA is merely an echo of age-long, world-wide teaching and homage. Still, in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. William Yale disfigures a good article on the Jewish question with this sentence: "The Christian conception of womanhood is probably due to the fact that early Christianity was based on the worship of a Virgin Mother."

The slumber of Mr. Yale and his editor will probably not be disturbed by anything we could say about the veneration of the Blessed Mother in early Christianity and present-day Christianity; but they should realize how strongly their attitude impels us to believe that they are not awake.

Such advocates of State rights as are toying with the revised Towner-Sterling Bill would do well to read and digest thoroughly this declaration of the editor of the Boston *Herald*: "The educational bills, however modified, propose to bring within the scope of the Federal Government all educational activities. . . . There is no such thing as compromise or middle ground. Either the individual States must determine their own educational methods, or the Federal Government must control the States.

The two systems can not be combined. When the States begin to look to Washington for funds with which to support or to stimulate their public school system, they will inevitably look to Washington for guidance as to how those funds shall be expended."

The only safe policy to pursue is the old one,—oppose the beginnings. Instead of inviting the Federal Government to meddle further with matters belonging exclusively to the individual States, it should be restricted to its proper sphere of action.

Is it not about time that the history of modern Acadia should be more generally known and appreciated? Or, will Americans and Canadians—to say nothing of other peoples—persist in accepting as actual conditions those described by Longfellow in 1847,

Still along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants whose fathers from
exile, etc.

Even so excellent a work as the Catholic Encyclopedia treated Acadia as though its history in the past half-century were non-existent; and only the other day the *Toronto Globe* published this derogatory paragraph:

Of course, the Acadians are still represented in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Some years after the expulsion in 1755, following their refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the British King, a proportion of them returned and quietly settled near the Bay of Fundy. Their descendants may still be found along the shores of that bay in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick where the French language and primitive customs still are encountered.

Such ignorance of the present status of the Acadian people is scarcely credible, and not at all creditable to any Canadian publicist. As we have more than once stated in these columns, the founding of St. Joseph's College, at Memramcook, New Brunswick, in 1864, was a dynamic event, which radically transformed the race of which Evan-

geline is the literary prototype. If there is on the northern half of this continent any other homogeneous group, any other race, that has so rapidly and steadily advanced in social, industrial, and professional progress as the French-speaking people of Canada's Maritime Province since 1864, the story of such a group and such an advance has as yet been left unwritten. Sixty years ago English, Irish, and Scotch dwellers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island looked upon Acadians as little superior to Indians; to-day, Acadians, with distinguished representatives in the hierarchy, the priesthood, the religious life, the local and Federal parliaments, the world of industry and commerce, and the professions, enjoy unquestioned equality with the proudest of their fellow-provincialists.

The many hundreds of Catholic Sisters who have been attending the different summer schools of this country (supplementing long months of strenuous teaching by six weeks of intensive study) may gather some comfort from this complimentary editorial paragraph in *America*:

As Archbishop Curley of Baltimore reminded the Sisters who received their degrees on June 16 from the Catholic University at Washington, while it is well for them to practise the virtue of humility and to keep their names and station in life hidden from the world, it is not quite fair on their part, lofty as may be their motives, to keep the light of their scientific and literary achievements under a bushel. In the conditions facing them to-day, they must show their well-earned honors to the world, in every legitimate form. Properly organized and solidly mobilized for every practical purpose of education, from the tasks of the parish school, that humble but mighty bulwark of the Republic, to specialized research work in University laboratory and library, our Catholic Sisters constitute a magnificent power. They must use and canalize it effectively. If they remain, each and every one, faithful to the

rule of their institute, they will be as humble as before, and everywhere carry with them the sweet odor of Christ. But the time has come when they must plainly show the world what they are and what, in virtue of their scholastic achievements, they can accomplish in the sacred cause of education.

It is good to see that even in this age of exaggerated clemency in the matter of enforcing discipline, there are still some persons of authority who do not despise the old maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child!" Judge Talley, of New York, takes the same sensible view of the subject as do most experienced dealers with humanity in the making. We commend the following paragraphs—especially the last one,—from a recent speech of his, to the opponents of all forms of corporal punishment, even in exceptional cases:

Taking away from teachers in the school the right to impose judicious corporal punishment has undoubtedly tended to make children defiant of authority and of their teachers; and with moral teaching absent from the home, combined with its neglect in school, makes it small wonder that young people get out into life with their wills unformed, and come to believe there are no restraints.

This brings about a disrespect not only of law, but of morality, which, in my opinion, is undoubtedly the cause of the startling and disheartening proportion of apparently hardened criminals at seventeen and eighteen.

Chastising of the majority of children would be unnecessary. It is the knowledge that a child has that it may be chastised if it is wilfully disobedient that counts. It is the only thing which for the average unruly child is likely to make a real impression.

The following conservative lines from a paper, contributed to the August *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. A. Edward Newton, may not be assented to, but they will stimulate reflection:

I sometimes wonder—I am given to wondering—whether this holy experiment, as Penn called it, of Democracy would be thought successful by its founders. When I consider how clumsily we have solved, if indeed we can be

said to have solved, our governmental problems, I am inclined to doubt. Washington fought for, and secured for us, a continent. Are we not foolish to be robbed of our noble inheritance by the anarchist and the agitator? In letting down the bars—perhaps it would be more exact to say, in erecting no bars whatever around our possessions,—we have placed in jeopardy our most precious institutions, and in exchange we have secured—what? Cheap labor, nothing else. We mistake the rapid exploitation of this continent for a logical operation of Democracy.

I wish that we might pause and take stock of ourselves. Is it not time for us to go slow, to "stop, look and listen," as the railway signs have it, at dangerous crossings? I wish that we might descend to a higher order of living. I wish that we might not fell all our trees, burn all our coal, exhaust all our mines. Let us leave something for our children. As I look about me, I see much that disturbs me: the influence of the stock of Washington disappearing, and in its place two great political parties, bankrupt of ideals, led by rival demagogues interested only in securing or retaining power. I see one gigantic "Main Street," a Corso along which is a reckless race for wealth.

If the new Ireland is to become a great industrial country, it is likely that her industries will be differentiated from those of other lands that enjoy that reputation. This is the age of machinery, but not all Irishmen are enamored of machines. *The Irish Theological Quarterly*, for instance, repeats such criticism of machine-made articles and of factories as were common in the early and middle Victorian Age. Declaring that the use of machinery robs human work of its artistic character, the modern worker merely pushing a button or turning a handle, while the machine does the work, it adds:

It is a matter of universal regret that in this country we have already lost some of the fine arts that once made us famous all over the world. We are daily losing more of them, just as Continental countries are losing the spirit that raised their cathedrals and gave the world the works of art that nothing nowadays can equal. Art is the making of beautiful things. We must not adopt the phraseology of the

modern pagans, who call ocean liners and machine-made pictures "works of art." The real works of art of which Ireland is rightly proud were made by patient hands in the monasteries and homes of our country. They are fast disappearing. The factory, which has gathered families into the large cities in quest of wages, is driving them from the land. It stultifies every attempt to make a thing artistic. Not only does it for the most part concern itself with the making of second-class things, turning out products not to wear, but to sell; but it prevents the individual workman from perfecting his craftsmanship. If the old ideals are to survive or be revived, changes must be effected in the system, that will leave the factory something very different from the idol worshipped by the materialist philosopher.

What will impress the judicious reader as a still stronger indictment of the factory is this paragraph:

Where factories have been set up on a large scale, the traditional notion of the home has largely disappeared. The Catholic ideal has been to encourage families to live and work at home as far as possible. The factory raises obstacles that nothing but the most persistent determination can overcome. Not only does it bring the worker far from home: by its successive "shifts" it divides the working members of the family, sends them out at different hours, and renders impossible family meals, family prayer, and family life itself. Factory owners, wishing to have their employees near their work, have often built houses on the tenement system, and so struck the final blow against family privacy.

The evil effects of the factory system on home life have received too little attention, though individual manufacturers in different countries have done much to remedy them. Men with experience of strikes assure us that a prolific source of them is to be found in things which are lightly and generally disregarded.

Hope that the war frenzy will eventually give place to sanity and that in time the fear and hatred of Germany will disappear, is revived by the appearance, now and then, in leading papers and periodicals, published in all the

allied countries, of editorials like the following from the *London Month*. The determination to crush the enemy may not be so fixed or so strong or so general as it was, but suspicion and resentment are still rife; and until they have entirely ceased to exist international peace and prosperity will be out of the question. Only when the sparks have been extinguished will the danger of a conflagration be removed:

....The pretence that Germany alone was responsible for the war, that Germany alone committed atrocities, that every German is instinct with "Prussianism," that the whole nation, including the women and the babies, was consciously guilty of unjust aggression, that the principles and conduct of the Allies were always and everywhere beyond suspicion—all these assumptions, that in greater or less degree inspire the anti-German journalists, should be discarded once for all.

The war was the result of the rottenness of international morality, the blind struggle for commercial advantages—even Genoa, one observer reports, "stank with oil"—the unchecked competition in armaments, the denial of a common world-interest in peace and harmony, the worship of force rather than of right and justice. We may grant that this evil philosophy was most highly developed in Germany; but all the great nations were more or less infected with it, and the only way to a cure is to get rid of it altogether. Unfortunately, it dominated Versailles, with the result that all attempts to restore peace in Europe have hitherto failed.

This is a plain statement of the truth, and at this late date only those who are inveterately prejudiced or unalterably belligerent will resent it.

The question of securing reliable and truthful text-books in history for use in the schools is not confined to this country. In England just now a protest is being made by some Catholic publicists against the anti-Catholic tendency of a number of historical books used in the State schools. The *London Universe* takes this eminently sane view of the matter: "A perusal of numerous

text books issued for use in schools leads to the conclusion that a main fault is the treatment of the Protestant Reformation. It would, no doubt, be unreasonable to expect books intended for use in the State schools of a non-Catholic country like ours to present an avowedly Catholic view. We expect no such thing. If, however, it is wrong to take one side in a controversy, it is equally wrong to take the other. In State schools history should not take the form of partisan propaganda. Catholics, as equal citizens with anyone else, have a right to claim the abandonment of such a policy."

That reasoning applies to the public schools of our own country just as forcibly as to those of England; and, while lack of true patriotism is the main objection to some of the text-books now under fire here, the presence of bigotry is likewise an obnoxious feature of any text for young Americans.

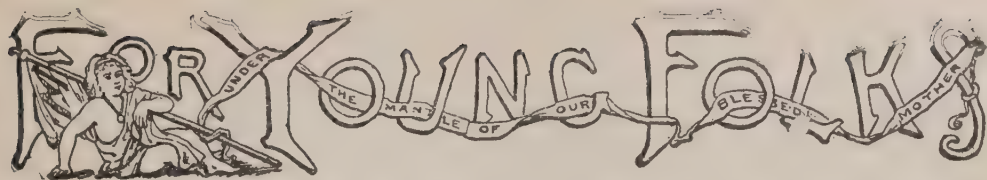
The *Dearborn Independent* publishes a letter which it has received from an Indian fisherman in Alaska, protesting against the trapping of salmon, which deprives the Redmen of a principal source of their livelihood. Among other things the writer (S. G. Davis of Hyda-burg, Alaska) says:

If the Alaska salmon is going to be cleaned out by fish traps, what are the Indian and his children going to live on?

Let me ask you with lifted hand: Are you going to see children tugging at the empty breasts of starving mothers? Are you going to see men taking their lives that their families may live? The Stars and Stripes never teaches, let Capital live, and let men and mothers and children die because they are poor.

Are the people of the United States going to see the fish trap owners starve out the Alaska Indian and his children just because fish traps are easy methods of making money?

We are not asking for something belonging to fish trap owners. We are asking for something belonging to God, who made it for all mankind,



A Gladsome Feast.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

ON many feasts, dear Mother,
Sweet homage do we pay
To all thy wondrous glories
In orderly array;
Yet ever still most dear to us,
The gladdest of the year to us,
With pleasure over-measure
Is thy fair Assumption day.
Thine other feasts, dear Mother,
Console us as they may,
Are but as constant glories
Along thine earthly way;
But this gives purest joy to us,
Content without alloy to us,—
The splendor full yet tender
Of thy fair Assumption day.
O grant us all, dear Mother,
Who own thy gentle sway,
A measure full of bounty
Ere speeds thy feast away.
Pour forth on us thy Mother-love,
Drive from our hearts all other love
As we glory in the story
Of thy fair Assumption day.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VI.

HUGH regarded the two boys curiously, especially Buck Swivels, who had said of himself: "Member of the Union No. 900, of New York. Out on strike for higher wages." It seemed to Hugh that boys in the city did not get what they called their rights either. Though they were independent and supported themselves, they had to put up with something, as well as those

who had fathers to insist upon their being in the house before dark, and mothers who sent them on errands.

"Yes," continued Swivels, "I'm the only boy employed in the Oradell Card Co.'s establishment." He did not think it necessary to add that the said establishment was a little ten-by-six den, and the proprietor an ambitious young fellow who had just set up for himself. "I've struck because at the last meeting of the Union it was decided that the scale of wages for No. 900 should be two dollars a week. I saw the president last night, and he says, says he, 'Stand firm, Swivels, against the encroachments of the blood-hounds of capital upon the rights of hard-working and conscientious youths.' And I says to him, says I, 'I will, sir?'"

"What wages were you getting?" inquired Hugh.

"A dollar and seventy-five cents. I've been out ten days now, but I won't go back at less than two dollars; no, not if they offer to compromise at \$1.87½. Fact is, I don't care much about goin' back at all."

"I think if I was Swivels I'd have worried along on the dollar seventy-five till I could do better," Hugh said to himself. "Indeed, I'd be willing to take the position now. Wouldn't it be a good idea?" Then aloud: "So you don't want to go back?"

"No—o, I'm not particular," drawled the other.

"Because if you don't want it, I was thinking I'd like the place."

"Yer would, would yer?" shouted Buck, bristling like a porcupine.

Hugh would speedily have found himself involved in another broil, but the messenger boy trod on his toes as a

signal to be quiet; and, holding back the irate striker, said: "Pshaw! Buck, don't mind him. He don't understand the rules of the labor unions. He's from the country."

"Yes, but it's these fellers from the country that make all the trouble, comin' here and bein' willin' to work for less money," growled Buck, sauntering off to air his grievances in other quarters.

"I didn't mean to rouse him," said Hugh; "but I'm anxious to get work."

"Oh, Buck's too easy rattled!" replied Nick. "But about the situation. I'll speak to the sergeant at the office in the morning; and if you meet me here at one o'clock, I'll tell you if he can take you in with us."

Suddenly remembering that he had a message to deliver, Nick hurried away. And Hugh turned to say good-bye to Beppo; for it was time for the evening papers to be out, and he hoped Jinksy would let him sell some more, so that he might earn a few pennies to buy his supper.

The little fruit vender had noted Buck's threatening attitude with apprehension, not being able to understand what was said. He made ready to return the compliment and fight for Hugh; but when the affair was tacitly "declared off," he retreated behind his stand. Now he came forward, with many demonstrations of gratitude; and selecting one of his finest oranges, two plump bananas and a generous handful of dates, pressed him to accept them.

"Oh—no!" stammered Hugh. But as the lad insisted, he finally yielded; and, thanking Beppo, started for the vicinity of the post-office.

VII.

When Hugh arrived at his destination, a disappointment awaited him. Jinksy was nowhere to be seen. A group of four or five newsboys had just secured their papers, and were making

various exchanges before separating. Going up to the most good-natured looking of the urchins, Hugh repeated the request he had made to Jinksy in the morning: "Let me sell papers for you?" The others glared at him, till he began to wonder if he had run against another trades-union. The good-natured looking boy appeared undecided. "Now, don't," advised one who was evidently recognized as an authority in the party. "He isn't a newsboy; can't yer tell by the looks of him? Did yer ever see a newsboy that wore clothes like that—not a rent in 'em, only dragged down at the pockets some? He's too dirty to be a blokie, an' too clean to be a newsboy. He's a fraud, that's what he is!"

So none of them would trust Hugh; but after they had gone the good-natured looking boy came back and said: "Here, I'll let yer have some papers; but yer must promise that if any of the other fellers come back yer won't sell for them, no matter how much they offer yer." Hugh promised. He did his best to sell the papers, but all the passers-by seemed to be supplied. "The luck is dead against me," he muttered finally; for he had not been able to dispose of a single one. "Confound it, yer're no good!" exclaimed his patron, who was not so good-natured, after all; and, with a few more expressions of disgust, he snatched the papers away, crying, "G'long wid yer!"

It was now dark. Beppo's gift of fruit had sufficed for Hugh's supper. He went into the post-office, skulked about the corridors, and spent the night there as before. The next morning he was fortunate enough to meet Jinksy, and to earn seven cents selling papers. Jinksy seemed to be his good genius, as far as this business was concerned; he had higher aspirations, however. For three cents he bought three rolls at a bakery and breakfasted. Having, in due season, also dined upon rolls at the ex-

pense of the remaining four cents, he set off to meet the messenger boy.

When he reached the crossing, Beppo's smile and greeting were very cheering. In a few minutes Nick appeared. After a "hullo" all round, he said to Hugh: "It's all right. The sergeant says to bring you along. You see, I'm in with 'Sarge' just now, and he's put me on the lucky gang,—that is, I'm one of the fellers that work from seven a. m. till six p. m. We've more running than others; but, then, it is something to begin and quit work when other people do, 'specially rather than go scouting around at night."

"I like to be out at night," said Hugh.

"You won't after you've been in the service a while," responded Nick. "You'll find that you get too blamed sleepy and fagged out. What makes you want to be a messenger boy, anyway?" he inquired, abruptly. "You don't look like a chap that has to take up with anythin'. Where do your folks live? Can't they get you an easier situation?"

"My friends are in the country," faltered Hugh; "and I came to the city to earn my living any way I could."

"Seems to me I'd a heap rather have tried to do that in the country," mused Nick. "I've heard tell how there's lots of ways of makin' money there—raisin' chickens and takin' care of cows and horses, and workin' in the fields. I wouldn't like to slave for one of the hard old farmers that the stories in the Nickel Library tell about, but I've often thought I'd like to make myself useful upon a gentleman's place. Perhaps, though, *you* had a tough experience with a farmer?"

Hugh hesitated. Before him arose the picture of a spacious home, with a well-kept lawn, and flower beds now abloom with tulips. In the rear, the cherry-trees in blossom; and a small stable with the two Alderney cows, Cushla and

Bauna, in their stalls; and Major, the prettiest horse in Hazelton, perhaps at this moment harnessed in the light, two-seated vehicle called the little rockaway, waiting for George to drive to the train for his father. Mr. Courtney's business was in a neighboring town, and on Saturdays he went home early.

"No—o," Hugh managed to say at length; "I lived on a gentleman's place."

"Well, now, I can't see why you left it to tramp these dusty streets," Nick went on. "Mother and I are always plannin' to live in the country. I'm better off than most fellers you meet: I've a mother, you see; but my father's dead. When we get rich we're goin' to have a bit of ground in the country, if it's only twelve foot square; and we're goin' to keep a pig. I think mother'll be perfectly happy when she can keep a pig, same as they do in Ireland, where she came from." Nick laughed a kindly little laugh as if he looked forward to the day when she might be gratified. "And, then, there'd be a chance for skatin' and coastin' in the winter—"

"But you can have those pleasures here in the Park," interrupted Hugh.

"Skatin'? Yes, sometimes," admitted Nick; "but coastin'—no, sir! there's not a place in New York where a feller's allowed to coast. Of course, if he's rich he can risk it in the Park, and pay the fine when he's caught; but if he's not rich, he's likely to be marched off to the police station."

Hugh looked astonished. The charms of the metropolis as a place of residence for boys who wished to do as they pleased were vanishing one by one.

"Then, in the country," added Nick, pursuing his day-dream, "there'd be fishin' at this season and shootin'. I'd manage to borrow a shotgun somehow."

"I have one of the finest rifles made," exclaimed Hugh, carried away by the enthusiasm of his companion.

Nick stopped short and regarded him

with a stare of amazement. "The dickens you have!" he ejaculated, slowly.

Hugh could have beaten himself for the words which had escaped him. "That is—er—I had," he added, haltingly.

"Well, I've never been in the country, but I hope to go sometime. Not till mother can come too, though. I couldn't leave her to worry, you know," continued Nick.

Hugh sighed. With a twinge of remorse he recollected that he had left as good a mother as any boy had, without a thought of how she would feel. He knew that Nick was stealing puzzled and curious glances at him; so in an embarrassed way, as if eager to speak of something else, he said: "Since I'm going to join the ranks, I suppose you won't mind telling me what are the wages of a messenger boy?"

"Oh, from three dollars and a half to four and a half a week," returned Nick.

"That's first-rate," observed Hugh, wondering why Swivels did not look for this kind of easy employment instead of posing as a martyr for the benefit of the Junior Union; and thinking that he himself had shown excellent judgment in choosing this calling, Nick's disparaging remarks notwithstanding.

"Not so fast," laughed his friend. "A feller's salary is always bein' docked for lots of things; not one in ten ever draws his full pay in cash. But you'll see how it is fast enough. Here we are. Come on!"

(To be continued.)

THE name of the State of Vermont is derived from the French—*vert mont*, which means "green mountain." Pennsylvania was named for its founder, William Penn, who was a Quaker. "Sylvania" means woods,—hence we have Penn's woods.

A Great Teacher of the Olden Times.

"ALBERT THE GREAT." Not a great soldier like Alexander, Napoleon, or Frederic of Prussia; not an explorer nor, as the world goes, a hero; but yet "Albert the Great."

It seems a long stretch of fancy to go back to the men of the Middle Ages; to imagine them amid their quaint and often crude surroundings; voicing their thoughts in strange form, themselves clothed in costumes to us as strange. Yet, when we come to know more of them, of the stern simplicity of their lives, their keen sense of right and wrong, and their childlike faith, we get glimpses of an age ruder, no doubt, than ours, but in some manner worthier, as it was nearer creation's unsullied dawn.

In far-away Swabia, near the close of the twelfth century, to a pious couple somewhat advanced in years a little child was born. It would be pleasant to have the particulars of the infancy and youth of that little lad, who afterward set the world on fire with his wisdom and goodness; but our accounts are meagre. He who wrote so many volumes that simply a list of the titles fills many pages in catalogues, made no mention of himself. But we know how other children of that period were reared and taught, and doubtless the little Albert was no exception—going to school like the rest when seven years old, and put to studying the Latin grammar as soon as he could read and write his own language. There were no printed books in those days, and teachers instructed orally. We know that in this way Albert learned the entire Psalter, which was as familiar to him as the "Our Father" is to our young readers.

The time came when he had to choose between quiet study and the profession of arms. In his family were many Crusaders, and it would not have been strange if the youth had, like them,

joined the large army of those who went to fight for the Faith and the Holy Sepulchre. But he inclined toward the studious life, and was sent to Padua in Italy to study philosophy. There he remained ten years, surpassing all others in knowledge of every sort. We hear of him there, tall, strong, and handsome, habited in a coat of silk, a sword girded at his side, a plumed cap upon his head, like many another young noble. Yet he was never frivolous, and among his companions was known as "the Sage."

More even than the Latin classics, of which he was so fond, he loved the study of Nature, and longed to know all her secrets, and the laws by which God governs the world. A strange legend is told of this period in his life. As he thirsted for knowledge, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in a vision. "You shall have the light you seek," she said; "but before you die it shall be taken from you"—a prophecy literally fulfilled.

When it became necessary to decide between the law and the Church, he pondered long. Again, it is said, Our Lady came to him, and told him he must become a Dominican, or Friar Preacher. His uncle, who was also his guardian, tried to dissuade him; but the Blessed Jordan of Saxony, who had already invested a thousand men from the Universities of Bologna and Paris with the white habit of St. Dominic, went to Padua, and by his preaching decided the destiny of the Swabian scholar. The famous Albert, who was courted by all, became a poor friar, with shaven head and coarse white gown. His fine room at the University was exchanged for a humble cell and hard bed, and he who had always commanded learned to obey.

His superiors sent him to Cologne and other places as a teacher, and his success was almost marvellous. An old hall is still shown in Ratisbon called "Albert's School." Wooden seats for

the pupils are ranged around, and in the centre of the wall is a carved oaken seat known as "Blessed Albert's Chair," from which went forth eloquent and persuasive words, thrilling the hearts of those who listened. It was here that the boy whom we know as St. Thomas Aquinas came for instruction—worthy pupil of such a teacher. When Albert taught in Paris there was no building that could hold the number of scholars present, and he expounded science to them in the open air, as they sat around him on straw strewn upon the ground.

His piety was a marvel even for that age, and his humility as great. He spent whole nights in prayer, recited all the Psalms daily, and of all the brethren was most meek and gentle. In the course of years he was made Provincial of his Order in Germany, but so great was his love of holy poverty that his long journeys to the convents under his care were made on foot. He took no money with him, begging his way like any mendicant. There was no limit to his industry or zeal. He planned churches, wrote books which have been the wonder of posterity, and was often selected as arbitrator, or peacemaker. One memorable journey was made to Poland, where paganism was threatening the truth. He went to that country, traversing the rough roads unshod, uprooted the heresies and faults, and returned to his home again. The greater part of his life was spent in travel, not on richly caparisoned horses, but with bare feet over flinty stones and through mud and mire. Even after he became very old he undertook journeys which would have appalled younger men.

At the age of sixty-six he was, much against his inclination, called to the vacant See of Ratisbon; but, in order to avoid display, the new Bishop entered the city in silence and darkness. He was absolved from his vow of poverty, but to that paid little heed, and wore

such coarse shoes that he was called by the people, in no unkindly spirit, "Bishop Big Shoes." He persisted in his pedestrian habits, tramping over his large diocese, while a beast of burden bore his books and vestments. The money which he saved by his economy went to pay the debts of his more luxurious predecessors.

It was natural that one consumed with such burning love for poverty should long for his quiet cell again, and after a few years of his episcopate he returned to his convent. One wrote of him: "Brother Albert was reluctantly burdened with the Church of Ratisbon; thus, as soon as he has obtained permission, he casts it far from him, as a hot coal which burns the hand, and returns to the poverty of his Order." The rest of his life was passed in the companionship of his pupils and his brethren. He left them on two notable occasions, however—once to go to Paris to defend his beloved Thomas Aquinas, and again to preach a Crusade.

He lost his memory and his learning some three years before his death, as the Blessed Mother had foretold, spending those years in preparing for the end, which came when he was eighty-seven. Thus lived and died the flower of the Middle Ages, a scholar without equal, a humble servant of God and a devoted champion of His Virgin Mother.

A Coin and a Claim.

A Chinese coin 3000 years old was once found by some gold-miners who were digging a claim on the Pacific coast of British Columbia. It is supposed that it was left there by Chinese mariners who were wrecked on the coast at that early day. So if the right of discovery constituted a right to live in a country, it is evident that the Chinese should be allowed to come to America and remain here.

A Miracle of St. Benedict.

In the "Dialogues of St. Gregory" it is related that on one occasion, when there was a great dearth in Campania, and St. Benedict had given away all the wealth of his abbey to poor people, so that there was nothing left in the cellar but a little oil in a bottle, a certain man, called Agapitus, came to him craving some oil. The servant of God, who was resolved to give away all upon earth that he might find all in heaven, commanded that the request be complied with. But the monk that kept the cellar, though he heard what the Saint commanded, did not obey. Not long after St. Benedict inquired whether he had given that which had been ordered; the monk told him that he had not, adding that if he had done so, there would have been none left for the convent. Then St. Benedict commanded another monk to take that bottle with the oil, and to throw it out of the window, to the end that nothing might remain in the abbey contrary to the spirit of obedience.

"Under the window there was a huge downfall, full of rough stones, upon which the glass did light, but yet continued for all that so sound as though it had never been thrown out at all; for neither the glass was broken, nor any of the oil shed. Then the man of God did command it to be taken up again, and, whole as it was, to be given unto him that desired it; and in the presence of the other brethren he reprehended the disobedient monk, both for his infidelity and also for his proud mind."

THE English words "dad" and "daddy," which so many children, old and young, use in addressing or referring to their fathers, are derived from the Irish word *daid* and the Greek word *tata*, meaning father.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Priest Before the Altar," by F. MacNamara, C. SS. R. (Kenedy & Sons), is a handy compilation of preparations and thanksgivings in connection with the Sacrifice of the Mass. Two series by St. Alphonsus, for every day of the week, are supplemented by the regular prayers for preparation and thanksgiving to be found in the Roman Missal, and by numerous indulgenced ejaculatory prayers. Price, \$1.05.

—"They Also Serve," by the Rev. Alexander J. Cody, S. J., a brochure from the press of *Our Sunday Visitor*, is an appeal for Brothers. In ten interesting chapters, the author discusses such topics as are of paramount concern in the matter of a vocation to the Religious Brotherhood, and more especially the lay Brotherhood. The little work deserves wide circulation, and will be as helpful to pastors as to Catholic young men.

—"The Frozen Barrier," by Belmore Browne (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a thoroughly good story of adventure by the author of "The Quest of the Golden Valley" and "The White Blanket." Two prominent characters in these earlier books, George Draper and Fred Morgan, are the heroes of the present tale; and the innumerable incidents of their perilous journey into the heart of Alaska will be sure to thrill every boy (and boylike man) who reads the graphic narrative. Price, \$1.75.

—A lovelier little book of devotion and meditation for the weeks between Easter and Ascension Thursday than "Sundays in the Garden of Easter" one can hardly imagine. It is written by E. Seton, and devotes itself to the twelve apparitions of Our Lord after His Resurrection, with a beautiful prayer of thanksgiving for each. Lovers of the Scripture and of the Sacred Liturgy will rejoice in the hymns of the Church and the abundant texts which form the essence of the book. Benziger Brothers; price, 75 cts.

—Father Martin Scott, S. J., who is so favorably known as the author of several exceptionally good books of a serious nature, has entered the field of fiction; and P. J. Kenedy & Sons publish his first story, a juvenile, entitled "A Boy Knight." It is an admirable book that will prove interesting to young people, and will, perhaps, be still more interesting to the young people's parents. A story for

boys, and a story about boys for grown-ups, are not synonymous terms; and Father Scott has apparently been unable, or unwilling, to forbear reading a strong lesson to fathers and mothers. The boys will forgive the moralizing, however, in their delight at the dramatic realism of the action, especially the climax-reaching football game. Price, \$1.50.

—"The Founding of a Northern University," by F. A. Forbes, is really a book of sidelights about the city of Aberdeen, Scotland, before and during the Reformation. The University situated at this venerable city comes in only occasionally; we find out a great many secrets about burghers and clerics of the early time as well as a moderate amount of what took place when "Bonnie Scotland" began to be Presbyterian. Considerable space is given, quite desirably, to a noble figure in Church history, Bishop Elphinstone, of whom Boece says: "The city of Aberdeen long mourned for him as a father, saying sadly that the glory of Aberdeen and their own happiness had passed away with him." B. Herder Book Co.; price, \$1.75.

—"The Knight's Promise," by A. E. Whittington (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is an illustrated boys' story of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. The setting is a Catholic school in England; but the atmosphere, incidents, and general action will appeal to the American juvenile scarcely less forcibly than to his young co-religionists across the Atlantic. Smugglers' caves, haunted manors, rescues from fires; and, incidentally, good-humored boxing-matches, with the chastisement of a bully,—these are cosmopolitan subjects of interest to all boys—and most men—the world over. The religious element of the story, while prominent, is not unduly so, especially in these days of frequent and daily Communion. Price, \$1.85.

—Mr. Michael Sadleir, the clever author of "Privilege," has just published "Excursions in Victorian Bibliography"; and portions of his work will scarcely provoke the admiration of present-day maligners of the Victorian era. For instance, he expresses the pleasure he has found in the work of Trollope, Disraeli, Wilkie Collins, Marryat, Charles Reade, Herman Melville, Whyte-Melville, and Mrs. Gaskell. Mr. Sadleir, in his excellent preface, tells how he came to an appreciation of these writers after riotous intercourse with the Symbolists, the

Gaelic Mystics, the Realists, the Neo-Barbarists, the Cubists, and all the rest. He says: "We prodigals, returned from our rioting, and sick with the husks of a *démodé* violence, stoop to any self-abasement, to any denial of our own past judgment, so we be allowed entry to the quiet courts and ordered opulence of the age we once affected to despise." Coming from one of the most modern of the younger school of novelists, this tribute to the lesser lights of the Victorian Age is decidedly worth while.

—"The Catholic Evidence Movement: Its Achievements and its Hopes," by the Rev. Henry Browne, S. J., is as interesting a work on mission endeavor as has come to our table in a long while. The Catholic Evidence Guild came into actual being only four years ago, but it has already more than justified its organization; and it gives strong hopes of doing still better work in the matter of making Catholicism thoroughly familiar to the millions of English people who either do not know our religion, or know it only in caricature. Although in close touch with the clergy, and under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority, the Guild is a lay movement in which duly tested and accredited laymen take the chief part. Father Browne tells the story of the Guild, its methods, and its aspirations; and, incidentally, deals with similar missionary enterprises in other parts of the world than England, our own country included. There is an appreciative preface to the volume from the pen of Cardinal Bourne. For sale by Benziger Brothers; price, \$2.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Grimes, bishop of Syracuse; Rev. R. J. Roche, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Felix O'Hanlon, diocese of Rochester; Rev. Amedee Guy, C. S. C., and Rev. Zigismund, O. S. B.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 26.—St. Zephyrinus, P. M.

SUNDAY, 27.—TWELFTH AFTER PENTECOST. St.
Joseph Calasanctius, C.

MONDAY, 28.—St. Augustine, B. D. St. Her-
mes, M.

TUESDAY, 29.—Beheading of St. John Baptist.
St. Sabina, M.

WEDNESDAY, 30.—St. Rose of Lima, V. SS.
Felix and Comp's, MM.

THURSDAY, 31.—St. Raymund, C. St. Aidan, B.
SEPTEMBER.

FRIDAY, 1.—St. Giles, C. The Twelve Brothers,
MM.

SATURDAY, 2.—St. Stephen, K.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, P. 48.

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 26, 1922.

NO. 9

[Copyright, 1922: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Song for the Summer Harvest.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

IN the immaculate evening, when the hearth
of day is clean,
And the beauty of earth walks queenly,
meditative, strong,
I and the loves I cherish kneel at your shrine,
my Queen;
Mother of harvests and gleaners, and
Mother, too, of all song.
The fields are gaunt with stubble where the
grain is mounded up;
At rest are the whining binders and the men
have moved them home.
Mother, my sheaves are slender, but the sweat
stood in my cup;
Grant other years of tilling, and your rain
be on the loam.

A Type and a Symbol of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

I.

IF we desire to know something of the greatness and glory of the Blessed Mother of God, it will be well for us to regard her as she is memoried in the pages of Holy Scripture. In the New Testament little is related concerning her; the Holy Spirit, as St. Thomas of Villanova remarks, has not given an account of her in words, because it is easier to imagine than to describe the perfections and dignity of one who sur-

passes all creatures in beauty and sublimity. From the Old Testament, however, much may be learned of her privileges and prerogatives. It abounds with types and figures, which foreshow the Mother of the promised Messias.

St. Bernard says: "Mary was long beforehand promised to the patriarchs, prefigured by mysterious wonders, foretold by the oracles of the Prophets." The old is a type of the new; the mysteries of the Christian faith are portrayed in the narratives of the Old Dispensation. Let us seek in these characters and symbols under which she is pleased to conceal herself, her who is the brightness of eternal light, and whom we love to address as the Cause of our Joy.

Of all the types of our Blessed Lady to be met with in the Old Testament, the earliest and most prominent is Eve, the first woman, the common mother of mankind. Mary is often called the Second Eve; because as Eve was the mother of all men in the order of nature, so Mary is the mother of all who are born again in the order of grace. Many are the points of similitude which exist between the first and second Eve, and many also the points of contrast between them. How beautiful was Eve when she came forth from the hands of her Creator! To her might have been applied the words afterwards addressed to Mary: "Thou art all fair, and there is no spot in thee." Eve did not pass through the stages of infancy and childhood, but

entered upon existence as a mature and perfect woman, beautiful, chaste, innocent and holy.

Still more beautiful was Mary, whom God destined to be the Mother of Christians, the Queen of heaven and earth. She was the masterpiece of creation, the sublimest work of divine omnipotence, endowed with every grace and blessing which a creature is capable of receiving, possessed of intelligence and reason from the first moment of existence. From the side of Adam, whose body was formed of the dust of the earth—of that pure virginal soil onto which no shadow of defilement or decay had yet fallen,—Eve was fashioned by the hands of God Himself, without blemish or imperfection. Mary was, in like manner, the special work of God, created by an express exertion of almighty power. In her favor He suspended the law whereby it was decreed that all men should be born with the taint of sin, in a state of enmity with God. As Eve at her creation, so Mary at her conception was immaculate; like Eve, she was gifted with perfect innocence, absolute purity, angelic holiness.

Eve, alas! soon fell from this blissful state of original innocence; and by her fall she herself and all her posterity were made subject to sin, and to death, the penalty of sin. Mary never knew what sin was: she was never estranged from God. By her the curse that was passed upon the children of Eve is transformed into a blessing. What was marred by the guilt of Eve by Mary's innocence is made good again. Eve swallowed the poison; Mary brings the antidote. Eve listened to the promises of the serpent, and by one act of disobedience brought sin into the world; Mary listened to the message of the Angel, and by one word of obedience became the channel of salvation to all mankind. Eve, in consequence of her

weak compliance with the suggestions of the devil, was driven out of Eden; Mary, by her ready submission to the will of God announced by St. Gabriel, deserved to be assumed to the celestial Paradise.

"Eve's disobedience," says St. Epiphanius, "was atoned for by Mary's perfect obedience; Eve's incredulity by Mary's faith; Eve's folly by Mary's wisdom. Through Eve the sentence of death was passed on the whole human race; through Mary it receives pardon and salvation; the obedience of the one restores the equilibrium that the disobedience of the other had destroyed."

"Through a woman," says St. Ambrose, "evil came into the world, and through a woman came good. We fell with Eve, with Mary we stand upright; through Eve we lie prostrate, by Mary we are lifted up. Through Eve we were brought into bondage; through Mary we are emancipated; by Eve we live, by Mary we reign. Eve is the cause of our mourning, Mary is the cause of our joy."

God has appointed Mary to this blessed office of bringing home again to Him His banished children; therefore "we, poor banished children of Eve," cry to her from this "vale of tears," that through the merciful intercession of the Second Eve, we may be restored to our true country and our Father's house. We pray, *Causa nostrae Laetitiae, ora pro nobis!*

II.

Many of the miracles of the Old Testament seem to have little or no meaning, except in their bearing on the Christian dispensation. It is not easy to understand why God should appear to Moses in the midst of a burning bush, unless He thereby intended to foreshadow one of the mysteries of the New Law; or why He should cause the bush to be on fire without being consumed, unless this were a symbol of one of the

wonders accompanying the Incarnation of Our Lord. But in view of the divine maternity the meaning of the portent is not difficult to understand. Mary is the burning bush in the midst of which God appeared to the Prophet as a flame of fire. What fitter symbol could be imagined of her whose heart burned with divine charity,—that ardent charity which ever burned without being lessened or extinguished, which was nourished and fed by the Holy Spirit, and which must have consumed her frail body by its intensity, had not God, by a sort of perpetual miracle, preserved her in this mortal life?

We read of some of the saints that they were so inflamed with the love of God that their breasts actually glowed with material heat. In the case of St. Philip Neri, so great was its vehemence that two or three of his ribs were broken; and some others of the saints were compelled to lay wet cloths upon their breast to allay the burning of their heart, the supernatural heat having communicated itself to their mortal frame. We know that Mary's love for her Creator surpassed that of all creatures; and yet the fire that glowed with such intensity did not consume its mortal tenement.

What fitter symbol, too, than the bush in which God appeared to Moses, of the still greater miracle of the Incarnation, when the Eternal Son of God dwelt within the womb of Mary; when a finite creature of earth bore within her the infinite God, whom no man can ever look upon and live? Well may we, beholding the reality of that which was foreshadowed by the burning bush, exclaim with St. Epiphanius: "O Virgin most holy, the sight of thee fills the angels with astonishment! Behold a stupendous miracle—a woman clothed with the sun bearing in her arms the Eternal Light; a virgin carrying the Son of God!"

Again, what fitter symbol than the bush that was on fire and was not burnt, of Mary's perpetual virginity,—of that wondrous miracle by which she became a mother and yet preserved in all its freshness her immaculate virginity? Thus the Christian poet sings of her:

Gaudia matris habens cum virginitatis
honore,—

"To all a virgin's purity
A mother's joy unites."

The bush burned with fire, and the flames wrought no harm to it: the Light, says the devout St. Bernard, of the world illuminated but did not destroy or impair the virginity of the Mother that bore Him.

Lastly, we see in the occasion of this wonder another mark of its suitability to Mary. It was the prelude to the delivery of the Israelites from Egypt by the hand of him who said: "A prophet shall the Lord raise up to you like unto me." Moses was on his way to defeat the enemies of God, and bring His people out of slavery, when he saw this great sight. God was about to deliver the Israelites by his instrumentality out of the hands of the Egyptians, and bring them on their road to the Promised Land, when He made Himself visible to His servant under the form of fire, resting in a bush. So Christ our Lord was on His way to save His people from the slavery of sin, the bondage of the devil, when He came down from heaven and condescended to abide with Mary in the house of Nazareth. And so all true Christians pray, *Mater Inviolata, ora pro nobis!*

Do not have a great variety of prayers; let the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" frequently flow from your heart to your lips. Love to repeat often these sweet prayers which Jesus Himself and His Church have taught us, to oblige Himself, as it were, never to repel us.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.

MARCIA sat busily sewing near her stepmother. She was hemstitching a new table-cloth, which Larry had brought home as an addition to the somewhat depleted stock of household linen. The talk between the women was more or less fragmentary. Mrs. Brentwood interspersed her comments upon the servants with slight criticisms of Eloise, who, according to custom, spent the early hours of the day in her own room.

Mrs. Brentwood prefaced her remarks with an apologetic:

"I do not like to pass any unkind criticism, but, really, my dear Marcia, her manner, at times, is decidedly quite annoying."

"Rather more than that," Marcia agreed, carelessly. For it was more her way to flash out into fits of angry annoyance against her cousin, than to sit down afterwards and discuss her in cold blood.

"This very morning," Mrs. Brentwood continued, "when I was doing my best to be agreeable at breakfast, she—she—was downright rude."

"The moral of which is," laughed Marcia, "not to try to be agreeable, especially at breakfast. Though, I must say, Eloise is rarely downright rude. Her politeness is usually faultless, and—but why should we discuss her?"

She rose and shook herself, as though getting rid of a burden, while she critically surveyed the finished hemstitch in her hand. Suddenly, she noticed that two tears were falling from her stepmother's faded eyes, on hands that trembled. Marcia hastened over to her, and bending stroked her cheek.

"Don't take it to heart," she said, softly. "Remember, it is only a pin prick, after all."

"I know, I know!" Mrs. Brentwood answered, drying the tears that would fall; "but she made me feel how old—and tiresome I am."

"She's more tiresome herself, with her affectation, and all that," flashed Marcia, "but we needn't mind her, we three; and, once having left here, she will have little to do with our lives."

The bell rang at that moment, and Marcia straightened, with a momentary wonder as to who the visitor could be, at that hour. She turned, as Sarah, presently appearing, announced:

"Mr. Gilfillan."

There was a pause, and a man entered. His figure was small, his height about medium, his face deeply lined, with eyes as cold as though they were made of glass. His costume, an attempt at the latest fashion, was indescribably shabby. He advanced with a light, springy step, that, but for its want of spontaneity, suggested a second youth.

"Mrs. Walter," he said, pausing beside the elder woman's chair, "permit me to recall myself to your mind. You have not forgotten Ambrose Gilfillan?"

"I remember Mr. Gilfillan, very well," answered Mrs. Brentwood, who had turned deadly pale and was visibly shaken.

"Oh, come now, that is very formal, and—"

He interrupted himself to give a laugh, as artificial in its sound as to suggest being manufactured.

"Yes," he repeated, "very formal, and suggests, as I was about to say, that your memories of me are not altogether pleasant."

"They're not," declared Mrs. Brentwood, with a coldness that surprised Marcia. "Though," she added, glancing at the girl, "since there are so many things that can not be explained now, it is better to let the past rest."

"Quite so, my dear lady, and only to

tell you, instead, what it is that has brought me here."

He broke again into that laugh which seemed curiously mingled with his discourse, proceeding at once with his hinted explanation:

"In the first place, of course, my desire to meet you again, and to make the acquaintance of another very charming member of the Brentwood family." He indicated Marcia by a bow, and continued: "For, you know, we Brentwoods—I am proud to say that I am one of them on my mother's side—were always clannish."

"There seems to have been some interruption in the clan spirit, as far as we are concerned," said Marcia, with a twinkle in the blue eyes, and a laugh which sounded like sterling silver, in contrast to the base metal of the other's mirth. The sound, no less than the words, attracted the man's attention; and he looked at the speaker with an intent, yet curiously shrinking glance. Turning abruptly away, he covered his eyes with his hand. "How like," he murmured—"how like the eyes!—those of your late father!"

Marcia, though without any preconceived opinion, felt everything about the man to be intensely distasteful. Yet, perhaps, it was the stirring of that clan spirit that made her strive to be cordial.

"For my part," she said, "I have always had considerable curiosity about the Brentwoods and—the past. I think my grandfather was the only one I have ever known."

"A remarkable man, my dear girl,—a remarkable man!"

"I suppose so," answered Marcia; "but he impressed me only as remarkably cold and stern."

"He was, yes," laughed Mr. Gilfillan, as though the girl had made a rare jest; "it gave one a sensation of ice down the spine, to look at him. Between you and

me, he was as stern as he looked."

Marcia disliked the man more than ever, as he uttered these words. The expression of his face she felt to be malicious. She was conscious of a keen desire to defend, to say something good, of the dead, thus cruelly attacked; but while she cast about for some form of speech, a voice from the armchair, which Marcia scarcely recognized, spoke emphatically:

"Grandfather Brentwood was a just man."

The visitor cast a sidelong, disagreeable look at the speaker.

"You think so?" he said. "I am glad to hear you admit that."

"Tell him, Marcia," cried Mrs. Brentwood, her old, flustered manner returning, "tell him, I admit nothing. I don't want to talk about such matters at all!"

The visitor still regarded her with a sly smile about his lips:

"I am not particularly anxious, either, to talk about our late, venerable relative; and, as to my reasons for this visit, in addition to that already stated, I have come, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to the newly-made heiress."

"Oh!" exclaimed Marcia; "why did you not mention that before? I shall send for Eloise at once. Fortunately, she has not gone out."

—When Eloise received the summons that a gentleman was waiting below to see her, she was considerably flustered. Sarah had not caught the name, which Marcia had been careful to give. She had, in fact, paid but little attention, having concluded that this matutinal caller was not one to interest the young lady of the beautiful costumes. She had decided that he was probably on a begging expedition. She had learned sufficient discretion not to comment upon such visitors as were received by the family.

So, Eloise, who could not read the

maid's thoughts, became visibly agitated, and, bidding Sarah say that she would be down in a moment, applied herself earnestly to the mirror. If it had been Gregory, she meanwhile reflected, Sarah would have said so, with that demure and decorous archness, which implied that she knew he would be a welcome visitor. It was evidently some one whom Sarah did not know, and who might purposely have omitted to give his name. It could be no one else, she concluded, than Reggie Hubbard, who had grown tired of waiting for her advent to town.

She went slowly down the stairs, striving for that perfect composure called for by her new rôle. She entered the living-room and saw, seated between Marcia and her stepmother, not the gay leader of cotillions, not the favored of many women, but the shabby figure which rose to greet her, with exaggerated eagerness, with a manner half-brazenly assured, half-cringing, extending a hand, and exclaiming:

"My dearest Eloise, how are you!"

Eloise stood still an instant, while a wave of hot anger, disappointment, and other less fully defined feelings, swept over her. Disregarding the extended hand, she advanced to a chair, as far off as possible from the visitor. In her excitement she did not notice that it was that same carved chair from which she had once hastily risen and which she had since avoided. The man, his pale cheek flushing, burst into his artificial laugh.

"Not a very warm greeting for poor Ambrose Gilfillan," he said, "and yet, and yet, Eloise, I have busied myself no little about your affairs."

His tone was pleading, but the girl, unmoved, responded:

"Your interference, I am sure, was altogether unnecessary."

"Are you sure, quite sure?" inquired Gilfillan, and to Marcia it appeared that

there was something indescribably spiteful and malignant in the speaker's face and tone. He nervously pulled at his white cuffs, thus calling attention to the fact that the sleeves of his coat were threadbare.

Suddenly a great pity, arising from some unknown source, surged up in Marcia's heart. The man was such a weak specimen, and he looked poor and mean and old. It was as though he had received a crushing blow, which had gained its force from something much more potent than a young girl's superciliousness.

"I did not want to see you," exclaimed Eloise, wreaking her disappointment on the intruder; her anger gaining force, as a sudden vision of Reggie—gay, insouciant and carelessly good-natured—rose before her. She burst out in a tone which surprised those who had hitherto seen the girl actuated by the restraints of a false and artificial politeness.

"I haven't the slightest desire for a visit from you; Gregory would have objected strongly, and—"

She paused as the man murmured under his breath:

"Ah, yes, Gregory Glassford would object, and—to some other things!"

Her anger, however, not having yet spent itself, she continued:

"And little as I know of the past that is definite, I feel that it is an impertinence, an outrage, for you to present yourself here."

"What!" cried the man, his conventional tones rising almost to a shriek, "you sit there in that chair, the graven image of your grandfather, and you talk to me in that way!"

"I am in the habit, generally speaking, of talking as I please," the girl murmured, though she was startled, more than she would have cared to admit, by the change in Gilfillan's manner, and the reference to her grand-

father, whose personality, since she had come to this place, seemed to haunt her.

There was a silence out of which Ambrose Gilfillan spoke, breathing hard.

"I can see that you are as hard and cold as he was; but I demand to know what you know of the past, that permits you to talk to me in such an outrageous manner."

Though Eloise began to regret that she had entered upon a contest which placed her in an unpleasant light before the onlookers, and deprived her of poise and self-possession, nevertheless she stuck valiantly to her guns, and repeated coldly:

"I do not know very much of the past; but I suspect quite enough to believe that you presumed a great deal in coming here."

The two had seemed to forget the presence of the others, resembling two actors in a mysterious drama. Mrs. Brentwood, though she had just reason to agree with the girl, was quite appalled by the bitterness of her words and her incivility to a man so much older, and who was, after all, a family connection. In a deprecating voice she murmured:

"Oh, my dear!" While the visitor, unheeding all save Eloise, who by looks and words had stung him to fury, rising to his feet, retorted:

"You!—you talk to me like that! You are a viper, turning to bite the hand that has warmed you."

"You are mad, quite mad!" exclaimed the girl addressed, with a contemptuous laugh. "You had better go away from here as quickly as possible."

"I will go! I will go at once!" the man exclaimed, rising, and trying to adjust his shabby clothes, while he reached out for his hat. "But if I come again, beware!"

He was trembling violently.

Marcia stepped forward:

"Mr. Gilfillan," she said, composedly, "though I do not understand the meaning of this strange scene, I hope you will not go till you have had lunch. We shall be taking ours 'presently.'"

Gilfillan hesitated, casting at the speaker a strange, half-scared look, in which there was a blending of many emotions. Eloise, her head resting against the carved chair, murmured:

"Surely, you will not do that."

The words seemed to drive away the last shred of the man's hesitation. He raised his head and Marcia was struck by the greenish pallor of his face.

"He is ill," she thought; "he looks like a dying man," and within her rose that tide of pity, struggling with her distaste for this unwelcome visitor.

In the cold eyes of Ambrose Gilfillan there was a flash, a malignant gleam, as he said, with a touch of his former jauntiness:

"If you will have me just as I am, dusty and travel worn, I shall be very glad, indeed, to take lunch."

He cast a defiant look at Eloise, who was scornfully regarding him, and who, rising hastily, said to Marcia:

"If you and Aunt Jane will excuse me, I shall not come to lunch to-day. Sarah will bring me some tea later on in my room."

There was a whole world of expression in her darkening face, as she hurried from the room, without another glance in Mr. Gilfillan's direction.

"A whimsical and capricious person is that very charming young lady," the man commented, kissing his finger tips to the departing figure. "At one time she seemed to be quite fond of her poor, old 'uncle,' as she used to call me. But, I suppose, it is the privilege of her sex to be changeable."

Despite Marcia's efforts, the lunch was a cold and formal affair. Mrs. Brentwood was unwontedly quiet, with a quite unusual chilliness in her man-

ner towards the guest, as though she could scarcely tolerate his presence. And even the brazen assurance, which was Ambrose Gilfillan's most marked characteristic, was scarcely proof against the elder woman's coldness, the snubbing he had received from Eloise, and what he seemed to find almost more trying, the clear, direct glance of Marcia's eyes. He avoided meeting her glance, when it was turned towards him, always with that curiously-shrinking expression.

He had been unable to resist accepting the invitation, partly out of defiance to Eloise, and partly because a daintily served and comfortable repast was quite a luxury to him who had wasted his own, and, as report said, other people's fortunes. As the meal progressed, he recovered more and more of his cheerful spirits. Still, it was a distinct relief to both the women when he took his leave. Marcia watched him going down the path to the gate, and, turning, said, apologetically, to her stepmother:

"We could not have done otherwise, could we? He looked so miserable."

"No, my dear, I suppose not!" Mrs. Brentwood answered.

"Then," continued Marcia, "Eloise was so—so utterly horrid to him."

For she knew in her heart that her pity for the man was largely mingled with condemnation of her cousin's rudeness. Unexpectedly Mrs. Brentwood observed:

"She may have had reasons of her own for being—disagreeable."

"They would have to be very cogent reasons," Marcia declared, "to treat an unfortunate old man, and a family connection, in such a manner. I fancy the shabbiness of his clothes had something to do with it."

(To be continued.)

THERE is no education without religion.—*Guizot.*

How Fra Capistran and John Hunyadi Saved Belgrade.

BY JOHN PAUL BARNES, A. M.

MANY histories, written by persons unfavorable and unfair to the Church, make little or no mention of the two great Catholic heroes who, in the Fifteenth Century, were largely, if not altogether, instrumental in checking the onrush of the Mohammedans from Constantinople for the possible conquest of all, or a large part, of Europe that was to the west, and for the subjugation of Christianity.

It was in 1358 that the Turks, crossing from their northwestern Asiatic homes, first extended the Ottoman Empire into Europe. They were followers of the so-called Prophet Mohammed. Seven centuries before, this merchant fanatic had taught that he, not Christ, was the Great One sent by God; and his fiery followers, in their military ambitions, were ever as much actuated by a desire of the conquest of Catholicism as by the hope of territorial gain.

For a century after 1358, the struggle between Christian and Mohammedan in the Bosphorous corner of Europe went on. Then, in 1453, after a siege lasting fifty-three days, the last of the Constantines surrendered to Mahomet Second, who then ruled and led the Turks to the famous and beautiful city of Constantinople, once the centre of Eastern Catholicism.

Great was the rejoicing of the wild, Asiatic, infidel hordes. The initial barrier was overcome; the first great outpost of Christianity and Europe was in their hands. But for Mahomet it was but a keynote victory, only a beginning. He looked upon Constantinople as merely a foundation stone in the conquest and empire of his dreams. The Crescent, he believed, was only at its dawn. North-

west he led his great, well-equipped, veteran, eager armies. Like leaves before a Winter gale, the Hungarians scattered and disappeared. To the very last gateway of Western Europe he brought his followers,—to the final territorial redoubt.

A splendidly fortified city was Belgrade; but at the time of Mahomet's arrival before it, the number of its defenders, never sufficiently great for such an emergency, had, largely through defection, shrunk to an impossible few. To the Western sovereigns messengers had been dispatched, begging that aid would be sent. But, brave as was the little garrison that remained, had it been compelled to wait until such assistance arrived, the red Half-Moon of the East would have been flung from Belgrade's walls.

That the banner of the Cross was not hauled down, that the Turkish tide broke upon the walls of Belgrade, and spent its force in vain, is to be ascribed, under God, to the zeal and courage of a humble Franciscan friar, John Capistran, or, as his name is sometimes spelled, Capistrano, and the valor and military ability of a Hungarian nobleman whose sword, even before this time, had won honor against the Turk.

Realizing that instant action alone would save the situation, Fra Capistran set out through the towns and villages of near-by Germany to gather an army of his own. Much as the might of Mahomet was dreaded, the intrepid Franciscan, by his untiring zeal and inspiring eloquence, succeeded in rallying to his banner of the Church and Civilization forty thousand volunteers. From a military standpoint, the make-up of this array, this army that was to check the advancing, victorious, experienced, thoroughly-disciplined, determined East, was ludicrously poor. Students from their books at the Church schools, priests from their pulpits, peas-

ants from the fields, with only a small detachment of Hungarian regulars, went to fill up its ranks. Into his recruits, however, Capistran breathed the spirit of the old Crusaders, the spirit of boundless bravery and unstinted sacrifice. John Hunyadi was asked to accept the command of the expedition, and on his agreeing, armed for the most part with slings, old swords, clubs and even farming implements, off the Christian forces set for beleaguered Belgrade.

On the march forward, Capistran with his exhortations kept up the morale of the men, and Hunyadi by ceaseless endeavor induced into their mobile ranks something like organization. After reconnoiter and council, it was agreed that the best strategy would be to try to pierce the enemy's lines which, with a great fleet, were flung across the Danube. The city's garrison had by this time been reduced to a comparative handful, and, with every communication to the place blocked, the supplies were becoming very low. Help must come quickly. But a fleet was required to carry out the proposed plan, and there were but few boats available. With all dispatch, the Christian forces set to work at the river's edge to construct rafts and small crafts sufficient to accommodate their number. Desperately they worked. At last enough of a navy was assembled for them to crowd upon. On the prow of one of the foremost boats, crucifix in hand, in a position as dangerous as it was prominent, Capistran took a place. The order was given to go forward. Nearer and nearer approached the Christian forces to the enemy. The lines were opposite. Now the fleets closed in battle.

Before its beginning, this contest with the splendid navy of the Turk's Danube forces had seemed half hopeless. Now with the battle on, that small promise grew even less. Surely, those rafts and

tiny boats with the Cross-flag above them would have to give way. But the Christian knights, thrilled by Capistran's daring and eloquence, absolutely refused to recognize defeat. Belgrade was their goal and toward Belgrade they kept the prows of their boats headed.

Hunyadi's little craft had made at once for the flagship of the Turkish admiral, and Hunyadi himself had been the first to spring aboard the enemy's deck. Fierce and bloody raged the fight. Then, little by little, it began to turn in favor of the Christians. Here a Turkish ship was taken; there, one compelled to retreat. Bravery was mastering odds. At last, complete loss staring him in the face, the Turkish admiral gave the signal for a general withdrawal, and quickly the entire enemy's fleet was in flight. The way to the city was open. Forward went the relief party. They made the gates. Wild were the shouts of rejoicing with which the garrison greeted them. Belgrade and themselves, they thought, were saved.

But Mahomet could not even consider failure. If his dreams were ever to be but dreams; if his armies and his sway were to move forward—forward, perhaps, till the Eastern Moon had risen and hung above all Europe,—then this central citadel must be taken; this midway point, to which ever new reinforcements could be brought up from Asia, and from which, as from an inland Gibraltar base, his operations might move forward, must float his flag. He gave the order for a general assault. Every available man and weapon was to be used. In comparison with this engagement, the fighting on the Danube was but a skirmish.

That battle between Turk and Christian for possession of Belgrade on July 22d, 1456, was as sharp and as terrible as any of which human beings are capable. The Turks took a large part

of the walls: they got within the city. The Christians, under the wild, charging might of superior numbers, had given way. Back in the city streets and lanes they retreated, a confused, disorganized mass. Among them Capistran and Hunyadi went pleading, exhorting. As a last, desperate move, a charge was ordered. Somehow, ranks were formed. Forward went the banner of the Cross. All day the fighting continued. Then with night came peace. For, under cover of darkness, Mahomet, having sustained a loss of from thirty to forty thousand men, drew off and abandoned the siege. The city was saved.

Belgrade and its siege in 1456 was the high-water mark, the Gettysburg, of Turkish success in Europe. Other campaigns of conquest were tried; none developed the menace of this one. Mahomet Second was the Alexander, the Napoleon, of the Turks; his power was broken on the bravery of two gallant Catholic heroes.

John Hunyadi died of camp fever on August the 11th, 1456, just a few weeks after Belgrade; and some twenty days later, Capistran followed him to the grave. The memory of them and of their deeds, however, has not perished. Although many non-Catholic writers have ignored these splendid soldiers and the superlative importance of their victory, that Church for which, along with Western culture and civilization, they dared and fought, will cherish their memories till the history of all the world is written.

I HAVE always had such a long list of books in perspective, which I know to be worth reading, that I have had no time to squander on doubtful books. I do not care to besmirch myself simply out of curiosity. Everything that one reads as surely affects the mind as food affects the body; and the results, I am afraid, are more lasting.—*Anon.*

Soggarth Aroon.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SHURE, 'tis lonesome on the mountain an'
 'tis lonesome on the hill
 Wid nothin' but the shrill o' gulls when all
 the world is still.
 But there's praties in the old tub an' meal
 agin' the wall,
 An' God is good to think o' us a teeny bit at
 all!
 An' glad am I to climb the road to reach this
 friendly door,
 For well I know whose love it is that guards
 the poorest poor.
 An', see, herself an' himself, they rise wid
 welcome kind and sweet,
 An' it's "oh, yer reverence, bless us, an' stop
 an' rest yer feet!"

Shure, Michael was the brave lad these sixty
 years ago,
 An' Katy was the happy maid wid rosy cheeks
 aglow.
 Michael had the brown hands from bindin' up
 the corn,
 An' Katy had the conny way in kitchen night
 an' morn.
 An' both o' them wud meet betimes to dance
 upon the grass,
 Or loiter homeward hand in hand from hearin'
 early Mass.
 An' so, herself an' himself they came (they
 called me Father John),
 An' 'twas "oh, yer reverence, bless us, an'
 make us twain as one!"

But things have changed since that far time
 when life was at the May,
 An' Katy's now a granny dark an' Michael's
 bent an' gray.
 The childer all have scattered just like birds
 from out a nest
 To all the corners o' the world, north, east
 an' south an' west.
 But both have bowed them to His will, for
 both are lovers true,
 An' the old love like the old wine is richer
 than the new.
 An' now herself an' himself, they rise an' bid
 me sweet goodby,
 An' it's "oh, yer reverence, bless us, an'
 Padhrig, clear yer sky!"

Tags.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

HE had the very reddest hair and the
 biggest freckles you ever saw in
 your life, and most people said he was a
 perfect little fright; but when he smiled
 and showed all his strong white teeth,
 you thought only of the beauty and
 gentleness of his expression, which was
 like a ray of sunshine.

Tags was only a ragged, little slum-
 urchin, who lived in one room with his
 old Grannie (who had been, all the time
 Tags knew her, crippled with the
 rheumatics, and sitting huddled up in
 an old armchair) and little Polly, who
 was Tags' very life; he knew her since
 an hour after she came, a tiny, wailing
 child, into their little back room—they
 had two then,—and Mrs. Welch, a
 neighbor, appeared with a bundle in
 her arms, and said: "'ere, Tags, 'old
 this child, while I be gone for Father
 Mason." Thus Tags came into possession
 of Polly.

Tags was eleven now and Polly was
 six, and she stood to him for everything
 that was good and lovely and most to
 be desired in this world; and I don't
 think Tags could have reconciled him-
 self to the other world without Polly,
 who had come to him when "Muvver
 went to 'eaven."

Tags had one big fault, and Father
 Mason and Sister Vincent at school had
 in vain tried to cure him of it; as he
 himself put it, he used "to say cuss
 words." No other boy in the school or
 slum could use such forcible language
 as Tags; it seemed to have been born
 with him. But one day, Father Mason
 had talked to him very seriously, and it
 showed how well the old priest knew
 children. He said nothing of Tags' own
 particular failing; but he impressed on
 the ragged little boy in front of him,
 that, now that Polly was four, and

beginning to pick up and repeat all she heard, he was bound, as her elder brother and protector, to see that she learned no "swear words," not even ugly words; and a vivid picture was drawn of Polly's white soul, over which a beautiful angel watched, who would see and count every stain that was made upon it through Tags' fault.

The boy's brown eyes never left the old priest's face; he took in all that was said, only he had not time then to think about what it all meant and implied; for had not Father Mason said one thing that made the poor little waif literally hug himself with joy all the way home: Polly was his, his very own, and she had nobody but him. And then, gradually, the two ideas combined, and his one ruling desire in life was for Polly's welfare of soul and body. But it took a long time for the boy to learn to speak at other times as he schooled himself to do when with his little sister. Neither the priest nor the Sister failed to notice the change.

Then when he was eleven came an event that changed their whole life. Tags had taken Polly home from school, and sold all his papers, and was sitting on a doorstep with a pal who was reading aloud to a select few the choicest morsels out of a last week's "Tit Bits," when "Wheezy Joe" came up and said:

"Ye'd better cut home, Tags, there's summat up at your place."

"Not Polly?" said the boy, looking scared as he jumped to his feet. "No, the old 'un."

The "old 'un," of course, meant his Grannie.

Poor old Grannie! Polly was playing with her rag doll on the floor, when good-natured Mrs. Welch had looked in, and saw the old woman had fallen forward in her chair. She lifted her, and knew that the days of pain, and want, and struggle were over for one more of "God's friends."

Father Mason came, of course, and the kind neighbor took the children for the night; but he came again very soon, and talked to Mrs. Welch in the little room off the kitchen, and then talked to Tags; and he told of a lovely home for Polly near green fields and lovely flowers, and all the delights of the country, and of another one where Tags would be equally happy.

At first the boy did not take in that it was two homes that were spoken of, but when he did, the kind heart of the priest was filled with grief at the sight of the boy's sorrow. To be separated from Polly—the awful words kept ringing in his ears. He could hear nothing else, though Father Mason was still speaking—separated from Polly! He said no word, but just sat down all of a heap as the priest went out. Mrs. Welch came in, but she could get no answer from him; and then Polly, who had been playing with Rosie Welch, appeared, and saw something was amiss. She sat on the floor beside her brother, and put up her hand to pull his face down to her level, but was terrified when, at her touch, Tags threw himself face downwards on the mat, sobbing as if his heart would break.

Poor little mite! She could not understand, except that Tags was unhappy, and she tried in her childish way to console him. Presently the sobs became quieter, and then, to her delight, Tags sat up and took her in his arms and began the nightly stories; and soon Mrs. Welch carried her off to lay her to sleep in Rosie's cot.

The household were asleep early, for Mr. Welch was a dock worker and had to be up betimes; but Mrs. Welch was awakened by a slight noise. She listened; yes, certainly, some one was moving in the kitchen.

She got up cautiously and went down the steep staircase. She would have been capable of dealing with any bur-

glar; but the sight that she saw fairly broke her down.

A candle had been lighted, and Tags was fully dressed, cap and all; and he was busily occupied in dressing Polly, who was still half asleep. It was Tags' one solution of the question. He would run away with Polly—they would be gone before anyone was up.

Mrs. Welch wiped the tears from her eyes and entered the room. The boy started up with a defiant look.

"You silly boy," began the woman, "why didn't ye tell me as you was so set agin goin' to the 'omes? Get back to bed and you'll both stop along of me."

Tags was speechless. He knew Mr. Welch had seven children, and hard work to make ends meet. He looked at her, and tried to speak, though he seemed choking; but at last he flung his arms round her waist, and as well as he could for his sobs, he said how he would work and help keep himself and Polly—and "she ain't no trouble and I won't worrit ye," he concluded.

Father Mason was too accustomed to the charity of the poor to be more than mildly surprised at the heroism of this woman with seven children, adopting two more; but he resolved to obtain what help he could towards their keep.

Tags had now two loves in his heart: Polly in a shrine all her own, and Mrs. Welch. Her goodness in saving him from being separated from his little sister made her an object of his most unbounded gratitude. He served her in all the little ways he could with the devotion of a faithful dog.

The only event worth chronicling for the next few years, is one that perhaps was the beginning of big things. One evening when Tags was thirteen, he called at the girls' school as usual, but Polly did not appear. Then he went to the door and asked for her. A Sister was near the entrance. "Oh! are you Polly Grey's brother? She is not well.

We sent for Mrs. Welch, and she has taken her to the hospital."

The hospital—Polly in the hospital! Away fled the boy. Mrs. Welch was back. Polly had got scarlatina, and Tags would not be able to see her for weeks. The unknown is always a terror to the bravest, and to the poor boy, it seemed as if no greater calamity could have happened. He could not imagine facing life without his little charge—nothing seemed worth living for.

Just as he was indulging in these dark thoughts, the kindly face of Father Mason appeared in the little room; he had heard from the Sisters about Polly. Before he left, he and Tags had agreed that a little visit was to be paid every day to Our Lord, to ask Him to make Polly well again and bring her back soon; and, "if you want her very soon," added the gentle old priest, "make a little sacrifice to Our Lord. He will surely not keep Polly away long then."

Next afternoon, the old woman who swept and dusted the church was surprised to see one of the schoolboys enter the church, and walk straight up to the altar rails. She could not hear what he was saying, and she could not see his angel guardian writing golden letters in his book at Tags' page. But Our Lord heard, and surely smiled, when the boy produced seven halfpennies tied up in his pocket handkerchief and said: "Dear Lord, I give you the seven 'alfpennies that I saved for the top for to buy little black babies, so that you will send Polly 'ome soon." And I expect that the coppers looked golden to the angel as the boy dropped them into the "Foreign Missions" box.

So little Polly did come home wonderfully soon, and life went on as usual for the two orphan children, till Tags was a big lad over fifteen, going to daily work with Mr. and Tom Welch, and bringing back his weekly money to good Mrs. Welch. Then hard days came,

strikes, and high prices, and one thing and another, and there was little money and many to feed; and want showed its grim face in the little household. The boy worked early and late at any odd jobs; but how could all the family be supported? Tom and his father tramped miles; but everywhere it was the same—no work.

Tags had never forgotten Father Mason's words about giving a present to Our Lord when he wanted a favor; and many of his hard-earned pennies went for "the black babies" whom he seemed to have taken under his special protection. But now he literally had nothing to give; and one evening, as he was kneeling at the altar rails, with no light in the church save the little red lamp, he was grieving that he had nothing to offer. "But if there was anything I could give, I'd give it to You, Lord, however hard it was, if You'd only let me find some way to help 'em at 'ome."

A few days had passed when Tags was stopped near his home by a man who asked if he could tell him if an old Mrs. Groome still lived in that street.

"Never 'eard of 'er," said the boy, "but come in and Mrs. Welch maybe 'as."

"Mrs. Groome," answered that good woman, "why your own Grannie, boy. Didn't you never know 'er name? And who may you be?" she added, turning to the stranger.

"William Grey. I was married to Mrs. Groome's granddaughter, Mary; and I take it, this is my son."

Tags did not know whether to be pleased or not. A father was such a new idea. And what about Polly?

It appeared that some months before Polly's birth, Grey, despairing of work in England, went to the States hoping to make a home for his wife and children. Ill luck, bad health and other causes, prevented his getting on; then one day the tide turned, and he was

able to "feel his feet." Now he had a tidy home, and came hoping to find his children, for he knew his wife was dead. He was deeply touched at the kindness of the Welchs, and had little difficulty in persuading them to come back with him to the States, where he knew Welch, who was an honest, sober and skilled workman, would easily get taken on in the works where he himself was.

It was evening once more, and Tags had come to say "Thank You" to Our Lord, who had so wonderfully answered his prayer, though in a way he never dreamed of. Since the day he put his first sacrifice into the Mission Box for "the black babies," his interest was aroused; and when Jack, the boy who helped Father Mason's housekeeper, had gone off to be a brother in the Missionary College, where the preacher came from who had first "learned" him about the babies, Tags felt that but for Polly he too would like to have gone and helped the good Fathers out yonder. But Polly was like a high mountain between him and the thought, an unclimbable mountain.

But now—was he her only stand by? God had answered his prayer in a wonderful way, and all was sunshine once more in the little home. Now Polly had her father; and it was really uncanny that, at every odd moment, the thought should come before him as if he heard the words he whispered in the dim light of the sanctuary lamp! "If there was anything I could give, I'd give it to You, Lord, however hard it was, if only You'd let me find some way to help 'em at 'ome."

The boy knelt down; he was miserable. What could he say? He could not even make the Sign of the Cross; if he did that he must begin his prayer. So he just put his arm upon the rail, and laid his head on it; and his angel was

standing by and pitying, oh! so much, the anguish that was in his heart, but rejoicing more, that if he were brave, out of that very sorrow would come great joy.

A tear dropped onto the stone pavement, and then others; and all the while the angel was whispering to his heart, and counting the tears as they fell. The boy raised his head, and his eyes fell on the painting of the crucifix above the altar; and he remembered how Father Mason had told them in the sermon that the missionaries left home and country and all dear to them, because Jesus had first of all left all things for their sake.

Tags gazed at the divine Figure, and his tears fell faster. Polly had never seemed so precious in his eyes; but strength was coming to him, as it always does to those who look upon that torn and mangled Figure, raised aloft to draw men to better things. Presently he said aloud: "Lord, I'll give Polly for You, because You gave all for me. But it's the hardest thing to give."

And the head sank down again on the wet sleeve, but peace had come into his heart, and to his guardian angel, such joy as man could never feel, that once more the Precious Blood had strengthened a soul to perform an act, the heroism of which even the Great Spirits round the Throne might envy. And he was only a poor little ragged slum-urchin.

...I wish all Catholics were but as forward to lend their helping hands to lift souls out of Purgatory as they are to believe they have the power to do it; and that we had not often more reason than the Roman emperor to pronounce the day lost; since we let so many days pass over our heads, and so many fair occasions slip out of our hands, without helping or releasing any souls out of Purgatory, when we might so easily do it,—*Father Thimelby, S. J. (1663.)*

The Penitent of Coquibu.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

AMID the rocks of Coquibu, in the environs of Milly-en-Gatinais (Northern France), are to be seen the ruins of a little hut the history of which dates back seven centuries. In the thirteenth century it was the hermitage, or the prison, in which dwelt for twenty years, in the reign of St. Louis, the former Lady of Malesherbes, she who was called during her residence in her castle Dame Genevieve, or the good lady, and was known as the penitent, or the recluse, of Coquibu when she quitted the pomp of the world for this voluntary prison.

There are four distinct phases in the life of Dame Genevieve. Inheriting from her father the important domain of Malesherbes, she persistently refused to enter the married state. She had no intention of dividing with any one else the authority which she exercised over her numerous vassals; and still less did she entertain the notion of giving herself a master.

As soon as she attained her majority, and took her place among the richest and most powerful Lords of Gatinais, she disbursed every year a considerable sum in embellishing her manor house, and in purchasing, as often as the occasion presented itself, fields, meadows, swamps, vineyards, and woodlands. In ten years of wise administration, she had almost doubled her fortune.

In calling her administration wise, one speaks from the purely human standpoint. Of all her large revenues, what part was given to God? and what to the poor? What ruined church had Genevieve restored? What convent had she founded? Alas! Dame Genevieve thought neither of God nor her neighbor, but of herself alone. She was

purely and simply an egoist. As for her authority, she exercised it, or, rather caused it to be exercised, with the utmost rigor. Accordingly, reaping as she had sowed, she was cordially detested by her vassals and her neighbors.

Dame Genevieve had lost her mother while yet very young, and had been brought up by a distant relative named Cunegonda. It was not generally known where this woman had come from; but it was clear that she was a person of remarkable address, and that the Count, Genevieve's father, held her in high esteem. He had no suspicion that she belonged to the infamous sect of the Albigenses. Perhaps, had he lived, he would have in time discovered that fact; but he died when Genevieve was only twelve years of age. In his last will and testament he ordered that, until she reached the age of eighteen, the heiress of Malesherbes should live under the control of "the virtuous, discreet, wise and prudent lady, Dame Cunegonda."

This lady did not seek, at least directly, to initiate Genevieve into the Manichean doctrines of which the Albigenses were the residuary legatees; but she never, or rarely, spoke to her youthful charge of religion, and she fostered in the girl's character pride, the love of power, contempt of the poor and forgetfulness of God.

Dame Cunegonda was punished there where she had sinned. Adroit as she was, she could not entirely conceal her passion for wealth and power: to exercise the latter and enjoy the former, in the name of her charge, was easily seen to be her ambition and her hope. Now, Genevieve did not like divided power. As has been said, she resolved never to marry; and she had no intention of submitting to a quasi-husband in the person of her governess. She impatiently awaited her eighteenth birthday; and, when it dawned at last, she politely in-

timated to Dame Cunegonda that the latter was expected to leave the castle in the course of a month. The heiress was of age, and intended to assert all her rights uncontrolled by any one.

It was then that began the life of which we have spoken,—a life given up entirely to the pride of riches and the harsh exercise of power. Nevertheless, Genevieve, who was not without inherited noble and tender instincts, felt that something was wanting to her. She missed something, although she knew not what.

One day, it was in 1250, a friar of the Order of St. Francis, on his way to the Holy Land, received permission from his superiors to spend a few days in the Gatinais region, where he had some relatives. On the Sunday he stopped at Malesherbes and requested permission to say Mass in the chapel of the castle. Genevieve could not do less than give the necessary permission and to request the Capuchin to be kind enough to address the congregation about the Crusade. Father Melchior, who was full of ardor for the holy enterprise, needed no pressing. "Everybody," said he, "can not take up the cross and proceed to Jerusalem. The children, the aged, the women, and the sick, must remain in our towns and villages. Does this mean that they can take no part whatever in the Crusade? On the contrary, those who remain may, and should, pray for those who depart. You can, my dear people, call down upon our soldiers and their captains the blessings of Heaven by striving to cure yourselves of your faults. Let each one, especially, be diligent in accomplishing the duties of his state in life. Let the poor accept without murmur their lowly position. Let the rich, the great, and the powerful bear constantly in mind that they are merely the stewards of divine Providence. Let them always join clemency with justice. Let them help the poor

and protect the weak. Let them show themselves to be the assured refuge of the widow and the orphan. Do not forget that the example comes from on high. It is good lords that make good vassals; good rich, good poor; good masters, good servants; good parents, good children."

The zealous Capuchin said a number of other things. Each of his words seemed to fall from heaven into the ear—nay, the very heart, of the Lady of Malesherbes. An astounding revolution took place in her—she had become a very horror to herself. The proof that she was profoundly moved is that she desired to go at once to confession, a duty which she fulfilled in tears.

She detained Father Melchior for dinner. And, when he was on the point of leaving, she renewed her protestations of the morning. She wished to become absolutely changed, to live only for God and her neighbor, to be the Providence of the district. "When you return from the Crusade, Father," she added, "whether it be in one year or in ten, come this way again. I hope that people will be able then to say as much good of Dame Genevieve as they could have said of evil this morning, had they dared."

"I hope so, my child. In the meantime, God bless you, and may He protect you from pride and vanity."

The very next day Genevieve set about reforming her life. She sought out the poor, not only of the village, but of the whole district. She did not confine her assisting them to gifts or loans of money. She visited them when they were sick, even cared for and sat up with them at night. If the harvest was poor, she remitted a good portion of the rents. Accordingly, in the whole district of Gatinais and a good portion of the Isle of France, Genevieve's name was held in benediction: she was universally called "the Good Lady,"

"And to think," occasionally mused Father Thibaud, pastor of Malesherbes, "that this lady is the very same that, two years ago, we considered an affliction imposed on us for our sins! How close to good evil sometimes lies!" He might also have said, perhaps: "How close to evil good sometimes lies!" A little more than two years had elapsed since the conversion of Genevieve, and she mounted, as Scripture says, "from virtue to virtue." At least she thought so, and the world agreed with her.

In the month of January, 1253, there occurred two instances in which this growing virtue shone with such brilliancy that the admiration and plaudits of the whole country knew no limits. The chatelaine, in her luxurious carriage, drawn by two beautiful Percheron steeds, was proceeding to dine with a neighboring friend, the Lady of Oncy Castle. All at once it began to rain very heavily. Genevieve observed under an old tree by the wayside an elderly beggar-woman and two small children miserably clad and shivering with cold. Genevieve's heart was touched. She got down and insisted on the poor drenched trio's entering the carriage. That the carriage would be soiled by mud and water did not count with her. At least the old woman and the children would be preserved from sickness due to prolonged exposure.

As she again took the road to Oncy Castle she heard in the furthestmost chamber of her conscience a voice which said—very, very low, but Genevieve heard it as well as if it were as loud as thunder: "It must be confessed, Genevieve, that you are very good, very generous, very faithful to the promise which, well nigh three years ago, you gave to Father Melchior. The dwellers around Malesherbes are after all very fortunate to have you as their lady and chatelaine!" At the same time, and almost as if it were in the nature of a

reply, another voice murmured the recommendation of the Capuchin: "May God protect you from pride and vain-glory!"

"Oh, pshaw," said Genevieve, taking sides with the first voice against the second, "all that is scrupulous foolishness. I'm not giving myself up to vain-glory; I'm merely stating a fact. And, anyway, I attribute all the merit to God." Doubtless,—and yet, when saying her prayers that evening, Genevieve rather shirked her examination of conscience. She felt herself slipping downwards, and did not feel inclined to stop herself.

A few days later, old Nanon lay dying. She had been bedridden for twenty years, and was very poor and miserable; moreover, her mouth was constantly filled with the foulest language and the most horrid blasphemies. No one could be found to act as her nurse, even in the present extremity. Genevieve took the matter into her own hands. She put into her nursing such devotion, such delicacy, and such perseverance that the old woman became converted, declaring that, owing to the good lady, she was quite happy. And, in fact, she died an excellent death. On this occasion, there occurred the same little discussion between the praise which Genevieve awarded to herself and the warning of Father Melchior. This time, it was decidedly routed. Not content with commending herself to herself, Genevieve thought it quite proper to make public the great and good things which Providence had permitted her to accomplish with regard to old Nanon. "It's not vanity," she declared, in order to stifle a little cry of remorse which made itself heard in the depths of her heart,—*"it's not vanity, but simply following the advice of Our Lord, 'Let your light shine before men.'*" In consequence, she related to whoever would listen all she had done

in connection with Nanon's last illness and conversion.

The process was complete. Thereafter, a good work accomplished by Genevieve was a drama in three acts: 1st, the good work; 2d, Genevieve's self-praise for the work; 3d, her recounting to the very last detail all about the said work, and her consequent seeking, obtaining, and savoring the praise of others. And this continued for seven or eight years.

Now, since Genevieve's whole life was consecrated to the exercise of an indefatigable charity, it happened that those whom she obliged, whom she solaced, whom she snatched from the grasp of death, whom she reconciled to God, scarcely, if at all, noticed this slight taint of vanity. Occasionally, indeed, when she pronounced her own panegyric in the presence of judicious persons and expatiated on the marvels of which she was the instrument, a few murmured: "How true is all this which our good lady says! But, what a pity it is that she doesn't let somebody else say it!" Perhaps these few should have undertaken the task of opening Genevieve's eyes; but none ever dared do so.

In the meantime the Crusade had ended; but Father Melchior did not return to France. He stayed in Palestine, where he rendered immense service to the poor Christians. It was fully ten years since his departure before the rumor began to spread that he had at last come back to his native country. "What a joy it will be for you to see him," said, addressing Genevieve, some who had seen him close at hand in the Holy Land. "Of course he was already holy when he left here; but you should see the saint he has become now." They added that, among other extraordinary gifts, he possessed that of reading the uttermost depths of the heart and all those subtle thoughts which very often one hides from oneself. When Gene-

vieve heard this, and learned that his arrival was imminent, she felt just a little disturbed.

Father Melchior came, and, just as he had done ten years previously, he said Mass and preached in the chapel of the castle. When he ascended the pulpit Genevieve grew pale. What was he going to say?

The man of God spoke for some time of the Holy Land: and then he discussed the happy changes effected in the country through the generosity, the ingenious activity, and the tender charity of their chatelaine, the gracious Lady of Malesherbes.

Genevieve felt somewhat reassured. But she was only half satisfied. Did she deserve all this praise? Had not the good Father, in giving so freely of his eulogy and in forgetting her faults—her great fault (she was beginning to get a glimpse of her real self)—had not the good Father been wanting just a little in evangelical frankness?

She pondered upon this, and began to ask herself if there was not occasion now, as there had been ten years before, for her to become converted. She had just arrived at this point when word was brought to her that Father Melchior desired to see her. What had he to say to the good lady? The reader can doubtless guess.

"Madam, God permits me to see the very depths of your heart, the praises which you give to yourself and those which you solicit from your friends, by ceaselessly detailing the good which you are doing. You are much sicker at present, my daughter, than you were ten years ago. You delight in and take to yourself the glory and the praise which are due to God alone. Remember the punishment meted out to the bad angels, guilty of only a single sin of pride. Meditate on these words of the Gospel: 'When you give alms, let not your left hand know what your right

hand doth,' 'Amen, I say to you, they have received their reward,' 'When you have done all that I have commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants.' You are doing excellent works, Madam, but they are dead works, killed beforehand by the worm of vanity. Crush that worm, even if in the process, you must crush yourself. Do penance, my daughter."

The very next day Genevieve gathered together at her castle a number of neighboring chatelaines, all the clergy of the surrounding parishes, many religious, and such of her vassals as were not engaged in field-work. "My friends," she said, to them "for a second time, through the ministry of Father Melchior, God has permitted me to see my soul as it really is. Ten years ago, I understood that I was neglecting my duties towards you, that I was selfish and wicked. I endeavored to become good. I succeeded, perhaps, for a couple of years. Then, the poison of self-love, of vanity, insidiously attacked and overcame me. I praised myself and sought the praise of others. I robbed God of what was His due alone. Pray for me, my friends. To-morrow morning I shall quit Malesherbes, to enter the convent of the Poor Clares at Coquibu."

She carried out her project. Under the name of Sister Mary Magdalen of the Good Thief she lived for twenty years in the practice of the most austere penances. Then, she concluded that she was not worthy to associate with her companions, and that even the rigorous rule of the Poor Clares was too indulgent for her. Accordingly, she obtained from the bishop permission to take up her residence in a little stone hut near the convent. Every Saturday a lay Sister passed in to her through a window a loaf of black bread and a jug of water. And every Sunday morning a priest of the parish brought her bread far more necessary, the Holy Eucharist.

From generation to generation during the past seven or eight centuries this story has been preserved in the districts of Milly and Oncy and Essone and Courances. As late as 1780, the convent of the Poor Clares still dominated the ruins of Coquibu. The old pastor of Milly, who recounted the tale at least once a year to the children whom he was preparing for First Communion, generally concluded the story of the Penitent in this fashion:

"It is not enough to do good, my dear children; the good must be done well. Even if you were to give to the poor and to God all that you have, you would be doing nothing unless you gave to God that without which all the rest is as naught, your heart. Now, precisely by pride and vanity we withhold our hearts from God. Let us be humble. Without humility, we are not Christians."

A Form of Snobbishness.

BOASTING of one's ancestry, of coming from "a good family," of the blueness of one's blood is ridiculous enough, even when the boasting has some basis of fact; to indulge in such bragging when the reality is the reverse of what one proclaims it to be, is sheer snobbishness, and a particularly silly form of pride. Thackeray touches on the matter incidentally: "You who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling, are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth."

The Saints, whose example the Church proposes to us for our imitation, were never guilty of any such foolishness as this. Many of them were noble, royal even; but they forgot the fact when they entered religious communities, never alluded to their former greatness, and never suffered others to do so. On the contrary, when those of the Saints who were of what the world

calls humble origin, achieved eminence in the eyes of the Church or the State, they were so far from repudiating their lowly birth that they frequently spoke of it as an exercise in humility.

A poor woman once told St. Vincent de Paul in the presence of personages of rank that she had been a servant of his mother. Her purpose was to secure from him a gift of money; but St. Vincent, who disliked flattery of all kinds, quickly answered her: "My good woman, my mother never kept a servant: she was a servant herself before her marriage to a poor peasant."

Scripture Proper Names.

Orthoepy, or correct pronunciation, is a much more important art than the ordinary unscholarly person is inclined to believe. Scarcely less than grammar has it become the criterion by which the world judges, whether rightly or wrongly, one's education or illiteracy, one's culture or the lack of it.

In no specific class of words, perhaps, are incorrect pronunciations so common, even among the so-called educated, as in Scripture proper names. Some of them, three syllables in length, are habitually pronounced as if they had only two: Belial, Cyrene, Jairus, Emmaus, Bethphage. Others, with four legitimate syllables, are made trisyllables: Beelzebub, Beersheba, Corozain, Ezekiel, Parasceve.

It is well to bear in mind that the Catholic spelling of a number of Biblical names differs from that found in the Protestant version of the Bible, and that the different spelling frequently calls for a difference in the pronunciation. The final sound in Gethsemani and Noemi is long *i*, as in high, not long *e*, as in free. That same sound (long *i*) is found in the second and accented syllable of Jairus, and in the first of Dives, which is a dissyllable.

A Word to Certain Pessimists.

IN "Outre Mer" we read of "two melancholy gentlemen, to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake." Like to these are the men who are ever moaning over the outlook of Catholicity, sighing for the Ages of Faith, bewailing the lukewarmness of the times, etc. They hear the measured tread of progress in science and in art, and to their timid ears it means reproach to the Church; they behold the spread of infidelity, and each recruit to its ranks they mentally subtract from the census roll of Catholics; secret societies hold conventions, and the impregnable citadel of the Church is undermined and about to fall. Prophets of evil, they cry aloud, in season and out of season: "Faith is dying out! The world is becoming more and more unregenerate! Has God, then, turned from His people?" And they are scandalized.

Dark clouds hiding the bright sunshine of heaven are such "mourners in Israel." They dishonor their mother the Church when they speak thus. They forget that all science and all art are fostered in her bosom, that she has ever been the preserver and dispenser of knowledge; they lose sight of the fact that while infidelity gains in numbers, it is recruited by those who do not find in the multitude of sects that peace which truth must give; and they are wrong in thinking that infidels are "past praying for," or all of hardened hearts and hopelessly darkened minds. As for secret societies, the Church, as an institution, has nothing to fear from them. They are nothing new, and for being more numerous than formerly are in a true sense less dangerous. The pessimists fail to remember that "stars

have fallen from heaven," and yet darkness has not come upon the earth; in fine, their hearts, it would seem, have forgotten the promise of God Himself: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Father Faber tells us: "As sight goes for little in the world of faith, in nothing does it go for less than in the seeming evil of the world. Everywhere evil is undermined by good; it is only that good is undermost. As much evil as we see, so much good or more do we know assuredly lies under it, which if not equal to the evil in extent, is far greater in weight and power and worth and substance." These are truths upon which every pessimist should ponder.

Troublous as are the times to the Church and her supreme head, there is much to encourage us, and to call forth thanks to God. Throughout the world we find evidences of piety which proclaim the age to be one of faith, despite mixed marriages, Godless education, pernicious literature, and all else that is opposed to the spread of God's kingdom on earth. Pilgrimages to sacred shrines, the growth of confraternities, the increase of religious Orders, the multiplication of works dependent upon public charity, the foundation everywhere of Catholic schools, the erection of myriad churches and chapels over all the land, the large number of vocations to the priesthood, the flourishing condition of foreign missions,—these and many other signs prove the error of those who bemoan the weakening of the spirit of faith.

When was a Papal encyclical read with greater interest than were those which came from the trenchant pen of Leo XIII.? The Pope was never a more important figure in the world than he is to-day. Though stripped of his temporal power, his spiritual authority increases day by day.

Is it a mark of the Church's indifference to learning to throw open the Vatican Library to all students, irrespective of nation or creed? Is the age that has produced a Father Damien and a Curé of Ars without the halo that surrounds heroic sanctity? While anti-Catholic organizations are matter for effort and solicitude, we should not forget that there are millions of members of the League of the Sacred Heart. We may deplore the dissemination of evil literature, but the good is everywhere abundant. Still is the "Imitation of Christ" the most popular, most sought-for book after the Bible itself. Thousands upon thousands of copies of Lives of Our Lord are printed and eagerly read. The world does not—can not—ignore Christ. Of all the books published in the last half century, "Our Lady of Lourdes" is among the most successful. Translated into the principal modern languages, it has had millions of interested readers. It has shown that the arm of the Lord is not shortened; that the influence of her at whose request He wrought His first miracle is not lessened.

In our own country, especially, are the signs promising. There are dangers, it is true; but they are not so alarming as the pessimist would have us believe. Our yearly conventions of various kinds show conclusively that worth, intellect and faith and piety are to be found in the sons of that land whose patroness is the Mother of God, declared immaculate in her conception in this very age. With freedom of worship from East to West, the prayers of unnumbered hidden saints, a zealous hierarchy, a devoted clergy, pious mothers, increased zeal for Christian education, we have everything to hope at the hands of God, "who will be mindful forever of His covenant: He will show forth to His people the power of His works."

Notes and Remarks.

The gospel of a recent writer on sociology, who need not be named, is thus summarized: "(1) Make yourself the vital center of your own world. (2) Depend upon yourself. (3) Use your whole self. (4) Use what is contained in yourself for the continuous advancement of yourself." "In other words," says the reviewer of the book in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, "sweep away your ideal of the hero who sacrificed all for a noble cause: the generous-hearted man or woman whose only goal is the welfare of others: the saints of modern life whose sweet influence spreads health and happiness around them: and substitute in their stead the Western 'pusher' with the predatory eye, the squaw jaw, and the bull neck, whose sole aim is to develop himself and to clutch at all that he can get. The four maxims ultimately present society to us as a pack of wolves fighting for their share of a meal. It is really a community depending for its very life on mutual help. The purely self-centered mind to the eulogy of which this book is devoted, is a radically unhealthy one. All that has most tended to the welfare of man, to his happiness, to his highest efficiency has been inspired by unselfishness, and always will be. It is the only gospel that can elevate, and even save, humanity. This kind of book strikes at the root of all that is best in modern civilization; and its teaching can only be regarded as one of the most serious dangers confronting those who work for the betterment both of social and international relations."

This is severe, but not too severe, condemnation of a book which has had a wide vogue in this country. Its teaching is wholly anti-social and utterly demoralizing. "After studying Mr. L.," observes the reviewer just quoted,

"one feels inclined to open Thomas à Kempis, and read a few pages to recover the quality so much magnified by American writers of Mr. L's class, and so generally called 'poise.'"

According to our French Catholic exchanges, the most remarkable transformation to be observed in France is that which has taken place since the great war in the higher Government schools of the country. These institutions were formerly violently anti-Catholic and rationalistic; now, while still of course officially neutral in matters of religion, they show unmistakable evidence of the reaction upon them and their pupils of the Catholic revival. Groups of professors and students of the different *lycées*, numbering several hundred, approach the Holy Table in a body. In the Paris School of Mines, as in the various Government arts and crafts schools throughout the country, are to be found groups of militant young Catholics thoroughly in earnest in the practice of their religion,—a religion which, only a few years ago, subjected its adherents in the student-body to persistent insult and the harshest sort of treatment from professors and fellow-students. France's rising generation of intellectuals give excellent and unmistakable promise of future good citizenship.

Among the laws which govern the association of ideas, psychologists mention the Law of Contrast "which enunciates the general fact that the mind in the presence of any mental state tends to reproduce contrasted states previously experienced." Quite in accordance with that law, the tribute paid to Cardinal Newman in Lord Algernon Cecil's "Six Oxford Thinkers" rather vividly reminds us of a criticism of Newman to which we took exception some twenty or twenty-five years ago. A Canadian journalist proclaimed New-

man a greatly overrated man, and added: "The next generation, brought up wholly outside the range of the personal influence of Newman and his friends, will wonder why such a fuss was made over his union with the Church of Rome, to which he was no acquisition, as he was no loss to the Church of England." Well, Lord Cecil represents the "next generation," and he emphasizes the boundless effect of Newman's departure from the Church of England. That Church, he says, had been agitated by the conversion of Manning; but Newman was an irreparable loss—his disastrous secession was the most serious catastrophe that she sustained during the entire century. "For the first time since the sixteenth century England doubted whether the Reformation was wholly good."

Lord Cecil, we need hardly add, is a non-Catholic, as was the journalist whom the "law of contrast" has brought to our mind; but he does not allow anti-Catholic prejudice to blind him to patent facts, or lessen his admiration for a really great churchman.

I would as soon turn a nest of snakes loose in the room where my children were sleeping as to have them forced to procure their education in a secular college where they would be face to face with the same attacks on religion that I had to undergo.

The *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis, Mo., quotes these words of a prominent Methodist minister, with a comment no less timely than pat:

Yet there are Catholics,—at least there are those who pass as such,—who are just now arranging for the entrance of their sons and daughters into these schools that are not merely godless in the negative sense, but which, in the destructive tactics they pursue, are godless in a very positive sense as well. Such parents are guilty before God of neglect of duty to their children; and it were wrong for us to allow human respect or any motive of expediency to keep us from crying out against such negligence. So serious is this

offence that not a few bishops have felt themselves obliged to refuse absolution to unworthy parents who neglect or, what is worse, positively refuse to send their children to the Catholic school. The matter is not open to discussion. It is wrong, yes, sinful, for fathers and mothers, where conditions are at all normal and where facilities are at hand, not to have their boys and girls attending the Catholic school. It is arrogant usurpation of authority not theirs for Catholic parents to attempt to argue the point against the wisdom and the teaching of the Church. Obedience, not advice, is what the Church demands in this matter, so vital to the interests of her children both in time and for eternity.

That the United States is being swamped to-day by the greatest crime wave in its history is the conclusion arrived at by a number of judicious citizens, the American Bar Association included. A committee recently appointed by that organization has been looking into the causes of this crime wave; and, after taking testimony in our principal cities, it reports five principal causes for present conditions:

First, that the crime wave is a natural outgrowth of the World War. Second, that the crime wave instead of being merely an outgrowth of the War, is one of the causes that led to the War and which is continuing in aggravated form since the War has ended. Third, a growing belief on the part of the masses throughout the country that the Courts are only for the rich and that they deny justice to the poor, with a resulting tendency on the part of the poor to take the law into their own hands. Fourth, that the trouble is largely with the members of the Bar themselves. Many men practising law to-day (the committee has been told) ought to be in jail. Fifth, that conviction for crime in the Courts is becoming increasingly difficult, and that the criminal once convicted is not punished sufficiently to deter others from repeating his offence.

The last three of the assigned causes deserve serious meditation on the part of legislators—and lawyers.

The ordinary individual, he who takes a commonplace view of things and is indeed considered the type of

commonplaceness, has been very generally called, since Emerson's day, "the man in the street." In the opinion of some publicists excessive consideration has of late been accorded to this particular type of humanity. Especially in the matter of religion is his commonplaceness obtruded with unlovely insistence. Among the interesting notes and comments of the *London Universe*, in a recent issue, we find this forthright characterization:

"The Pharisee of to-day," according to a striking article in the *Manchester Guardian*, is the modern self-complacent "man in the street," who has no use for the Christian religion—a thing for babes and weaklings, not for "the full-blooded male animal," like himself. Thought he despises. "For goodness' sake do not confuse me with theories about the Miraculous Birth and Apostolic Succession, and such-like things." As if a man should declare that he never could understand the first proposition of Euclid, and then rebuke men of science for presuming to discuss problems of space and time. Decency should prevent his expecting other men to be of equal intellectual dullness. Finally, the writer concludes: "The special fault of the Pharisee was self-satisfaction. Religion was popular, and he believed that he had it to perfection. To-day religion is out of favor, and the modern Pharisee believes he is the right sort of full-blooded, manly man because he slights it. I think we have carried adulation of the man in the street far enough. What I want is a Church which will say: 'This is the Gospel as I understand it. Take it or leave it.'"

An observation well deserving of the most serious attention of the generality of persons, as well as of all theological students, is made in an extended review, in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, of a new book by Dr. G. W. Wade, dealing with the New Testament. The fine satire of this paragraph renders it all the more striking:

It can not be said that to-day an interest in religion has to be created in the general public. It is already there. And an interest in religion implies an interest in the origin and meaning of the particular religion which

has had for sixteen centuries the allegiance of Europeans....But perhaps just because the problem of Christianity is felt, in this kind of way, to be every man's affair, it is also felt that all you need in order to pass judgments about it is a general liveliness of mind. There is hardly anything about which a popular writer can express opinions more easily and confidently, and count on such opinions meeting with serious consideration on the part of the ordinary public, than such questions as what Jesus taught and was, or what value is to be attributed to Paul. No one would attach much importance to the views put forward on medicine or mechanics by anyone who had given no special study to these things; but about Jesus and Paul practically anyone, it is felt, is qualified to speak who has a picturesque imagination and interesting views about life.

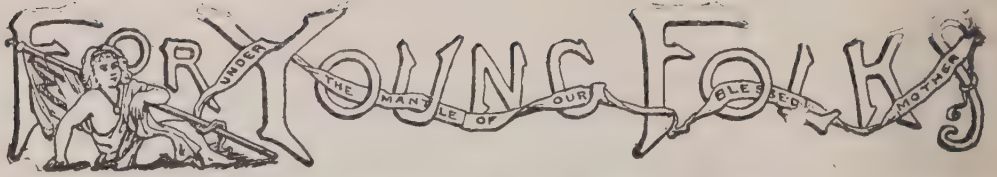
There are two other things which, in the opinion of the reviewer, it seems important to realize in connection with what claims to be a comprehensive statement of all that is known, or is likely ever to be known, about the New Testament from the historical, the linguistic, and the theological points of view,—though Dr. Wade omits mention of St. Polycarp, the important link between St. Irenæus and St. John, "the Ephesian John." Catholic critics of the work will note other points on which it is open to criticism. To quote the reviewer again more fully:

One [thing] is that when we speak of "results" in this sphere of things we mean something very different from a conclusion in natural science which you can verify by experiment. The conclusions of historical criticism can hardly ever be verified. They simply mean that to the majority of the people qualified to form an opinion a certain view of the history behind the document has come to seem the most probable. And most probable, we must observe, always on a certain hypothesis, taken as governing the whole inquiry—that the human processes behind the documents have been such as we find human processes to be in ordinary experience. Here are the documentary data; now, supposing human nature to have worked in the normal way, what theory, as to the process leading up to their production, best accounts for their specific features? That is the problem which his-

torical criticism tackles. But if that hypothesis is itself untrue to fact? If the spiritual world contains forces under whose operation human minds and material nature sometimes behave in a way quite different from the way we know in ordinary experience, then the whole structure of probabilities erected on the hypothesis indicated becomes insecure....

The second thing we have to realize is that when we have made out by criticism of the documents all that it is possible to make out of the history behind them, we are still only on the threshold of the great problem—what the history reveals as to the Reality behind the universe. Even if Jesus Christ said no more and did no more than He is allowed to have done by a soberly rationalist interpretation of the documents, the Man from whom the Christian Church has drawn through the centuries its unexhausted life still stands there a problem in the midst of human history. Such questions of value are beyond the province of historical criticism; they can be dealt with only by philosophy. And if the historical criticism of which Dr. Wade gives a survey has achieved in the last hundred years very nearly all it can, it is perhaps in the field of philosophy that thought and inquiry about Christian origins will be most fruitfully occupied in future years.

Noteworthy for several reasons is the tribute to Pius XI. as a peacemaker, paid by Mr. Lloyd George in a speech to representatives of the Free Churches last month in London. The rising generation, he declared, would have to decide the future. They must be taught the horrors of war through which the world has passed; encouraged to seek peace and secure it, by uniting to render war impossible through disarmament and arbitration. To do this is the work of the Churches. Warming up to his subject, the Premier exclaimed: "I am glad that at the head of the greatest Church in Christendom at the present moment is a man who is a profound believer in peace. He exercises great sway on the consciences of scores of millions in many lands that are vital to the cause of peace; and I rejoice in that fact."



The Engine-Driver.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

THE man who drives the engine looks
As if he didn't care for books,
As if he never cared to stick
To lessons in arithmetic.

And yet, my mother calls him "Jim,"
And says she went to school with him,
And that he was the brightest lad
That Sister Seraphina had.

The thing seems very strange to me—
But mother says I'll some day see
That 't isn't lazy lads who grow
To make the fast expresses go.

The Fortunes of a Runaway.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

X.

JINKSY'S appearance was about as usual, though he had made a valiant attempt to "spruce up." He had not gone to the length of combing his hair, however; for it stood out in every direction. Upon it an old cloth cap was perched so lightly that Hugh expected to see it fly off at any moment. Over a nondescript blouse he had on a reefer that in its best day had been blue, but was now rusty with age. His efforts to arrest the ravages of time had apparently been expended chiefly upon his trousers; for Hugh noticed that the jagged rents of yesterday were drawn together by bits of string tied in knots; and his single suspender was pieced out with several inches of brown twine. His shoes were much too large and turned up at the toes.

After Jinksy had introduced his

companion, he went on: "We're goin' out ter dine to-day, Penny and I,"—this with a wave of the hand that would have done credit to a social lion. It seemed proper, Jinksy thought, to offer some explanation for their festive appearance. But Hugh knew that they literally dined *out* six days in the week, generally over the grating of a cellar whence issued a steam-heated air, pleasant still, although Spring had come.

"I mean," Jinksy volunteered further, "we've got an invite ter dinner."

They were to have their dinner in a bright, clean room, at a regular table, and with plates, knives and forks. This was indeed a novelty: little Penny could count the times it had happened to him before, and it was a rare event even in Jinksy's wide experience. Hugh regarded them enviously. No doubt he had a hungry look; for Jinksy, that keen observer of human nature, remarked abruptly:

"Why don't yer come along?"

"Could I?" he exclaimed, catching eagerly at the proposal.

"Ye're one of us, ain't yer?"

"What do you mean?" queried Hugh, fearful lest the pleasing anticipations just aroused should be suddenly dashed.

"Yer ain't got no place ter hang out?" continued Jinksy. Though this jargon might have been unintelligible to many persons, Hugh comprehended, and in answer shook his head.

"Yer haven't no peg ter hang yer hat on, from the Battery ter Spuyten Duyvil?" added Penny.

Hugh half smiled, wondering if there had ever been a peg for Penny's hat, and to whom it belonged in those far-off days; then, with a sigh, he replied: "No."

"Well, come on!" exclaimed Jinksy. "For any feller that has no home an' no friends in the city is welcome, if he gets there 'fore half-past twelve."

Hugh needed no further pressing, but accompanied them with alacrity. Penny, with surprising courtesy, trudged on in front, and devoted himself to making good use of his eyes, so as not to miss any object of interest on the way.

"Cur'ous how he leaves you an' me ter chat tergether," said Jinksy, with a nudge to Hugh. "He's powerful jealous sometimes, Penny is. Must have taken a likin' ter yer, same as I done."

Hugh felt as elated at this rough compliment as if it had been faultlessly expressed, and his heart warmed toward Penny. "Why doesn't his mother look after him?" he asked.

"His mammy!" laughed the other. "Why, he ain't got any, nor dad either. He's a reg'lar gutter sparrow, he is."

Jinksy intended no disparagement of his *protégé*. He simply referred to the class of younger and more weakly street Arabs, who, sometimes when, scarcely more than babies, are abandoned by cruel parents to the mercy of the world. A little fellow thus deserted usually roams about till he finds some courageous waif, perhaps not much larger than himself, to fight his battles for him, and put him in the way of earning a living, which way is generally selling papers. Thus, if hardy, he himself becomes in time a full-fledged street Arab, with a flourishing newspaper business and a sturdy independence, which make him, in turn, the champion of some "sparrow." This had been Jinksy's life; this was the bond between him and Penny. And Penny was a good deal like a sparrow, after all,—a tiny brown sparrow, with shabby coat and bright eyes; a brave, contented little fellow, despite his lowly lot.

"I'm the only one he's got ter take care of him," Jinksy went on. "We've

pulled tergether now for nigh on ter two years, an' I reckon we'll stick ter it till I retire, or he goes inter business for hisself."

"Why do you call him Penny?" asked Hugh, good-naturedly.

"'Cause he's a little one for a cent, same as they say of a Frankfurter sausage," chuckled Jinksy, laughing at his oft-repeated joke. "And, then, he's so awful fond of pitchin' pennies. He'll work all the mornin' for a game of pitchin' pennies in the sunshine. He's no great head for business, Penny hasn't" (this with a sigh); "but yer couldn't buy him ter do anything against his friends—no; not for *thirty* cents! I ain't brought him up that way. He's been sick these two days, and I hired a ragpicker woman ter take him in an' look after him; that's how yer didn't see him afore."

Jinksy now stopped at the entrance to a handsome building.

"Not there?" protested Hugh.

"Yes," he insisted. "Didn't yer ever hear of Father Drumgoole's Home?"

Hugh nodded assent, reflecting how little he had thought ever to be a guest therein.

"This is the place," said Jinksy.

"An' it's a boss place, too, yer bet!" chirped Penny.

"Yer can get board an' lodgin' here for five cents a day, or for nothin' if ye're hard up," explained the former. "An' on Sundays the dinner's always free to every feller; that's the way we have our invite."

"Why, I should think you'd make this your headquarters all the time," said Hugh.

"Well," responded Jinksy, "I expect I'm a nat'ral rover; besides, there's no berth here that goes abeggin', an' it's fair ter give different fellers a chance. But I've heard a man say this Father Drumgoole, and those that's come after him, have in twenty years given a lift

ter over twenty thousand boys. Think o' that! An' lots an' lots of these they've got homes for, an' taught trades to, an' provided for reg'lar. No, I don't come here often, bein' so much of a gypsy; an' I don't come ter a free dinner 'less I can't help it; but"—in a confidential aside—"that ragpicker made me give her most every cent I earned for takin' care of Penny. An' as he'd been sick, I wanted him ter have a nice dinner ter day; an' I wasn't sorry for an excuse ter get a square meal myself—

"He's one of us," said Jinksy, suddenly, by way of introducing Hugh to a young priest whom they met in the hall. Obeying his directions, they followed a crowd of boys into a spacious refectory, around the walls and down the middle of which were ranged long tables. In a few minutes the dinner was in full progress. The company was a motley one, comprising boys of almost every description. It was evident that there was neither race nor religious prejudice at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. Here four hundred homeless children, white and black, Jew, Christian and pagan—for some *might* be called pagans,—were gathered together, as it were, under the protecting mantle of our Blessed Mother.

Keen as Hugh's appetite was that day, the bread of charity seemed to choke him at first; but a glance through the window at the figure of the Christ-Child in the arms of His foster-father made the lad humble and thankful. This statue stood in the centre of a small courtyard, above St. Joseph's Well, an artesian bore six hundred feet deep, that furnished the pure spring water with which Hugh slaked his thirst.

At the close of the meal, which was accompanied by plenty of fun and merriment, all the boys were invited upstairs to a large play-room, where they might amuse themselves as they chose; for the authorities hampered by

as few rules as possible these gamin-guests so unused to restraint of any kind. Jinksy and Penny pointed out to Hugh a number of fellows whom they knew by sight. The records of some were perhaps a trifle bad, though Jinksy said: "No, they won't let scamps come here; but if any feller wants ter do better, they won't be too hard on him."

Yet there were heroes in the assembly too. That boy yonder rescued a child from a burning building; there stood Tom the Swimmer, who saved several persons from drowning; opposite was a youth who stayed the hand of a murderer, and received a shot himself in consequence; and over there was Dave the office boy, who refused a bribe from a gang of thieves. Hugh's friends also met several of their acquaintances, to whose good-fellowship he was at once admitted.

About four o'clock the merrymaking was brought to an end by the sound of a bell.

"What are we to do now?" asked Hugh.

"Some of the fellers leave, and some go ter the chapel," Jinksy replied. "I like ter stay ter hear the music; an', then, though I don't know much about them things, an' hate ter be preached at, it's sorter nice ter be talked ter plain an' sensible, 'thout big words or flourishes; an' told that if a feller makes up his mind not ter cheat nor lie nor steal, an' tries not ter do any wrong, there's some One that sees an' helps him. Makes a feller feel as if he had a friend, yer know, even if a feller is only a little gutter sparrow," concluded Jinksy, with unconscious eloquence.

Hugh readily agreed to stay, and presently was in the ranks, filing into one of the chapel pews behind Jinksy. The latter seated himself comfortably; but Hugh, from force of habit, sank upon his knees and mechanically said a

prayer. Then he sat down and idly glanced about. But he could not withstand the pervading influences emanating from the Divine Presence in the Tabernacle. It seemed to him that a mysterious power knocked at the door of his heart and pleaded to be heard.

Now the service began, with the singing of the *Ave Maria* by a choir of the boys who lived at the Mission. How familiar the strains were to Hugh! How often he had sung them at home in St. Mary's! Some of the urchins near him joined timidly in the singing, as all were encouraged to do. Insensibly he followed their example; first merely humming the air, but at last he forgot everything but the beautiful anthem, and his plaintive, flute-like voice rang out sweet and strong, as Sunday after Sunday it had thrilled the hearts of the worshippers in the parish church at Hazleton.

As the first tones of that clear soprano fell upon the ear of a young assistant priest who was stationed near by to preserve order, he started and looked about inquiringly; then, having singled out the singer, he watched the boy intently. But Hugh was utterly unconscious of his gaze, and of the fact that Jinksy was regarding him with round-eyed wonder; that little Penny held his breath to listen, and that the boys in the vicinity craned their necks just to get a glimpse of him. He had forgotten them all; for his thoughts, like homing doves, had flown back to St. Mary's to the Feast of the Annunciation, when he sang the *Ave Maria* (not this simple chant, but a prayerful solo),—sang it with all his heart. Later he had thought it very droll when told that he made the people cry in church. And it was after this that his mother presented him with the picture of the Madonna which hung in his room, and said something about hoping he would always keep his heart pure to sing her

praises. This brought him back to the present, and checked the words upon his lips. Should he dare to sing them now—he who would not take the trouble to find the way to a church for Mass that morning; he who had been so disobedient and defiant as to desert his home and parents?

Presently the officiating priest spoke a few earnest words to the boys, then came the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*. When the music recommenced, the young assistant again looked toward Hugh; but the lad sang no more. Through his mind were passing in review the incidents of the past few days, both before and since he had run away. Now many things appeared to him in their true light; and, as at Benediction he bowed his head upon his hands, he brushed away a strange mist that arose before his eyes.

"There is some mystery about that boy," thought the priest; then he said to himself: "Surely he has not had the rough life of his present associates. I must speak to him and see if I can not help him."

As they left the chapel, Hugh observed that the priest's glance followed him, and he feared to be detained and questioned. "Come, let us go," he said to Jinksy; and they hurried into the street.

(To be continued.)

Ignorance Betrayed.

Mezalyze, a Persian noble, once went to examine the paintings of Apelles, and maintained so strict a silence that the pupils thought him a great critic; finally he began discussing the points of the pictures. "Ah!" said Apelles, "when you were silent the purple and gold were very imposing; but when you speak of things concerning which you are ignorant, my pupils can not forbear smiling at you."

A Curious Water Bird.

IN almost all temperate and tropical countries there will be found near lakes, rivers, and seacoasts representatives of the *Pelecanidæ* family,—pelicans. The pelican is a large, web-footed (like a duck), fish-eating water bird, having a very long, wide, and flattened bill. The upper beak, which is terminated by a strong hook, curves over the tip of the lower one; and under the bill and throat hangs what is called the gular pouch, a great bag that is capable of holding several quarts. Pelicans secure their food by wading or swimming out where fish are plentiful, and then scooping their prey into their pouches. They breed, as a rule, on the ground near water, laying from one to three or four creamy or bluish-white eggs. These birds are gregarious—that is, they live in flocks,—and they gather in immense numbers at their breeding places.

European pelicans are about as large as swans, and their short legs give them an awkward, waddling gait when walking; although they fly gracefully, swiftly, and for long distances. The white pelican, the American variety of the bird, used to be common throughout this country; but it is now seldom found east of the Mississippi, except along the Gulf coast, where it spends the Winter. It is a good deal larger than the Old World species, being five feet long and eight or nine feet across the extended wings. The brown pelican, rather smaller than the white, is found on the California coast.

The old fable that the pelican wounds its own breast and feeds its young with the blood that flows from it has no foundation in fact. The young are fed on fish brought to the nest in the pouch. The fable arose, perhaps, from the bird's habit of pressing its bill upon the breast; for, as the hook at the end of the

bill is red, it might be mistaken for blood. It was probably due to this fable that the pelican has from early times been considered in Christian art and poetry an emblem of charity and self-sacrifice. In an old poem on the "Holy Rood" we find this quaint quatrain:

The pelicane his blod did blede,
Ther-with his briddens for to feed;
Thit be-tokenet on the rode
Oure Lord us fede with His blode.

A Strange Emblem.

The escutcheon of an ancient family in Denmark bears the strange figure of a half-filled bottle. This singular device owes its origin to the generous conduct of one of the ancestors of the family, who was a soldier in the frequent wars which his country carried on with the Swedes. On one occasion, at the close of a successful battle, he was stationed as a guard near the scene of the conflict. He felt very thirsty, and with much difficulty succeeded in procuring a bottle of beer. He was just in the act of raising it to his mouth, when he heard a piteous cry from a famishing Swede in the immediate vicinity.

Forgetting his great thirst, the noble-hearted warrior hastened to the relief of his enemy, whom he found lying on the ground, deprived of both legs. The Dane leaned over him, and placed in his hand the precious bottle. Far from being touched by this chivalrous act, the old and inveterate hatred of the Danes once more took possession of the wounded Swede, and, seizing the opportunity, he drew his revolver, and fired at his benefactor. Happily, the shot missed its mark. Then the Dane snatched the bottle out of his hand, saying, "Now you shall get only half of it." And, after drinking half of its contents, he handed the bottle back to the treacherous Swede, and returned safely to his post.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A copy of the exceedingly rare first edition of the English translation of Pedro de Medina's "Arte of Navigation" (1581), a quarto volume in Black Letter, was among early printed books sold at auction last month in London. The work dates from 1545. It is the first practical treatise on navigation, and was the most popular of all, especially with the followers of Columbus.

—The "Mariana Library" of the Catholic University of America already contains some two thousand volumes. Its existence is due to the piety and generosity of Mr. George Duval, of New York, who conceived the idea of a great collection of writings pertaining to the Blessed Virgin, and provided a generous fund for purchasing such volumes as become available from year to year.

—We acknowledge the receipt of the first number of *La Palestine*, a new French monthly, published at the Latin Patriarchium, Jerusalem. It is the organ of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith in Palestine and of the military Order of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. This initial number—a modest octavo brochure of sixteen pages—is an interesting bulletin, the contents of which fully vindicate its publication.

—Prof. J. D. M. Ford, of Harvard University, has written an introduction to a volume of "Studies in Spanish-American Literature," by Dr. Isaac Goldberg, which is soon to be published. The book is intended as an introduction to a considerable literature which the author considers has been too long neglected, as well as a study of the Spanish-American spirit as it is manifested in the authors of to-day.

—We had occasion recently to deplore the decadence and the anti-Catholic spirit of some of the Irish novelists of the day. The *Dublin Review*, in its current issue, says of the latest work of one such novelist: "Without grave reason, or, indeed, the knowledge of the Ordinary, no Catholic publicist can afford even to be possessed of this book; for in its reading lies, not only the description, but the commission of sin against the Holy Ghost. Having tasted and rejected the devilish drench, we most earnestly hope that this book be not only placed on the *Index Expurgatorius*, but that its reading and communication be made a reserved case." Needless to add, the work

will probably receive high commendation from some of our American reviewers, as has been the case with many another book absolutely inimical to faith and morals.

—Father Henry C. Day, S. J., who saw five years' service as a chaplain during the War, has written a book of campaigning recollections entitled "A Cavalry Chaplain," which will be published during the Autumn. The author, who was awarded the Military Cross as well as the Order of the White Eagle of Serbia, was attached to the Seventh (Service) Battalion, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and, in the words of Captain C. A. Salvesen, M. C., in his recently-published record of that battalion, "endeared himself to every one. He was known throughout the length and breadth of the Gallipoli front; and there were few indeed in the Salonica Army to whom he was not a familiar figure."

—"Monasticism and Civilization," by the Very Rev. John B. O'Connor, O. P., P. G. (P. J. Kenedy and Sons), being only a 12mo of 250 pages, is not of course even an approximately exhaustive treatment of the wide subject connoted by its title. The author's purpose is simply to present that subject in general outline to such readers as have either no time or no inclination to peruse the bulkier volumes dealing with the matter. It may be well to inform the prospective purchaser of the book that Father O'Connor discusses "monks" only in the exact meaning of that term, and hence "has excluded from his pages the splendid contributions to the work of civilization of Franciscans, Carmelites, Augustinians, Dominicans, and the other great families of friars produced by the Middle Ages." An interesting work, with a good bibliography and an exhaustive index. Price, \$2.50.

—"St. Bernard's Treatise on Consideration" has been translated from the original Latin by a priest of Mount Melleray and published by Browne & Nolan. As the only English version from a Catholic pen, it deserves, and will no doubt receive, a generous welcome from a host of readers. It is the work by which the Mellifluous Doctor is best known, and that which has received the highest praise. Helinandus went so far as to declare that in this treatise the holy Abbot shows himself "more eloquent than Demosthenes, more subtle

than Aristotle, wiser than Plato, more prudent than Socrates." And Mabillon's criticism is scarcely less eulogistic: "Amongst all the writings of St. Bernard there is nothing that appears more worthy of him than the five Books on Consideration, composed for Pope Eugenius"; and, as a conclusion to his discussion of the greatness of the subject treated, the dignity of the person addressed, the sublime manner of treatment, the majestic style, the eloquence and power shown in the depth and vigor of thought, and the conformity of the doctrine contained in the Books to the sacred canons, he does not hesitate to affirm that "there can be nothing more worthy of a Catholic Doctor and a most holy Father of the Church." To readers unfamiliar with the work, it may be said that the treatise deals with the dignity and duties of Popes, with their proper virtues and their possible defects, and with their obligation of cultivating the three degrees of "consideration," or contemplation. An appendix to the work proper contains four letters of St. Bernard, addressed to: the Roman Curia; Pope Eugenius; the Roman People; and Pope Innocent II. The translator has done his work with conspicuous excellence, but he will hardly escape the censure of his more judicious readers, because of his failure to provide the book with a good index. Price, 7s 6d.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

- "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.
 "First Impressions in America." John Ayscough. (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.
 "A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.
 "The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. Robert Smith, of the diocese of Salford; Rev. John Murphy, diocese of Portsmouth; Rev. Martin Cave, archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. William H. Rogers and Rev. Michael McKeon, diocese of Hartford; Rev. Daniel O'Ryan, O. M. I.; and Rev. F. Semande, C. S. B.

Sister M. Adele, of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Mr. G. D. Barnett, Mr. Frank Angelo, Mrs. Mary McCahill, Mr. John Steger, Mr. George Hazzard, Mr. James Martin, Miss A. McLaughlin, Mr. George Lee, Mr. Joseph Weist, Mrs. Mary Burke, Mr. Herman Stanley, Miss Stella Murphy, Miss Josephine Keller, Mr. Donald Steele, Mr. George Russell, and Mrs. Alec Dalglish.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude, Aps.

SUNDAY, 29.—TWENTY-FIRST AFTER PENTECOST.

St. Narcissus, B. St. Serapion, B.

MONDAY, 30.—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C.

TUESDAY, 31.—St. Wolfgang, B. C. Vigil. *Fast.*

NOVEMBER.

WEDNESDAY, 1.—ALL SAINTS'.

THURSDAY, 2.—ALL SOULS'.

FRIDAY, 3.—St. Hubert, C. St. Winefride, V.
M. St. Malachy, B.

SATURDAY, 4.—St. Charles, C. SS. Vitalis and
Agricola, MM.

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE. I., 48.

VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 28, 1922.

NO. 18

[Copyright, 1922: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

O Satis Felix! Speculator Alti.

(St. John of the Cross.)

BY A. G. MCDUGALL.

○ GREATLY happy gazer on the secrets
Of the high Godhead, Martyr in thy
yearning,
Virgin in penance, Prophet aye remembered,
Mystical teacher!

Ofttimes with Christ and with His Virgin
Mother

Heldest thou converse, living 'midst the angels;
Thence do thy writings gleam with light of
knowledge

Gained from high wisdom.

Thou, with thy mind illumed with rays from
Heaven,

Tell'st of the steep path up the mystic moun-
tain.

Tell'st of the soul's dark night, and of the
living

Flame that love kindleth.

When thou dost ope the sacred word's high
meaning,

Flees from our souls the ignorance of dark-
ness;

Since thou hast made night's shadows bud
with glorious

Light all-illuming.

So to the Three in One doth John give glory,
For whom the Lamb the Book of Life in
Heaven

Loosed from its seals, the Father and the
Spirit

Blessed with light's dowry.

WE attain to Heaven by using this
world well.—Cardinal Newman.

Thoughts for the Eve of November.

AMONG all the truths that the Church proposes to our belief, if we except those touching immediately the perfections of God, the Incarnation and the like, or the prerogatives of the ever-Blessed Virgin, there is none perhaps more beautiful or more consoling than that of the Communion of Saints. In accordance with this dogma we believe that every faithful child of the Church is benefited by the prayers and good works of all his brethren. We are confident that we receive a share of the graces merited by the innumerable Masses daily celebrated throughout Christendom; and that our spiritual wealth is increased by the austerities of the anchorite in his cell, the labors of the missionary among the heathen, the devotion of the virgin in her cloister,—in a word, by the supernatural good works performed by all Catholics in every quarter of the globe.

Nor are these the sole consequences of this cheering doctrine. This sweet communion exists not only among Catholics here on earth, members of the Church militant, who are still struggling against the world, the flesh, and the devil; but between us and the countless multitudes of the Church triumphant, the glorified saints who have finished their struggle and are now at peace in the Heavenly Jerusalem; between us, too, and the members of

the Church suffering,—those holy souls whose combat is over, but whose probation still endures; who have won indeed the victory, but have not yet received their palm. Yes, we are bound together on earth in an intimacy that allows us to participate in one another's merits; we are united to the saints in heaven by a bond that entitles us to the assistance of their petitions; and are linked to the souls in Purgatory by a tie which gives them, in turn, a right to our prayers and good works.

Our loving mother the Church, anxious that we should benefit to the utmost by this triple union, has established particular feasts for the purpose of preserving and strengthening those gracious bonds. Thus, on the 1st of November she celebrates the triumphs of our brethren in heaven; and on the very next day she commemorates her suffering children of Purgatory. On All Souls' she calls on us to mourn with her the sad exile of our departed brethren, whose entrance to eternal bliss is being preceded by a preparation of great, purifying pain. Throughout this whole month she would have us reflect frequently on the probable fate of relatives and friends who have passed before us, beyond the boundaries of this earthly life; would have us lend an attentive ear to the touching plaints that are unceasingly echoed by the mournful November breezes: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"*

The doctrine of the Church regarding Purgatory is as simple as it is reasonable. Grievous or mortal offences against God merit both eternal and temporal punishment, and both are remitted by the Sacrament of Baptism. The absolution pronounced by the priest in the Sacrament of Penance remits only the eternal punishment; the tem-

poral must be undergone in this world or in the next. The object or purpose of these temporal pains is to expiate the abuse of the grace of Baptism, and to fortify against new lapses; and this is why the ministers of the Church impose on repentant sinners works of satisfaction, such as prayers, fasting, and almsgiving. The trials and troubles of life, when supported with resignation, may also serve as expiatory works. Purgatory is the place, or state, in the other life in which those souls, who did not while on earth undergo the temporal punishment due to their sins, remain until complete satisfaction is made. The Church has not defined the nature of the pains endured in Purgatory, nor has she pronounced on their rigor, their duration, the manner in which they purify souls, the extent to which the sufferers are solaced by the prayers of the living and the Sacrifice of the Mass, or how this Sacrifice effects their deliverance. What she has defined in the Council of Trent is that Purgatory exists, and that our prayers and good works are efficacious in aiding its inmates, either by lessening the intensity or diminishing the duration of their untold sufferings.

Even were the Church silent as to the existence of Purgatory, there are abundant proofs which conclusively demonstrate the reality of such a state. In the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew we read: "But he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Some sins, then, are forgiven in the other world, else these words of the Evangelist mean nothing. Now, sin can not be forgiven in the other world as to the eternal punishment due to it,—“out of hell there is no redemption”; hence there must be another place, condition, or state, in which the temporal punishment may be expiated.

* Job, xix, 24.

In the Second Book of Machabees (xii, 46) occurs this passage: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." The Jews, then, believed in Purgatory before the coming of Christ. Protestants reject, it is true, the canonicity of the book in which we find these words; but even they must admit the historical testimony therein given as to the practice of offering prayers for the departed. Some of the Reformers pretended that the Rabbi Akiba, who lived under Adrian, was the author of this Jewish custom of praying for the dead. Renaudot refutes this error; and, after proving that prayers for the dead have been in use from time immemorial in nearly all synagogues, and that the Rabbi in question merely formulated a certain particular petition for the deliverance of souls, he adds the following remark: "The Purgatory of the Jews is not our Purgatory; for they believe that almost all Israelites go there, that they remain there for one year, and that then the souls and, according to some even the bodies, pass by subterranean channels into the land of Israel, whence they afterward proceed to Eden."

Belief in Purgatory among us dates back to the very origin of Christianity. It would take up too much space to cite here passages from Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. John Chrysostom, St. Epiphanius, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Fulgentius; but an examination of their works shows that they all fully accepted this dogma. It is true that the earlier Fathers do not use the words "purifying flames" or "purgatory"; but they professed the doctrine such as the Church teaches it,—since they recognized that souls might be subjected to expiatory pain after death, and proclaimed the utility of prayers and almsdeeds offered for their relief. St. Augustine recalls the

ancient and universal custom of the Church to make express mention of the dead in the Holy Sacrifice, and affirms that it was offered for them.

Protestants in our day do not all reject the usefulness of prayers for the dead. The Ritualistic branch of the Anglican clergy accept the doctrine, and in doing so are more consistent than their ultra-Protestant brethren; for, as Bossuet has shown in his "Variations," their principles demand that they recognize the existence of Purgatory, since they admit that just souls may leave this world without being entirely purified; and the Holy Ghost has said that "nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of heaven." The earlier Reformers were not so inimical to this dogma as are most of their successors. Luther, Grotius, and others, did not condemn the practice of praying for the dead.

In fact, the dogma of Purgatory, as defined by the Church, is in full and perfect accord with the conclusions to which our reason leads us; the weakness of our nature forces us to recognize its necessity; and the heart discovers in the belief an abundant source of consolation. So true is this that we find a belief in Purgatory, coupled with a mixture more or less gross of superstition and error, in the traditions of all the nations of antiquity. The ancient philosophers and poets proclaimed it. Plato and Plutarch speak of sins *curable* in the other life, and Virgil sings this cure in his *Æneid*. It may be added that the belief is professed to-day even by non-Christians. *Araf*, a middle place, between paradise and hell, is the purgatory of the Mussulmans.

Of the existence of this place of temporal punishment in the other life, then, there can be no rational doubt; of the efficacy of our prayers and good works in alleviating the torments of the holy souls, the Council of Trent assures us. For the rest, powerful

motives are not wanting to urge us to give them all the aid we may.

In the first place, these inmates of Purgatory are God's friends. He loves them with an infinite love. They are destined to increase His accidental glory by the additional praise and worship and thanksgiving that will redound throughout the courts of heaven when their deliverance shall have been effected. God's justice ordains that they shall undergo their punishment until every obligation is cancelled. He can not give them graces; for from the moment of their death their opportunities of meriting were gone forever. But He calls on us to pay their ransom. He places in our hands, so to speak, the keys of their prison. How can we be reluctant to accomplish so loving a duty!

Who are the souls that languish in Purgatory? All are our brethren in Jesus Christ; we and they are children of a common mother, the Church; and hence the precept of fraternal charity, "Love your neighbor as yourself," imposes on us the obligation of coming to their assistance. They all are fellow-Christians; but some are joined to us by nearer and dearer ties and by still closer bonds. Some are our parents, our relatives, our friends, with whom we lived in closest intimacy, who rejoiced when we were happy, who mourned when we wept. The touching supplication, "Have pity on us, have pity on us!" is borne from Purgatory to earth by the fond ones we dearly loved: the father or mother whose daily toil was all for us, of whose deep affection we were ever sure; the spouse with whom at God's altar we were made one; the brother or sister on whose tender sympathy we so confidently relied; the darling son or daughter who turned to us for comfort in every grief or trouble; the faithful friends, whose worth and example so often gave us strength and cheered our life's dark way. Imprisoned

now afar from God—imprisoned perhaps for faults that we occasioned, cancelling debts perhaps for us contracted,—they call on us to give testimony of our love. They conjure us by those vows of undying affection so often interchanged on earth, by all the tender reminiscences that survive of bygone days, by the love that was the sunshine of the home wherein they dwelt, to pour on them the stream of mercy that Christ has placed at our disposal,—to open their prison doors of which He has given us the key.

Our own interests, therefore, not less than theirs, demand that we remain not heedless of their cries. We dread hell, but in our saddest moments we do not expect to go there. To do so would be to despair. On the other hand, it would be presumptuous to believe ourselves so perfect that we shall escape God's prison-house beyond the tomb, and go direct from earth to heaven. Hence we believe that, sooner or later, we shall experience the pains of Purgatory. Then shall we, too, wail out those plaintive words: "Have pity on us, have pity on us!" And then shall we understand the full meaning of that sentence: "The measure of mercy you deal unto others, the same shall be dealt unto you." If while here on earth we neglect to help the faithful departed, others will neglect us when we are gone.

It behooves us, then, to have compassion on these prisoners of the King, and show ourselves generous in paying their debts. Our generosity will not go unrewarded. Once in heaven, these grateful souls will beseech God to shower His blessings upon us; they will prove our constant benefactors whilst we remain on earth; and when our turn comes to endure the suffering from which our prayers have delivered them, their intercession will procure for us a brief probation, and a speedy entrance into our eternal home.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIX.



GLASSFORD, glad to escape from the dance, indulged himself in his favorite remedy for vexations of all sorts,—a long walk. He bent his steps to the comparative solitude of Riverside Drive. As he walked along, motors flew past him, limousines, yellow and black taxis, taking gay parties of people homewards from the opera, onwards to a ball. He was jostled by hurrying crowds; or past him scuttled bedraggled figures of the night. How calm and majestic the face of the waters; how delicious the breeze that fanned him, after the atmosphere of falsehood and artificiality, from which he had emerged! His first thoughts were of Eloise. He frowned in perplexity; and he inwardly raged at the social conventions which permitted such a man as Hubbard to be received in the very best houses, simply because of his social qualities and his connection with one or more prominent families.

Before him rose the face of James Brentwood, earnest, inspired by his very real, though not obtrusive, religious spirit. He seemed to hear that quiet voice, so finely modulated always, begging of him to look after "his little girl," in so far as might be possible, to keep her, whenever practicable, amongst those of her own faith; and, if it should come to a question of marriage, to oppose strenuously her union with an unbeliever. Yet, here was Eloise moving in that very circle of which her father had been afraid, and making herself a target for gossip with the type of man whom James Brentwood would have abhorred.

Once before, as Gregory told himself, he had intervened, and had contrived to send the girl to the safe shelter of a

convent at a distance from New York and all its dangers. He wished that she would only have remained there, at least another year, to allow the holy influence of the cloister to sink in and mould her character. But the experiment could not be repeated. Her grandfather's will had made her independent. She had returned strangely matured and sobered, but with a determined will of her own, against which he had no weapon, save, possibly, that which he was unable to use. She was entirely in the hands of Dolly Critchley, who represented all that was gayest and most alluring, and who enjoyed the sensation of bringing out into society this attractive young girl.

"She used to be a madcap, charmingly daring and irresponsible," decided Mrs. Critchley, "now she is something of a sphinx."

"That trip we took to Egypt unsettled your mind, my dear," commented her husband, to whom this remark had been confided, "or you would never think of comparing this pretty convent girl to that enigma of the ages."

"That smile of hers!" exclaimed Dolly, who was obstinate.

And Gregory Glassford, walking swiftly up the broad promenade, and listening with ears that did not hear to the lapping of the stream against its banks, was of the same opinion.

"I can not understand her, and there is no possibility of controlling her."

And under his breath, the young man muttered expressions highly uncomplimentary to the self-appointed chaperone of this wilful girl, to society and its votaries in general, and to Reggie Hubbard in particular. He had walked so fast and so far that he presently found himself in front of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, which looks out upon the Hudson, a rebuke, as the young man thought, to all the materialism that was seeking to gain an empire

over the hearts and minds of the people. There, erect, slender, exquisite, upon her horse, she sits brandishing the blade of her sword, a symbol of faith and love and of high idealism.

Glassford stood and looked at the statue and mused awhile. Then he realized, with a laugh, his own absence of mind, and turned to go downwards toward the apartment which he occupied in Park Avenue. He noted as he went, that the lights were out in many of the handsome houses which lined the way; while on the river, boats, hurrying upwards or downwards, glowed like jewels with many-colored lights. Suddenly, Glassford, who had abandoned his perplexities about his ward, and given his mind to a more entrancing subject, was conscious of a profound emotion, which held him breathless.

The seasoned man of affairs, the social lion, the eligible match, for whom mothers had angled and daughters had sighed, realized this new and compelling force, which, in all his varied existence, he had not before known. The knowledge made him light-headed; it imparted a new joyousness to everything, and as he walked and walked, it seemed to him that the solitude about him and the flow of the romantic Hudson must forever afterwards be associated with this exquisite feeling. He had been aware of previous premonitions; and half-pleased, half-unwilling had followed a path which had led him, he now knew, with certainty, whither?

He began to consider, with a new diffidence, the obstacles which might have to be overcome—he, who had never permitted difficulties of any sort to daunt him! He was impatient for the night to be over, and any other days or nights that separated him from the objective that promised immeasurable happiness. He knew everything now with certainty, and understood all his late actions, which had been tending in

one direction. It irked him to think that there were other things to be done, and that the morrow could not be given up to that sole pursuit which seemed of value.

Next day, at his office, he formally introduced Larry, and found him almost immediately helpful in the routine of the work. He took pains to call upon the lawyer with whom he had left the will for his decision. It was important that he should know it, and without delay. The lawyer, who received him in one of those luxuriously-appointed offices, which would have made his progenitors in the legal and judicial world stare, was quite prepared with his answer. He had made all possible inquiries, consulted various authorities, and was convinced that no possible objection whatever could be made to the validity of the will. He declared that it could be admitted to probate, with little delay.

"That much is decided for good or evil," Gregory exclaimed, drawing a long breath.

Early in the afternoon, he mounted the steps of Mrs. Critchley's house, to call upon that lady, whom he hoped to find out, and upon Eloise, whose presence there he had ascertained by telephone. He had decided not to tell her yet of the new developments in her grandfather's testamentary disposition. There was that other thing to be settled first, if settled it could be. He presently found himself, not without trepidation, in the presence of Eloise, who ran forward, with both hands outstretched, to thank him for the flowers he had sent her that morning.

"You dear, dear Gregory," she cried, "it was the sweetest bouquet I ever saw. How did you manage to put such artistic ideas into a florist's head?"

"It was the feminine of florist who took the order. Perhaps, that accounts for the artistry."

"No, no; I know that was your doing, and everything you do is perfection."

"You are too sweet to be quite wholesome, to-day, Eloise. It is not good for a staid member of the Produce Exchange to hear such sugar-coated remarks."

"Now, you are trying to be disagreeable," replied the girl, "and I want to tell you how wonderful everything was at the dance. My card was filled before I was ten minutes in the room."

"That was a foregone conclusion; but I hope you gave all those poor fellows a chance who lined the walls."

Careless as were the words, she divined what he meant, and her color rose; but she was not going to incriminate herself by admitting that she had danced, or sat out, more than half the dances with Reggie Hubbard.

"Now," began Glassford, drawing his chair nearer to her, "I am going to talk to you very seriously."

"You nearly always do, and that is just the trouble, Gregory."

"Is it?" he said; "well it is quite possible that I do not shine in the rôle of guardian. I never attempted it before, and most certainly shall not again."

"You would be ever so much nicer in some other rôles," the girl said, with a pretty, little droop of her eyes.

"Well, let us hope so, for that is one of my preoccupations just now: to succeed in quite another part."

Eloise began to feel quite flustered. She had not hoped for such immediate success; and she asked herself, could it be possible that in addition to her delightful walks and talks with Reggie, she was to bring to her feet, by the simplest possible devices, the difficult Gregory Glassford.

"My dear little Eloise you are in for a lecture."

The girl's face fell somewhat. She looked at the man beside her, with a

cold, inscrutable glance, wondering, as she did so, at the brightness of his face and the increased geniality of his manner. Those external symptoms were not quite in accord with the purpose, which she believed, had brought him there. So she attributed them to his various successes in Wall Street. For it was bruited about in their circle, that, in addition to stemming the tide of a panic, he had, in a short time, carried through what was known as a big deal, and achieved an additional fortune. So, she prepared herself to listen, with what complacency she might, to what Gregory chose to call a lecture, the subject of which she readily divined, but which she, in her conceit, regarded as a manifestation of masculine jealousy. Glassford, who was so human with all his superiority, and, she had to admit, so lovable, was not in her belief above the amiable weakness of disliking to see another preferred before him. So Eloise settled herself in what she considered a becoming attitude, and said:

"Proceed, *Monsieur le predicateur!*"

"Eloise," began the guardian, with a dreaminess in his eyes, which the girl noted and resented, since it seemed not to be taking cognizance of her graceful attitude, "you know, or you must often have heard it remarked, that there are strong cross currents in the Brentwood family and its connections. The one, ran to earnestness, religion, faith; the other, well, it went in opposite directions. It ran all the way to downright wickedness.

"In the first current ran your father, James Brentwood. He was, in all respects, one of the very finest men I have ever known, and his strong religious convictions increased rather than lessened his popularity. I admired him immensely, and he was one of those to whom I owe whatever is best in me. It was splendid to hear him talk, with his fine enthusiasm, on the subjects

that most men are afraid to broach."

Now this opening to the lecture, being different from what she had anticipated, made Eloise uneasy. Forgetting her affectation, she sat bolt upright, with that in her aspect which had caused Marcia and Larry to discover a resemblance to her grandfather.

"Now, my dear little girl," went on Gregory, taking her hand to emphasize what he had to say, "your father, as he lay on his deathbed, said some very serious things to me concerning you and the people he desired for your associates, and above all, concerning the man whom he hoped you would marry. First and foremost he desired that he should be a practical Catholic."

Eloise, with a curious eagerness, wondered if Gregory were thus pleading his own cause, though she had an instinctive feeling that he was not likely to bring her late father's influence into his own suit.

Still, it might be the manner in which this clever Gregory, whom at that moment she particularly admired, might introduce such a subject. The reference to her father, to whom she had been so devoted, profoundly stirred the better side of her nature, and made her realize that nowhere could he have found for her a suitor more to his taste than this successful financier and social favorite. She felt the strength which seemed to emanate from him, and which had enabled him to surmount triumphantly the daily temptations, social or commercial, that beset his path. It is possible that she might still have been persuaded to lean upon that strength, and thus be guided into a safe harbor, had Glassford been able to appeal to her affections and offer her his own love.

"So that is why, Eloise," Gregory continued, "I feel so great a responsibility. I interfered once to save you from apparent danger. I am powerless now. But you know very well, dear

girl, what rocks you are nearing, and into which of the Brentwood currents you are drifting."

He looked at her to see the effect of his words, and he saw that she avoided his eyes.

"Eloise," he urged, "for your father's sake, for my sake, who am so many years older and who knows life as you can not possibly know it, I do beg of you to promise—"

"To promise what, Gregory?" Eloise asked in a strange voice, that he hardly recognized, so agitated it was by a variety of emotions.

"Can't you guess?"

There was a breathless pause.

"Gregory!" Eloise exclaimed. Instinctively, Glassford dropped the hand he held. He hastily answered:

"That you will not become entangled with a man who is unworthy of you."

What the girl expected, it is hard to say, but she laughed a bitter laugh.

"So all that fine flow of words, Gregory, was directed merely against poor Reggie Hubbard!"

"Make the application as you will," Glassford replied in his sternest tones, though with a sinking heart, "I am only obeying your father's instructions, warning you against danger."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," retorted Eloise, throwing back her head. Something in her aspect, and in the very words, softened Glassford.

"Are you, little Eloise?" he inquired, bending towards her, with the old, brotherly solicitude. "I fear not. any more than a flower can take care that a storm shall not destroy it."

She bent her head that he might not see in her face the hot wave of anger that was sweeping through her.

"For all your fine sentiments," she burst out at last, "you are like most other men, reckless in destroying character, jealous—"

He flushed, and then smiled, because

of another thought which stole in sweetly to his mind at the moment. But he answered sadly:

"I am but the watchman on the tower."

"Are you? then you have chosen a most uninteresting rôle."

"Granted. Who would ever choose to play the part? And yet a watchman may avert a shipwreck."

Eloise rose and swept him an ironical curtsey. Her eyes were sparkling, a scarlet flush was in either cheek.

"I am deeply grateful, Mr. Gregory Glassford, for your kind interest in me and my affairs, which you have been so careful to assure me is entirely for my father's sake."

"You are unfair," the young man said earnestly, "for your own sake, because of my regard for you, I would speak out and tell you what I think."

"I am sure," Eloise broke out, losing control of herself for the second time, "it is just petty spite and envy that make you men decry Reggie Hubbard."

"I wonder at your blindness, Eloise," Gregory said, in turn, losing patience, "and how a girl with proper self-respect, or even common sense, can permit her name to be coupled with his."

The wild, irresponsible nature, which had caused Eloise to be called a madcap, had arisen to throw down the barriers in her.

"I would rather have Reggie Hubbard's little finger," she exclaimed, "than a dozen canting pharisees who denounce him!"

"In that case," said Glassford, though with admirable patience and self-control, "I am afraid there is no more to be said. I have done my best."

He took his hat and cane, moving towards the door. His voice was perfectly even and composed as he said:

"Good-bye, Eloise. You will never know how sorry I am to hear you make

such an admission, which God grant may not be true."

Eloise, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, ran after him.

"Don't go like that, Gregory. You are making me so unhappy."

The young man stood irresolute, not knowing what he could say.

"I can not take back anything that I have said," he declared at length, "no matter how you may asperse my motive."

"I know," Eloise answered, "that your prejudice against poor Reggie is deeply rooted. But I suppose, I should apologize. I did not mean all I said."

Gregory laughed.

"I accept the apology. I scarcely supposed you did. So now, we can at least part friends, can we not?"

"Say something nice to me, Gregory," Eloise pleaded, her voice tremulous, her eyes full of tears.

"What shall I say?" exclaimed Gregory, "only that you would be the dearest and best little girl in the world, if you would let us wiseacres guide you into the safest of the Brentwood currents."

And then he shook her hand and went away. Nor did he know that she threw herself down upon a divan in a fit of passionate sobbing. She knew instinctively and with a bitter heartache, despite her infatuation for the unworthy Hubbard, that, if she had ever hoped to win Gregory as a lover, that hope was dead. For in the interview that had passed between them, there were many passages that would have forced even the least ardent of lovers to declare himself. But amid all those varied emotions Gregory had remained cold. He had been kind, even tender; he had been impatient, even angry; but he had never been betrayed into any tinge of sentiment, any warmth of emotion.

A Winner of Souls.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COUESON.

V.

AT Monastir, their next station, the Colonials found themselves once more engaged in a war of trenches; but at Cégel, Père Lenoir was able to celebrate Easter after his own heart. He knew that an attack was pending, hence his anxiety that Easter should bring the men all the spiritual assistance that he was able to give. His instructions, of which the plan was carefully prepared, seemed to become even more earnest and more convincing as time went on; and they remain a sacred memory among those who heard them. He was too cultured to speak otherwise than in good French; too refined and too holy to be ever trivial or commonplace when dealing with sacred subjects; the value of his instructions lay in his power of expressing supernatural truths in plain, forcible language. His constant contact with the men made him acquainted with the points upon which they needed to be enlightened, such as God's dealings with men in times of trial, the existence of evil, heaven, hell, etc.

His biographer tells us that the men never complained that he preached above their heads. On the contrary, as those who know the adaptability of the Latin mind will understand, they entered so readily into his views that, by degrees, they found themselves trained to a high level of spirituality. This spirituality was combined with the human element that made Père Lenoir so lovable. He spoke to his hearers of God, but also of their families and their homes; he braced them to meet pain and death in the fulfilment of their duty, by appealing to their noblest aspirations; instead of encouraging delusions, he recognized fully the difficulty of the task they were called upon to perform, but

he taught them that with Holy Communion it was made easy and fruitful in spiritual results, the only ones that really matter.

VI.

The attack foreseen by the Colonials' chaplain took place in a hilly country, where the Bulgarians held strong positions that, on all sides, dominated the advance of the French troops. As if he knew that he was nearing the end of his pilgrimage, Père Lenoir, during these tragic weeks, led a life of superhuman self-sacrifice. Officers and men marvelled that, frail in appearance, he could, day and night, be on duty, at the service of his flock. The colonel of the regiment assured Père Lenoir's biographer that, for weeks together, he visited every night the outstanding posts where the Colonials were stationed; and, he added, that, solid and enduring though they were, not one of the soldiers under his command could have stood the physical and moral strain that their chaplain endured.

After spending the night without sleep, often in rain and snow, he returned to say Mass in his tent; and, at 11, he would appear at the officers' mess, "always clean and neat, calm and smiling," added the colonel. His orderly describes him starting every night for his rounds, laden with chocolate, cigarettes, newspapers, etc., and returning at dawn empty handed, drenched with rain, or white with snow. To his servant's affectionate remonstrances, he invariably answered: "I must see the men just at present"; and, in a letter written a week before his death, he reveals the secret of his supreme endeavor to win souls. "Grace," he writes, "is doing wonders in their souls; these divine redemptions can not be too dearly bought." He professed to sleep in the daytime, but his tent was open to all, and a steady flow of visitors invaded it at all hours;

the orderly had his master's instructions to wake him if he happened to be asleep; but *never* to send away a visitor, whatever might be his errand.

Père Lenoir's anxiety to keep up the men's faith and courage at any price was stimulated by his knowledge of the enormous difficulties of their task. In the opinion of a military chief, they were expected to scale slopes "quite as impossible as the face of a pyramid." Their chaplain knew this, and never ceased to speak words of encouragement and of hope; but, more than ever, he trusted to the supernatural aid of the sacraments. Hence his ceaseless activity.

During the first days of May, the Bulgarians, who held the heights, attacked the French troops in the valleys. Père Lenoir continued his rounds at night, and on May 8, he went 'under fire' to assist the wounded soldiers in a ravine close by. On returning to his tent, he was kept busy till late by his soldier visitors. When the last had left, he gave his orderly some instructions as to what he must do in case of his death; then he took his ciborium and placed it on his breast, gathered together the provisions intended for his men, and prepared to start. As he was leaving the tent, he turned round to his servant and said: "I do not know, Joseph, when I may see you again. Thank you for all you have done for me and for the chapel. God will repay you." When he reported this speech, the poor soldier added: "Those were his words, and they made my heart very sore."

Another soldier, a devout lad, spoke to his chaplain that same night. He was awakened by Père Lenoir, who said to him: "I am bringing you Our Lord; He will give you courage to do your duty as a Christian soldier; and if you fall, He will welcome you to heaven. . . . We may, perhaps, not meet till we are in heaven; I am on my way to join the

companies that are to lead the attack. I want to go up with them."

At half-past six in the morning of the 9th of May, the attack began, and, in a very short time, the regiments that were sent to storm the Bulgarians' positions were well-nigh cut to pieces. Père Lenoir was at the most dangerous post, assisting the wounded and dying. At two that same afternoon, he came across the young soldier to whom he had that morning brought Holy Communion. The lad was impressed by the sadness with which he spoke: "There are," he said, "close to the enemy's lines, many wounded men, who will not be removed till to-night; twice, I have been able to take them some water. I must now join the first and third company." These companies being at an advanced post, the soldier and his comrades entreated him not to go. "You will be a dead man," they said. But the Father only smiled. He filled his flask at a spring close by, then, on his knees, he began to crawl up the fire-swept slope. A young officer, who was stationed at some distance, afterwards reported that he saw Père Lenoir creep through the long grass, and fall dead under the discharge of a *mitrailleuse*.

A few hours later, the same young soldier made his way to the body and identified it; but, being in charge of a wounded man needing immediate care, he was not able to remove it till the night of the 12th, when, at the head of seven volunteers, he successfully brought it back to the French lines. The dead priest's crucifix was safe, so was the ciborium that he carried. "Our Lord will take care of Himself," Père Lenoir often said, when fears were expressed that the Sacred Host might be desecrated, if its bearer was killed. Against the ciborium were folded three papers stained with blood: the Father's resolutions, written after his retreat in 1915, a letter for his family, and one

for the regiment. The latter was read before the assembled troops two days later, after an official communication, in which the colonel praised the dead chaplain's "patriotism, kindness and holiness"; adding: "He was the friend, confidant, comforter and benefactor of our brave men." The letter ran thus:

"I say *au revoir* to my beloved children of the Fourth Colonial Regiment. I thank them for the affectionate sympathy and confidence that they always showed me; and if, unwillingly, I caused pain to any, I sincerely ask them to forgive me. As a Frenchman, I beg them, from my heart, to go on doing their duty bravely; to keep up the heroic traditions of the regiment; to endure and to suffer, as long as is necessary, for the deliverance of their country, with an unshaken faith in the destiny of France. As a priest and a friend, I implore them to secure their eternal salvation by their fidelity to our Lord Jesus-Christ and to His law, by purifying their souls and by uniting themselves to Him in Holy Communion as often as they can do so. I give them *rendez-vous* in heaven, where we shall be together forever in the true life, the only happy one, for which God created us. For them, for this intention, I gladly offer to Jesus Christ, our divine Master, the sacrifice of my life. *Vive Dieu, vive la France, vive le Colonial!*"

When this letter was read, many officers and men shed tears and, with the deepest love and gratitude, they assisted at a religious service celebrated on the spot. The Father's body was afterwards removed to C  gel, to be buried; and, by a happy coincidence, four Jesuits, chaplains or soldier priests, were present at the ceremony. Since then, P  re Lenoir's remains have been brought back to France and interred in the family vault.

His letter to his father and mother—a sacred relic—expresses the tender

affection that never ceased to bind him to his home. P  re Lenoir's religious vocation never loosened ties that made his parents the sharers of his apostolate. So, in this supreme farewell, he wishes them to consider his death, "for God and for France," as the greatest honor that his Master could bestow on him after the grace of the priesthood. "Thank Him, as I do, for this last proof of love, and do not weep for me." Then follow some tender words on the happy meeting above.

The remembrance of their chaplain is still alive among the survivors of the regiment that he so truly loved and so devotedly served. The ill-spelled, but affectionate letters written by the dead to P  re Lenoir's family, the many testimonies of fidelity quoted by his biographer, the marble slab bearing his name, placed at Montmartre by the soldiers,—all these things prove that the seed he sowed fell on good ground.

As a final tribute, we may refer to the official document of General Grossetti, who, at that time, commanded the French army in the East. After praising P  re Lenoir's devotedness, patriotism and self-sacrifice, he mentions his last act of heroism,—when, to assist wounded men who lay helpless and isolated, he climbed in broad daylight, the fire-swept slope, where the angel of death was awaiting him.

(The End.)

Non Sum Dignus.

BY M. PARKES.

Though my many sins as scarlet glow,
Though crumbling be the shrine Thou bidst
me build,
And the garden that I should have tilled,
Yet, in Thy mercy speak the word, and lo!
My wilderness shall blossom like the rose,—
A temple fair invite Thee to repose,
And my stained soul be made as white as
snow.

My Lady Takes Accounts.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

"BE sure," my lady repeated to her maid, "to get out the wine-glasses with the gold rim, and to prepare plenty of those little cakes with the sugar on them. The Count always liked to have everything very nice for his people when they came to transact business."

It was the day for the yearly reckoning, and my lady took accounts now in the small apartment in town which was the only home left her. The great castle in the Sabine Hills, the broad lands, and the title had passed by entail to a nephew who was not too cordial; but my lady held still four or five minor properties, by her deceased husband's will, for her lifetime. Afterwards, they, too, were to revert to Joseph. And as it had been the old Count's habit to receive all the peasants to reckoning on one day of the year, so my lady continued to do. They came by train together (each one having previously walked or ridden from three to five miles from their respective homes to the railroad station), and the notary, who had been the old Count's agent for fifty years, accompanied the little group.

The Count used to take accounts in the big stone-floored hall of the castle; my lady must needs take them in the small sitting room of her apartment in the city. Alone with her intimate friends, she would sometimes give her aristocratic shoulders a slight twitch. "My dear, Joseph has married a wife, and two mistresses in one house are not desirable." None knew what it had cost her to leave the antique, splendid home which had been hers for over seventy years; but she never went back. "I am too old to travel," she would explain, "and my little place in town is very comfortable." But on such a day as this, her thoughts drifted back, with an

altogether unspeakable tenderness, to the noble, gentle, pitying man, who had always been so extraordinarily understanding, and so humane in his wide outlook upon men and things. The wine-glasses with the gold rim, the little cakes with the sugar on them, were his yearly welcome to these poor people of his, who, living close to the soil, in a way would always be children; and, in another way, they were so tragically grown-up, owing to that same nearness, and the hardness of the long years of toil.

He had always loved so much these people of his who, five hundred years ago, at the time the castle was built, in their ancestors, were serfs to his. Yet, in 1420, the Abbot of the neighboring abbey lodged a complaint against the Count of his day, appealing to the Pope against him, for his unjust oppression and taxation of the glebe. Times are indeed changed! For the peasants of 1920 the trip to town was a pleasure. They were delighted to see their good lady again, and there was a certain sense of importance and of honor in the informal reception at which they were treated as welcome guests. They had but little love for Count Joseph who had recently ordered extensive thinning of the woods upon the mountain-side; for their own mistress, the old Countess, however, their affection knew no bounds.

My lady was very handsome, with a fine, proud head of white curls, not one of which was ever out of place; and the maid who brushed them knew that every snowy hair of that elaborate coiffure was my lady's own. Her eyes were very expressive, and dark, between dark lashes; the eyes of a beauty, if we must tell the truth. She always dressed in black now, with white lace at the breast and falling over the hands, and antique jewelry in the folds of it. Nobody had ever taken a liberty with

Madam the Countess, and nobody ever would; yet she was not haughty, and she always seemed to be thinking of the person with whom she was speaking, rather than of herself.

At noon the peasants arrived. They took seats first in the hall, while my lady and the notary examined the books together, and Madam was very exact and particular in her accounting, holding them all to their duty; for, after her, the small fiefs would revert to Joseph, and he must receive his inheritance undiminished. The land was the Count's; the peasants occupied the homesteads free, and the produce, or the price of it, went half to the owner and half to the laborer. Of late years, they had been in the habit of selling at the market, except what they required for their own use; and they brought their "mezzanìa," or halving, only in cash. This arrangement seemed best for their mistress, too, for she had little else to depend upon.

The notary was a personage of great importance. Grey hair, and aggressive moustache; short stature, and a slight roundness at the waistline where a heavy gold watch-chain fell. He could remember, as a child of six, the revolution of 1848, and he had from the lips of his father, the story, which never grew less in the telling, how he had stood at the foot of the hill to greet the Pontiff in person, when the great Gregory XVI. deigned to visit the historic castle, in the time of the old Count's father, the noble owner coming, accompanied by torches, to the outer gate of the keep. The notary was slightly fussy and pompous in manner.

"I trust your ladyship keeps well? Yes, yes, we miss your esteemed presence more and more, Madam. We, especially, who were accustomed to the kindness and graciousness of our late lamented lord. I find myself growing older every day, Madam."

My lady sometimes smiled a little when Giacometti was speaking. "It is an experience others have as well, my friend."

"Not you, my lady, surely?"

"I happen to be reminded of it more vividly to-day, for it is my birthday."

"How could I ever overlook the date! A thousand congratulations, Madam! One would never think of the passage of years with you."

"You belong to a generation which was still courteous, Giacometti—one for which I grieve! But, at my age, the milestones stand out with an appalling distinctness. Perhaps you do not realize that I am ninety-one years old to-day?"

"Impossible, my lady!"

"Not impossible, though almost unbelievable even to myself. The day draws near, I think, when I, too, shall be coming to the accounting...and Another will hold the books!"

"Indeed, we trust it will be many years, Signora Contessa."

"He who is Lord of all knows best. Sometimes I am a little tired, sometimes a little wishful... But those poor people must not wait."

"I regret extremely, my lady, that we were not able to come on the day you had appointed, but I was obliged to attend at the Municipio that morning."

"It is a pleasure I should not otherwise have had,—to see you all on my birthday."

"You are far too good, my lady. Will it please you I should call?"

"Nay, I will ring. Giustina, I will see Giorgio first."

There was a reason for the precedence. He was the oldest of the *coloni*, and the property he worked was the most valuable; but my lady was too just even to say that it would have been her pleasure to favor in any case, all other things being equal, her man from the estate of S. Angelo, which she loved best.

The man summoned was a grizzly

rustic, well past sixty, and showing in his lanky, misshapen body, and iron-hard hands what half a century of stooping to the soil will do. He walked clumsily, as most countrymen do; but his cheeks had the bright ruddiness of ripe apples, and his eyes sparkled with keen life and the twinkle of shrewdness. In his hands this rude peasant held a nosegay, and it was made of crisp, aromatic pinks, blue-grey lavender, and herbs of various and sweet scents.

My lady lifted her hands for joy: "Oh, flowers from S. Angelo! How wonderful!" For a moment she buried her face in them, perhaps conscious that suddenly, unbidden, moisture had dimmed her eyes. "How very, very kind of you!"

The man's face beamed and reddened in the confusion of happiness. "I remembered, my lady, that this was your *compleanno*" (the completion of a year of life), "and I made bold to bring you some of the carnations and sprigs you like. My mother used to tell me that when you came to S. Angelo as a bride, you said the flowers there were sweeter than any you had ever known."

"I have not changed my mind: they are still the sweetest...though I was eighteen then."

"The good soul of my mother remembered you well as you were then, my lady, and your first coming. She was wont to say she never saw so fair a bride, if you will pardon the freedom; and, on Winter evenings around the fire, she often described for us the dress you wore; the stiff silk that almost stood, and the blossoming sprays that crossed the white, with silver veins between them."

The Countess laughed gently, as it were beneath her breath. "And how are they all at S. Angelo?"

"Well, Madam, I thank you. The wife had her rheumatism as usual during the cold weather, but we can't complain.

She sends her duty, my lady, and the children the same. We had a good year, too, except for the drought."

Instinctively, as he said it, he produced a wallet, but she motioned, by the slightest indication of her fine head, the notary sitting with the open book upon the table in front of him, and the man turned to him. In a dozen words, he made his statement orally, and simply and frankly, laid down the amount of the "mezzania" which he had named.

"Is that correct, my lady?" the notary enquired.

"As far as I know, it is correct. And you may trust Giorgio." The peasant bent to kiss her hand and thanked her as he left the room.

"Don't go away," she called after him. "We will have a glass of Marsala when this is finished. And, Giorgio, I will tell you once more, that you may remember it always: the flowers of S. Angelo are just as sweet to-day as when I was a bride!"

The widow from the little hold on the mountain-side came next; and that, too, my lady loved exceedingly, for it was planted with wheat and olives on the long slopes that seemed uptilted to catch the last of the amethyst and gold of evening, when the sun was about to set. Balbina wore the black dress which she only donned for funerals; it was very tight and ill-fitting, so that her form in it resembled those of sedate women in the Quattrocento paintings, with their arms folded in front of them. On her head was a silk kerchief with roses printed along the border, and the whole atmosphere around her was redolent of the loam and hayloft; but Balbina had a countenance upon which the tragedy and sternness of life had stamped their indelible sign. Her eyes were very wonderful, for they had a certain quality of looking mistily far forward, as though she was not bounded

by the common limits of sight; and in color they were blue-green, like the olive trees of her hold, changing, by flashes, to the azure of the Summer haze over the mountain valleys. Balbina, too, kissed that white, aged hand under the lace, but she did not smile: she seemed to have forgotten how.

"I am happy to see you so well, my lady. Yes, it has been a fairly good season, thanks be to God; but the grapes did not do so well for the want of water; they were small this year. My girls and I have had to work early and late to make ends meet; that earth is a bad one on the slope, and, with no men to help, it's difficult harvesting. Nunziatina is to marry soon, Signora Contessa, and that will give us a man on the place again. It has been very hard since the war."

She did not say, because it was not necessary, how terribly she missed the two fine lads, fallen, the one at Carso, the other on the snowy heights of the Alpine frontier.

"It is always hard after our husbands go," my lady said, having good reason to say it. But the other woman had a more recent sorrow.

"And our sons, my lady."

"I never had a son, *figlia mia*; that was grief enough."

"Nay, but it were better never to have had them, than to lose them so!"

"You had the joy of their childhood and youth, my dear, and you must not say that you have lost them, for you raised them up to love and serve God, and He will keep them for you now, until you can go and join them. It is not death to give your life for your country."

"You speak the truth, my lady, for at times, when I grieve sorest for them, I seem to hear their voices chide me. When I kissed Lello at the crossroads, we did not cry, neither he nor I, and I myself said to him: '*Sta forte*' (Be

strong); he did not answer, but I knew his heart. Giannino wept when his turn came, he was such a child, but it was only because he was leaving me. Lello died laughing. You speak the truth, my lady, I should be proud!"

"And your girls are worth their weight in solid gold."

"More than that, my lady. Look, Signora Contessa," and she lifted her overskirt with complete abandon to dive into a deep pocket in the petticoat, from whence she produced a roll of bills; "look my lady, heaven has blessed us, for with all the scarcity of water, and never a man on the land, we have done better than last year."

The business details were settled in a few minutes, and Balbina went back to her seat in the hall, heaving a long sigh of satisfaction. She did smile as she went out; but her long gaze, resting affectionately upon her mistress, seemed through that eerie, misty azure to say: "You are very old, my lady; we have loved you and revered you much; but for how long will you be with us?"...

If there was one of the *coloni*, my lady liked less, it was the tall, spare, long-handed fellow who entered now. Her paramount sense of justice urged her to have no favorites, and in her dealings with them equity reigned, but Tommaso was trying. He shuffled, he contradicted himself, he was full of grievances, and meanwhile his sharp eyes were incessantly on the watch for his own interest.

"My respects to your ladyship. I hope your ladyship is in good health. I wish I could say the same for my family; we have had nothing but sickness this year. My wife with bronchitis, my son with stomach trouble. Impossible to get laborers on hire, and the drought to cap it all. Such a year as this, my lady, I can never remember; and prices sky high—hay, feed, fodder, everything, to say nothing of the cost of living."

"I am sorry you have had so much trouble. Is your wife better?"

"Yes, Madam, but she still coughs. And the boy can digest nothing. We seem to be cursed. I am bringing a check; I hope your excellency will be satisfied; it is not very large."

"I should like an itemized statement, Tommaso. It is more satisfactory to you, too, I believe, Giacometti?"

"I can accept nothing else, my lady."

Tommaso moved his shoulders and his feet. "I am not very good at figuring, Madam; I thought the total was all that you cared to have."

"You did business for a good many years with the Count, my man, and you know how he wished it done."

The Count had found Tommaso indifferently honest, and my lady had often heard him express anger at the subterfuges and tricks attempted by him.

"Come," she urged, "let us not waste time. Tell Signor Giacometti what you have received for grapes, olives, wheat, tomatoes, potatoes and chestnuts. He will do the reckoning."

"Well, you see, my lady, I sold different lots at different times, so it's hard for me not to make mistakes."

"You won't make them to your own disadvantage, my friend."

"How, my lady! You do not think I could do any underhand thing, especially to your ladyship?"

"But, my good man, you went to school, you can add plain figures, and divide by two, can you not? I warrant, you might even be able to do something in the way of subtraction."

Giacometti broke into a short laugh, unconsciously, and covered his indiscretion by blowing his nose hard. The man looked around at him with a puzzled expression, then answered the question regretfully:

"Yes, my lady, I can do arithmetic; but this accounting confuses me."

"You must have summed up your

figures," the notary interposed, "since you present a total. I should like to see those figures, if you don't mind."

With an injured air, the peasant drew forth a pocketbook from an inner vest. "The Count did not make so much trouble as you do," he muttered with an unpleasant glance at the notary; "yet you have known me all your life, and call yourself my friend."

"I render you a service by insisting upon straight dealings."

Ten minutes later, the Countess heaved a deep sigh of relief, after Tommaso's departing back. "Two of his kind would send me to bed with a headache. What a stupid fellow!"

"Not only stupid, my lady, but absolutely unable, apparently, to deal with simple rectitude. You are too much at their mercy, even when they are honest."

She knew that well. "Call Lorenzuccio," she added. "He is a tonic in his uprightness."

A strapping young fellow entered the room; he was clean, alert, bright-eyed, and there was a certain dash and *brio* about him that suggested a distinctive and unusual personality. The stamp of the army days was clear upon him still in erect carriage, poise of the head, and a certain attitude of respect as he stood before the aged lady. He did not kiss her hand, because he belonged to a new generation; but his awkward bow was full of deference and of genuine homage. "How do you do, my lady?" he asked, full of kindness. Lorenzuccio pleased and interested her, and she had been wont to say before he married, that, born in another class, the lad would have been a gallant.

"I thank your ladyship. My father sends his respects, Signora Contessa, and begs you will pardon if he does not come in person. He fell from a ladder some days ago, and is not able to walk. I have the account here."

"Very good, my friend. I hope your father's hurt is not serious?"

"Not very, my lady, but he must rest."

"And you are quite recovered from your wound?"

"Oh, yes, my lady, perfectly. Only when the weather changes it gives me a twinge. I have a piece of news for you, Signora Contessa,—we have a little son since last Tuesday." He could not keep the intense, warm happiness from his face. It fairly beamed and shone. My lady's lit up in sheer sympathy.

"That is good news indeed! And a splendid boy, I'm sure?"

"A young giant, Signora!" And the father flashed his pride and joy from sunny brown eyes and gleaming teeth.

"I am so glad; we must find a little present for him. And the mother is doing well?"

"She is up already, my lady."

The Countess tossed her head with a complete understanding of their ways and habits, only a slight elevation of the eyebrows denoted criticism: "But tell her to be careful,—do! You young people are so imprudent."

"Nothing could hurt Nôrina, my lady; but I will tell her—from you. And there is another matter, I wanted to mention to your ladyship...."

For the first time, the lad showed a trace of embarrassment; but his straightforward manner soon reasserted itself, in answer to a nod of encouragement from her. "It is this, my lady: I love our little farm very much, and I should like to own it, provided your ladyship has no objection. Of course, I have not got the money to pay for it; but I understand that one can take a ninety-nine year lease, paying rent, and by contract obtain possession at the end of that time."

My lady looked long at Lorenzuccio. It was the first time, in over seventy years of experience with them, that a

peasant offered—in the feudal lord's face—to buy a portion of his land from him. The Countess was not angry; she saw it exactly as Lorenzuccio saw it, and felt as though it was not to her, but to that other presence, of the dead man who had always understood, that the descendant of the one-time serfs made his request. Yet my lady gasped, for she felt that times were indeed changed.

"I believe that some such contract does exist legally," she slowly answered; "does it not, Giacometti?"

"It may be made, under given conditions, if the landlord is agreeable, Madam; at least in this district."

"So that you would have to see Count Joseph about it, Lorenzuccio; for at my death, all the lands, of which I now enjoy the income, revert to him."

"And would you speak a good word for me, my lady?"

"I will do what I can, my lad. But I wonder if you have reflected that ninety-nine years from now, in all probability, you will have been dead at least twenty-five years; and I am letting you live to the age of one hundred to give you a good chance!"

Lorenzuccio smiled at the grace. "I have thought it out, my lady. I shall be dead—and plenty!—but the boy might live to be one hundred; and, if he doesn't, he will certainly have sons by then. I was thinking of my son and my son's children. I have no complaint, my lady; how could I, under the Signor Conte and you? But I should like to think of the boy, or of his boy, if needs be (he may come along in my own lifetime). I should like to think of his owning the land I am now working."

My lady still looked at Lorenzuccio; and she knew now how he was indeed different from the common cast, as she had always known that he was; for they never look forward, never, and she knew the wondering dull eyes with

which they would tell you that the next generation, one puny child, might easily die; and that, as to a third generation, it might never exist. But Lorenzuccio was full of some wide hope, and generous mental swing forward, that would make him take the fighting chance. Was this native to him, or had the war done it? My lady did not know. She was not sure that the Count would have liked to sell even the small tenure of Treggia, upon which Lorenzuccio was born; but she thought perhaps he would have been willing to yield it to one so worthy of his esteem. I will speak to Count Joseph for you, I promise."

"And I shall not be displeasing *you*, my lady?" He spoke as a gentleman, and she answered him accordingly.

"I could not be displeased at anything that will make you happy."

"A thousand thanks, my lady." He kissed her hand now, effusively, and went out, and the Countess nodded her head after him. "Good stuff, that!... I wish I had a dozen like him."

The notary seemed less enthusiastic. "But the impudence of actually asking you to sell him the land, a whipper-snapper like that! The old man, his father, will probably give him a thrashing for it; and he deserves it, richly."

My lady contracted her shoulders. "I thought his manner most respectful, deferential even."

"No doubt, Madam; he could not act like a bandit. But, oh! the irreverence of this age."

"Let us make allowances for it, Giacometti. You and I are of the old school, and cherish the memory of it, as all who knew its charm must; but these are the children of a new generation. The desire to own his own land is entirely natural; I should say even just. And if he attains his end by his labor and perseverance, he deserves all credit for it."

"Madam, your ladyship was for many

years the disciple of the most fair and liberal-minded man our town has boasted in many generations, so that I should not presume to argue with you. Will it please you to glance over the entries?"

He carried the big book to her arm-chair that she might see it more conveniently, but she barely glanced at it. "A little later, Giacometti. I am fatigued just now. Will you kindly ring for my maid?"

They all re-entered the sitting room together, and sat awkwardly upon the edges of chairs and divans, while my lady poured the old wine into the frail, gold-rimmed glasses, with her white hand that trembled a little; and the small maid, who had grown grey in my lady's service, handed the refreshments upon a silver salver. There was no talk of business any more, only loud cordial comments upon weather and family life, and the doings of the village neighbors; but it was evident that the aged hostess was growing tired, and the guests speedily withdrew. It was significant of their affection for, and confidence in, the good Countess, that they asked permission to leave their bags and satchels in the hall, while they went to see the town and do their shopping, before taking the train for home.

After this preliminary leave-taking, she sat alone for a few minutes, with, on the table beside her, the ledger and the long, black tin box in which the notary had been depositing the money. My lady hated money; it was always so dirty! But to-day her fingers touched, idly, the heap of sordid bills; and she was thinking upon all the labor, all the toil; the early risings and late hours; the days of heat and the days of rain, they represented—though she could see the beauty, too; sunrise over the hills, the azure haze of the valleys in mid-summer; the long, hyacinth lights of sunset upon the slopes; the garden of

S. Angelo, so full of fragrant flowers; Balbina's land of wheat and olives; and Lorenzuccio's thriving farm, in the midst of garlands of vineyards. After all, every one of them was happier than she was; for they lived in the open, and they had never been forced to leave that green corner of the world which they loved so much!

With her hand upon the box, my lady lost herself in some dim dream of herself long ago, coming to S. Angelo, in her stiff brocade, sprayed with blossoms of antique design, and with threads of silver woven between. Giorgio's mother was making deep courtesies, and presenting a large bouquet (strange that of them all Giorgio alone had remembered her birthday); and she remembered how the Count had nodded and smiled, so happy, so proud to show her to them; and she remembered even how the sun had shone upon his hair, bringing out its peculiarly beautiful chestnut color, "Taffy," she had called it in sport! How long ago it all was! And yet, no more lost or effaced to her than yesterday.

Giustina appeared at the door, unbidden. "May I serve your luncheon, Signora Contessa? Your ladyship must be worn out."

"In ten minutes, my dear. I am not quite ready. And, Giustina, I shall not see my people again this afternoon, they would hardly expect it. But be sure to bring Signor Giacometti into my sitting room when he comes, for I am very anxious to speak to him. Don't forget that!"

"I will not forget, my lady."

And still the Countess sat. Then she took four envelopes, and, upon each one of them, she wrote the name of one of the *coloni*; and, consulting the book of accounts, placed in each envelope the amount of money which each peasant had brought that day.

The notary was the first of the visitors to return, and his face denoted

astonishment as he was ushered into her presence.

"You wished to see me, my lady?"

"I wanted to thank you for your faithful kindness and good services, my dear Giacometti; and also to ask you to do me the favor to take these envelopes with you, and to distribute them to the *contadini* when you separate at the station."

"Might I enquire the nature of their contents, Madam?"

"A trifling gift from me, on the occurrence of my birthday."

The man was visibly disturbed, and kept glancing from her to her open desk. "Your ladyship will pardon my presumption, but I do not think you are in a position...."

"Tut, tut, man, is it not my birthday?" At that moment he happened to look into the black tin box, and saw that it was empty.

"No, Madam, no! Forgive me, but I can not permit this. The Count would never have suffered it! That money is your income, and a slender one at that. Indeed, my lady, they have less need of it than you—believe me, for I know whereof I speak. They will not even find pleasure in your self-sacrifice."

"They will for once have a little more ease; the possibility of satisfying some innocent, perhaps long cherished, desire."

"But, my lady, you do not think of it! The land is your capital which they, not you, are using, and they return but half of the interest to you. They do you no favor in cultivating the soil! They live upon it."

"Ay, but each one of them is poor notwithstanding, and they are, like the Lord Christ, in labors all their days. Let me be liberal for once, Giacometti, as I have so often vainly desired to be. They are my people, . . . and I, too, have my wish at heart, which I have never been able to satisfy, towards them."

"Madam, it is insanity! What are you going to live upon this year?"

"I have a little money saved. And God will provide! Perhaps you do not remember that I am ninety-one years old, Giacometti? How much longer do you expect me to live? And think what it will mean to Giorgio who, I happen to know, is burdened just now with doctors' bills, in spite of his cheerfulness. And to poor Balbina, with no sons to help her, fighting, struggling, and scraping to marry that girl of hers decently, and, as they understand it, with honor. And to that nice Lorenzuccio, who is so fine and so manly."

My lady laughed gleefully, and, to the notary, her merriment sounded actually wicked. She divined his thought.

"I suppose you are quite shocked at my revolutionary sentiments?"

"Madam, I should suggest taking up a collection for poor Tommaso, who is the only one you have overlooked."

"You are positively vicious, Giacometti; but I did not overlook him. I return him just as much as he brought, though it is not as much as he owed me. But I am disposed to-day to forgive him all his sins."

"Madam, it is beyond words of mine...it is unspeakable."

"Please take them, Giacometti."

"My conscience cries out against it."

"Quiet your conscience because you will be making me so happy....Nay, do not shrug your shoulders, it would be falling in courtesy. Look, Giacometti, I ask you as a favor to take this to them: you surely can not refuse me? And I will tell you my innermost thoughts, which must remain a secret between us. On this day the Count always gave alms in honor of Our Blessed Lady—he said he did it in thanksgiving (for her!)—and, since he died, I have always given alms this day, in her honor, in thanksgiving—for him."

"Madam, you shall be obeyed."

A Lesson for Organists.

BISHOP MARTY, the missionary bishop of Dakota, had gone to St. Boniface, Manitoba, to spend a few days with his friend, Mgr. Tache, for the purpose of taking some much-needed rest. The cathedral organ had just been erected; and as it was something new in Manitoba, it was the subject of much comment. Bishop Marty expressed the desire to hear it, and asked one morning if the organist would do him the favor of playing for him. The organist was more than willing; and the bishop, with some companions, repaired to the cathedral, and, after greeting the gratified organist, seated themselves in the nave, near the sanctuary.

His Lordship expected to hear graceful modulations on each of the registers, so that he might have an idea of their timbre, and learn something of the details of the instrument. An organist who knew his business would have proceeded in this manner; but the performer opened the great instrument with all the couplers of the claviers, and with tremendous vigor attacked—the overture of the "Caliph of Bagdad!" It was a veritable tornado; the windows rattled, and the bishop half started from his seat. He had expected to hear very different music.

"After a moment or two," relates one of the prelate's companions, "Bishop Marty said, 'Let us go up to the organ-loft.' We went up. I supposed that his Lordship desired simply to examine the instrument more closely; but what was my surprise when he asked the organist to let him take his place for a while. The bishop took the seat, settled himself in true artistic fashion, pushed back all the registers and surveyed the mechanism of the organ; then, drawing out the stops one after another, he treated us for a half hour or more to the richest of harmonies. We were as much

surprised as gratified. Such music is seldom heard except from masters; but Bishop Marty, when a young man, was a pupil of Rinck's School, and, altogether unknown to us, had been an organist for twenty years.

"When he had finished playing, he turned to the astonished organist, and, with a kind smile, gently remarked: 'My dear sir, when you play the organ, always play it for Him who dwells in the tabernacle.'"

Anti-Catholic Books: Whom Do They Injure?

WHEN Tom Clarke, who was shot, at the age of fifty-eight, for participation in the Irish Rebellion of 1916, was a young man he was imprisoned for many years in England as an Irish rebel. For sixteen years he was herded with the off-scourings of English life in the convict prisons of Portland and Chatham. In the story of his life, he specifies one refinement of cruelty practised on him, and doubtless on other Irish prisoners of his type, in the effort to belittle and degrade them.

"For a long time," he writes, "I never got any but girls' and boys' trashy storybooks, when I was due for a library book. When I complained to the governor about the matter, and asked to be given some books that would be adapted to my educational rating, he ordered the escort to take me away; and the next time I became due for a library book, they gave me a volume of nursery rhymes...."

"Sometime later, they gave me an extraordinary book. I forget the title of it; but it was one of the fiercest 'anti-Popery' books I ever read, although I had read through some 'hot stuff' of that kind up in Ulster, where I was reared. The next time I became entitled to write enabled me to put my complaint on record. I told of the trashy books I

had been getting, of my complaint to the governor, of the nursery rhymes' result, and the virulent 'anti-Popery' book given me—a Catholic—that was especially marked for 'Protestants only.' My letter was, of course, suppressed."

The inscription on this "anti-Popery" book, "for Protestants only," suggests the thought that it is not so much Catholics who are hurt by such literature, as Protestants. Catholics usually have enough sense, enough knowledge of the Church's teaching and practice, to render the lies and misstatements which such books contain practically powerless to affect their faith, or to change their attitude toward the Church; but the Protestant, who has no knowledge of our holy religion, and who has no reason to suspect the source from which the "information" he is receiving emanates, falls a victim to its falsehoods. His mind is abused, maybe for a whole lifetime, by the book intended "for Protestants only."

In view of this, it is quite astonishing that there appears so little in the better class of Protestant papers about the dangers their readers run in books of such kind. Intended to "open the minds" of Catholics to the "evils" of Catholicity, such books only succeed in closing the minds of Protestants to knowledge of the truth.

Catholics may be irritated by such books (as doubtless poor Tom Clarke was at the petty injustice and lack of respect for the common decencies of life shown by his superiors in giving him something to read that was insulting to his religious belief); but the irritation is in the class of "righteous indignation," and only results in greater love and deeper respect for the religion so assailed, and more fervent devotion in the practice of it.

Which is only another example of the way in which God continues to bring good out of evil.

Notes and Remarks.

Writing recently of the cult of Our Lady, we remarked that there is a notable diminution of the insistence with which the old-time charge of Mariolatry is preferred against Catholics by those outside the Fold; adding: "No fairly educated Protestant, however inimical he may be to the Church and her tenets, will stultify himself nowadays by maintaining that we consider the Blessed Virgin equal or comparable to God, or that we believe her other than entirely dependent on God for her existence, her privileges, her grace, and her glory." We wrote in good faith, sincerely believing that only the uneducated, not to say the wholly illiterate, among Protestants, continue to repeat charges that have been exploded thousands of times already, and have been avoided by scholarly non-Catholics ever since, and before, the time of good old Dr. Johnson. We regret to say that we have been mistaken. The *Star*, of Toronto, quotes the Rt. Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve, (Church of England) of that Canadian city, to this effect: "Our keeping of the Second Commandment is something not followed by the Roman Church. The Bible states that there shall be no worship of graven images, yet the Roman Catholic erects and worships images of the Virgin Mary."

One of two things: either the Rt. Rev. gentleman is grossly ignorant of matters about which it is inexcusable for one in his position to be ill-informed; or, he is simply a calumniator, bearing false witness against his Catholic neighbor.

The sixty-second General Assembly of the Catholics of Germany, seen in retrospect, is worth much attention and suggests more than one earnest reflection. Sincerity and unity were present from first to last and gave a very

definite reality to the enthusiastic resolutions adopted. So many similar conventions seem to consist of—applause and delegates. The Munich assembly did not shun to stress either the ancient, immovable fundamentals of our Faith, or to bring forth bravely those aspects of contemporary civic life with which religion only can deal satisfactorily,—though the right of religion to do so is often denied. The first address of Cardinal Faulhaber, referred to in a previous issue of THE AVE MARIA, sounded like a doctrinal instruction; the last address, on the Church as an influence towards Peace, had some of the vigorous appeal to action of Peter the Hermit. Other speakers dealt ably with social and educational movements, the support given to which is evidenced by the straightforward method Catholics have adopted to save religious schools and by the steady growth of Catholic labor organizations. Of course, the Assembly was magnificently attended and its splendor was apparent, Munich being a marvellous background.

While Americans do not accept parades without a tinge of irony (Coxey's Army is still too redolent a memory), our gatherings might profit by an effort to borrow a little of Munich's solemnity and splendor—as well as a bit of its concentration on matters of genuine importance.

"In union there is strength" is an adage which applies to Catholic civic centres not less than to other social and industrial activities. Father Garesché, S. J., who may well be called an authority on such matters, pleads in *America* for a national organization of such centres. The establishment in any town or city of a Catholic civic centre is, beyond doubt, an excellent work; but its effectiveness would just as undoubtedly be increased in a notable degree if the various centres through-

out the country were united, as are the councils of the Knights of Columbus, or the groups of the Y. M. C. A. "To this conclusion," says Father Garesché, "converge the experiences of many zealous workers in this field. We must somehow achieve unity of name, of plan, of purpose, and management for our Catholic civic centres. Like all great enterprises, this one promises much toil and trouble in its beginning. The sum of that toil and trouble will pay for the success of many Catholic centres, both those now in existence and others yet to be."

We must rid ourselves of the uncomfortable feeling that in a recent article about the Cowley Fathers, a community of the Protestant Episcopal Church, sufficient indignation was not expressed over their masquerading as priests—"offering Mass," hearing confessions, etc. Their piety and zeal we do not question, but their false pretence we must condemn. It should be altogether unnecessary to remind them that the validity of their Orders, which depends on the consecration of William Barlow, is altogether questionable. If it is impossible to affirm positively that he was never consecrated bishop, it is no less impossible to prove that he was. The shadow of a doubt on a matter so grave should give pause to the Cowley Fathers. Let our indignation at their posing as priests and confessors be expressed in the words of Father Dalgairns, a great convert priest of England and an associate of Newman. A stern rebuke is this:

"While my whole soul revolts with indignation at the presumption of those who, without mission, without jurisdiction, without the requisite gifts, presume to take upon themselves the guidance of souls, I feel the deepest compassion for those, who are their victims, and who are on their way with them

to the inevitable ditch. To us who are looking on, it seems nothing less than a judicial fatuity to put oneself under the guidance of men, who never speak of a sacrament, without betraying a confusion of thought, which shows them to be incapable of seeing clear into any theological question whatsoever. How dare they touch the Keys without a semblance of jurisdiction? With what face can they urge any one to make a confession when they inform the penitent that, after all the misery and the agony of the avowal of guilt, forgiveness might have been cheaply purchased without it? How can they pronounce an absolution which they themselves loudly assert to be unnecessary?"

Not in a spirit of ridicule were these words written. They are indeed a severe rebuke; but who that has any genuine abhorrence of sham sacraments and false guides will say that it is not richly deserved?

We sincerely advise those who are interested in American religion to follow the experiences of the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, as chronicled by him for the *Atlantic Monthly* (September and October numbers) under the title, "Preaching in New York." Dr. Newton is, of course, ultra-liberal, but the fruits of this attitude are very refreshing just now. Here is a passage *à propos*:

As a lad, I knew nothing of Catholicism, save as a strange superstition called "Popery," which I heard denounced as Antichrist, and every kind of ugly name. So, reading in the paper about Cardinal Gibbons, I made bold to write him a long letter, telling him of my case and the awful things I had heard about his Church. In closing I asked him to name a book from which I might learn what the Church really taught, and something of its history. In due time came a letter, two pages long, written with his own hand, gentle and wise of spirit; and a few days later an autographed copy of his little book, "The

Faith of Our Fathers." To-day I attended the service in his memory at the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, drawn equally by veneration of a noble character and gratitude to a great man who took time to answer the scrawling letter of a little boy eleven years old. Once more I felt the power of the Church, opening its arms alike to rich and poor, to the learned and the unlearned, flinging across their lives the mantle of an august memory and an eternal hope—flooding the mortal scene with music and color and the romance of holiness!

Readers who look for style will be arrested by the closing paragraph of the instalment of Dr. Newton's article from which we quote:

How God must love beauty! Every evening I watch the Divine Artist painting a new sunset over the New Jersey hills, and marvel at His masterpieces. Last night the whole sky was aglow with gorgeous colors shining through long bars of clouds—awe-inspiring in its loveliness. First a mass of molten splendor—like Dante's great rose of gold,—with a foundation of dark vapor. Gradually the gold changed to delicate, tender green, then to pale lavender, deepening into soft purple as night came down—like a shade slowly drawn over a latticed window in the City of God.

It seems significant that the best study of the Ku-Klux Klan to have come under our notice is contributed to *Le Correspondant* by an anonymous Frenchman, presumably associated with the Embassy. He finds that while the organization may have been set in motion by a bigot with aspirations to wealth, its growth and influence have been due to the response of "anti-alien" sentiment prevailing in large sections of the American public. Everywhere, men have begun to worry about the preservation of our national spirit, and have ignorantly sought the renowned colored woodpile inhabitant not merely among the non-Caucasian races, but also among groups somehow associated with Europe. The Frenchman admits that much of this feeling is traceable to the unpopularity of the war, which "millions of Americans refuse to admit for a moment was their war"; he asso-

ciates with it various other phases of public opinion on this side of the Atlantic, and calls Europe to witness that the United States have been educated beyond the sentimental A B C's of Mr. Wilson. From the Catholic point of view, the Klan is an association for the benefit of ignorance. Still, we ought to realize that its acceptance by the public is based upon other issues also. The notoriety-seeking Protestant minister is a poor apostle of Americanism in any true sense; but we doubt that much which passes for Catholic opinion is a better guide.

In the September issue of the *Catholic Magazine of South Africa*, there appears an interesting paper by the editor on the religious freedom of Canada. Several of its paragraphs are worth reproduction. Speaking of the English conquest of Quebec, 1759-1760, the writer remarks: "At that time there was no freedom of worship for Catholics under British law. But the Canadians had refused to surrender to Gen. Wolfe, unless they got a guarantee that their faith would be exempt from the persecution which it suffered then throughout the rest of the British Empire. Thus 'the liberty of the Catholic religion' was guaranteed in Canada by the conquerors, and was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Catholics in other parts of the British Empire do not always realize how much we owe the French Canadians in this matter. They made the first breach in the terrible system of religious tyranny, so long in vogue in Great Britain, which we know as the Penal Laws."

Our Revolution was one cause of England's conferring upon French Canada privileges which would otherwise probably have been withheld.

The outstanding fact, therefore, of the Canadian situation since 1774 is that the Catholic Church and the British Government

have always had the best of reasons for working harmoniously: mutual interest. But since 1841, when responsible government was granted to Canada, the Church had to do with the Canadian Government, and only indirectly with that of Great Britain.

The South African editor pays a well-merited tribute to two laymen who did much for religious freedom in Canada, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and, bringing the history up to our own times, he declares:

Canada is not a Catholic country to-day, as Catholics are only a little more than one in three of the population. But they have, by their own energy and moderation, secured that freedom which we have the right to claim in every democracy worthy of the name.

In the development of religious liberty within the British Empire, Canada has played the same leading part that she has played in the development of nationality. It was Canada, and especially French Canada, which compelled Great Britain to relinquish step by step the policy of persecuting the Catholic faith, which was practised unblushingly at the period when Wolfe conquered Quebec, and was a legacy from the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Though St. Peter of Alcantara was a Franciscan, as a correspondent has been at pains to inform us, the great reformer of the 16th century is regarded as a member of the Order of Mt. Carmel also, having given St. Teresa her first inspiration to found monasteries of Carmelites. She had the utmost veneration for his wisdom and sanctity, and he was one of her chief counsellors. The names of these great saints are forever associated, not only in hagiology, but in the annals of Carmel; and the feast of St. Peter, which falls in the present month, is celebrated with as much fervor among the Carmelites as by the Franciscans themselves.

As a rule—an almost universal rule—a parish priest is buried from the church of which he has been the pastor. There was an exception to the rule the

other day in New York city. Father Michael J. Henry, for a full quarter of a century pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary and director of the Home for Irish Immigrant Girls, was buried from New York city's largest religious temple, St. Patrick's Cathedral. The *Catholic News* thus explains the departure from the normal custom: "Father Henry will be buried from St. Patrick's Cathedral. There are two very good reasons for this arrangement. In the first place his work in caring for Irish immigrant girls was of a diocesan and even of a national character, its influence extending to every part of the United States. In the second place the chapel at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary would be entirely too small to accommodate the clergy and the laity who will wish to attend his obsequies."

We have more than once had occasion to call attention to the excellent work done by this devoted priest, and we bespeak for his soul the prayers of our readers everywhere.

Of Sir Charles Santley, the greatest of English baritone singers, whose death is mourned by friends and admirers all over the world, a writer in the *London Tablet* observes: "Of the eighty-eight years of Sir Charles Santley's mortal life, forty-two were lived as a Catholic, the larger half of his maturity; and his voice was, in a singular measure, the utterance of his creed. . . . He lived his ideals; and what these were we may best gather from a few words he addressed 'as a lay Catholic to lay Catholics' at a meeting some sixteen years ago: 'We can deny ourselves some pleasure. Our prayers can remove mountains. We can have recourse to Our Lord in daily Mass and Holy Communion. I say that, no matter what happens, we will be true to the Church of God.'"

FOR YOUNG FOLK

Happiness.

BY D. A. C.

JANE is happy playing house
With dolls and things like that.
Jack is happy when he has
A baseball and a bat.
Baby's bored at dolls and balls,
For him they have no charms—
He's not truly happy
Till he rests in mother's arms.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

VI.



So he had been instructed by the masons, Camille went up to a cab, after passing through the gate of the city.

"How much will you charge for taking me to Louis-le-Grand Street?" he asked the driver.

"Thirty sous for the trip, my little man, and whatever it will please you to give me extra."

"Thirty sous!" repeated Camille; then he began to reflect.

Nothing sharpens the wits like misfortune. During the fifteen days that had elapsed since he had been abandoned, our hero had learned more about managing than he had ever known during the ten years at his uncle's house.

"If I take thirty sous from my ten francs, I shall have only eight francs and ten sous left," he reasoned. "With thirty sous I can buy a package of tobacco for my friend the old soldier; that will please him greatly and be much better than to pay it out for riding in a carriage."

"Well, aren't you going to get in, my

little man?" said the driver, holding the carriage door open.

"No, sir, I've decided to walk."

"You've decided that you haven't the money, you mean? That doesn't make any difference: get in and your parents will pay for you."

At this Camille turned and hurried away. The man's words brought all his sorrow back to his mind.

I wonder if my readers have ever noticed that a street passed over once in the daytime takes on an entirely different appearance at night. So, in the long deserted avenue, lighted by occasional lamps that flickered like stars against a foggy sky, Camille could scarcely recognize the brilliant, sunlit avenue he had seen in the morning, filled with a happy, gaily-dressed throng. Although he did not remember his way, he did not pause but walked on toward a distant point of light at the end of the long street.

As he went on his way, Camille wondered what he should do in the future to gain his living. Absorbed in his reflections, he had not noticed that, ever since the masons had given him the money, he had been followed by two evil-looking men; neither had he remarked the excitement of Fox, who, growling, passed back and forth between the men and his master.

On reaching the most deserted part of the avenue, the men separated: one went to the right of Camille, the other to his left; and the first one then said:

"My little man, will you direct me to the Rue d'Orleans?"

"I'm not from Paris," replied Camille. "I know only one street—Louis-le-Grand. I was about to ask you the way to it."

The second man now came up.

"What are you asking each other about?" he inquired.

"I want to know the way to the Rue d'Orleans," said the first man.

"And I to Louis-le-Grand," added Camille.

"It is lucky you met me," remarked the second man. "Those two streets are near together. I have to cross both on my way. We'll go together."

"That's very kind on your part," said the first man. "I'm from America, and I'll pay you for myself and for this boy, as he hasn't any money, I suppose; for I saw him stop before a cab without getting in."

"Oh, yes, I have!" exclaimed Camille imprudently. "But I didn't want to spend any of it to ride when I could walk and inquire my way."

"That was very wise, my boy," replied one of the obliging strangers. "Have you lived in Paris long? Are your parents rich? How do you happen to be alone at ten o'clock at night in such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

Then, without mentioning his cousin's name, Camille frankly told them the story of his abandonment and his experience up to this time. While he was talking the two men came close together; and if the boy had had more knowledge of people and things, he would have found it surprising that two persons who a moment before seemed not to know each other should lock arms and talk together in a low voice.

"Bah!" said one of them, in a tone loud enough to be overheard. "Ten francs is always ten francs."

"What did you say? Ten francs?" asked the boy, without any suspicion.

"I was merely proposing to reward this man with ten francs for showing us both home," was the reply.

Camille was about to say that the cabman did not charge that much, when he thought that such a remark and the

comparison might offend the obliging guide, so he kept silent and followed the two men. He now noticed for the first time the uneasiness of Fox, who seemed to want to lead him to a less solitary part of the avenue.

"Let's go over on the other side," suggested the boy. "I see people and lights over there. It won't be so lonely."

At this the men exchanged quick glances.

"What's the difference?" said one. "The street will soon be darker and more deserted."

Camille would have liked to ask the explanation of these strange words, but he dared not. Then, too, Fox distracted him by the joy he showed at getting near other pedestrians.

As they were crossing a side street Camille heard groans. Pausing and looking around, he saw an old man lying stretched out on the ground.

PART III.

I.

Prompted by his kindness of heart, Camille rushed up to the spot where the old man lay.

"Did you fall, sir?" he asked. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"Alas, I'm blind!" was the reply.

"And couldn't you find your way?"

"I'm blind,—I'm blind!" repeated the old man.

"Let us take this poor blind man home," said Camille, turning to his two companions.

"Do you think our business is to take all stray people home?" roughly answered one of the men, at the same time taking hold of Camille's arm and trying to force him to come along.

"Oh, I beg you to help me care for him," urged the boy. Then, addressing the man who pretended to be an American, he continued: "Since you are willing to pay so much to have us two shown the way, give a little to this old man, out of pity."

"I pay only when it pleases me to do so," retorted the man.

"Do you live very far away?" said Camille, still occupying himself with the blind man, in spite of the desire of the two men to continue on their way.

"Alas, my child—for I can tell by the sweetness of your voice that you are young,—that isn't what worries me the most!"

"What is it, then?"

"Come on, boy,—come!" insisted the American.

"In just a moment, sir," said Camille. "Remember this man is blind. Perhaps he, too, has been abandoned." Then to the old man: "Did you come here all alone?"

"No: I came with my dog; he always leads me. But he must have been poisoned; he died here. O my poor Medor!"

"Come on, now!" said one of the men, impatiently.

"Just a moment more, please! You have been so kind to me that I should think you might be the same to this poor man. Would you like to have me get a carriage to take you home?" continued Camille.

"Home? No: I don't want to go there," answered the old man, sorrowfully. "My poor wife and daughter—"

"You have a wife and daughter, and don't you want to go home to them?" asked the boy in surprise.

One of the strangers now took hold of Camille's arm and said:

"Come! We can't wait any longer."

"Not yet. I know what it is to be left all alone; and I'm not blind either."

"And you didn't have your arm sprained, perhaps broken," said the blind man.

"Is your arm broken?" inquired Camille, eagerly.

"After my dog died, I tried to walk alone," explained the old man. "I fell down here, and now I can't use my arm.

Only for that I could have earned enough with my violin to pay my rent."

"With your violin?" repeated Camille.

"Yes, my boy."

After reflecting a moment, during which time the evil-faced men were whispering together, Camille said:

"Does one have to play very well to earn money?"

"Why, bless me, I know just one tune, and I leave most of the notes out of that! I've been playing it for thirty years. With what I earn that way, a little sewing my wife does, and some herbs my daughter sells, we manage to live,—poorly enough, but still we live. I don't say anything of my son, a mason, who drinks on Sunday what he earns during the week."

Camille now turned quickly around to his companions.

"This man can play only one tune and I know four.. Wait a little while longer, please,—just time enough for me to play my four tunes, and perhaps I can earn some money for him so that he can go home. After that I'll go with you."

"This boy is crazy!" exclaimed the pretended foreigner, forgetting in his anger to speak bad French. "We've waited for you long enough; come on!"

"Why, how well you speak French now!" replied Camille, looking at the man in surprise, and noticing for the first time his false, wicked face.

"My child," observed the old man, without paying any attention to Camille's last remark, "you're a good and brave boy. I thank you for your kind intentions, but you must obey your relatives."

"Those men are not my relatives," replied Camille. "I don't even know them. They offered to take me to the place where I sleep, and I accepted their offer. I don't have to obey them; and, since they are so hard-hearted as not to want to help you, let them go. Good-night, sirs!"

"Do you know," said the man who had played the rôle of foreigner, "that we can force you to come with us?"

While making this threat, each of the men laid a hand on Camille's shoulders. The poor boy was terrified; and, taking courage from his very fear, he exclaimed:

"Let me go,—let me go! If you don't I'll cry 'Thieves!'"

This last word had scarcely been uttered when the two men disappeared.

"Have you any money about you?" inquired the old man.

"I have ten francs."

"Did those men know it?"

"Yes: I didn't hide it from them."

"Then they had bad intentions: they were thieves, you may be sure. Thank God for having inspired you to come to my aid. Your kind heart has saved you from a disagreeable adventure."

"Thieves!" exclaimed Camille, in a frightened tone. "Let us go over there where there are more people passing. Can you get up and walk?"

"I'll try. My arm hurts me; I don't think it's broken, though. Will you give me your hand to guide me? Where do you live?"

"On the Rue Louis-le-Grand," replied Camille, letting the old man lean on his shoulder.

"I live near there. If I don't get home by midnight my daughter will come for me, and I can take you home; so have no fear, my boy."

"And while waiting I'm going to earn some money for you with your violin," said Camille. "Come, Fox, let's go on!"

"So you have a dog?" said the old man, whose hand Fox was now licking.

"That's strange," remarked Camille. "You are dressed no better than those two men were, and yet my dog Fox is making friends with you."

"Dogs have singular instincts," answered the blind man.

(To be continued.)

A Stalwart Earl.

A CERTAIN Sir John de Courcy was, under King Henry II., made Earl of Ulster and given high honors. He was a man of great size as well as of much bravery; and when King John ascended the throne there were not wanting jealous rivals of puny stature who put forth lies concerning the stalwart Earl. Unfortunately, the King believed them; and the Earl was taken to the Tower of London, with a life sentence upon his head.

In about a year King John became involved in a dispute with the King of France, and it was agreed to settle the matter by an appeal to arms, each monarch to furnish a champion to do battle in his name. The French King had no difficulty in securing a nobleman who would fight for him; but King John, being very unpopular, was not so fortunate. Finally, however, he thought of Sir John de Courcy. Would he, so the messenger asked him, undertake the combat for his King if promised his freedom and estates? "Most certainly I will," was the reply.

The day came and the champions appeared; but as soon as the French nobleman caught sight of the Irish giant he got away as fast as he could, leaving the victory with the English.

"You have a wonderful fellow here," said the French King. "What can he do?"

Thereupon King John, now beginning to realize what a treasure he had been keeping under lock and key, ordered a massive metal helmet to be brought; and at a sign from him, De Courcy cleft it with one blow of his sword.

IN the north of Sicily snow is sold at a halfpenny a pound. It is gathered from the mountains in felt-covered baskets, and brought to the towns for refrigerating purposes.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The monthly bulletin of the College of Saint Bede, Manila, P. I., is a well-printed Spanish-periodical that would put to shame not a few American collegiate journalistic enterprises. The college is under the direction of the Congregation of the Infant Jesus of Prague.

—The Librairie de l'Art Catholique plans to issue soon a new translation of the "*Divina Commedia*," in French unrhymed verse, by André Pératé. Specimen passages, which have come to our notice, bear out the statements of leading French critics, that this is the best translation of Dante that has been done in their language.

—"A Simple Life of Jesus for His Little Ones," by a Sister of Notre Dame (Sands and Co.; B. Herder Book Co.), is a book of 89 pages with several illustrations. It contains a brief summary, in word pictures, of the chief events in the life of Our Lord, with emphasis on such incidents as show forth His divinity. An excellent little volume for mothers to read to the little folk. Price, 85 cents.

—"My Ain Laddie," by David Dorley (Stratford Co.), is a short Catholic novel in which letters from the two principal characters are substituted for the ordinary narrative form. It is primarily a love story, but one refreshingly free from neurotic sentimentalism; and, although the dénouement is not perhaps what the average fiction-lover would desire, still the story has what may be called a happy ending. Price, \$1.75.

—"The Great Experiment," by the Hon. Thomas Dillon O'Brien (Encyclopedia Press), is described by the publishers as a contribution to the current discussion upon governments and governmental powers. Although it contains only some twenty thousand words, wide spacing and generous margins have expanded it into a volume of 122 pages. The subject-matter is of interest and importance; but it would be more available if the book were supplied with a good index, or, at least, a table of contents. Price, \$1.25.

—Pierre Téqui, Paris, has just published a new work by that indefatigable French Bishop, Mgr. Tissier, Chalons-sur-Marne. It is "*Figures françaises et Pages nationales*," a brochure of 360 pages, the contents of which are a number of panegyrics of great personages and national glories, treated with the lucidity and eloquence that distinguish all the

works of this eminent French churchman. M. Téqui has also brought out new editions of two other of Mgr. Tissier's excellent books: "*Le Christ de la Jeunesse*," and "*La Parole de l'Evangile au Collège*."

—"Indulgences as a Social Factor in the Middle Ages," by Dr. Nikolaus Paulus, translated by J. Elliot Ross, is published by the Devin-Adair Co. A twelvemo of 121 pages, the book discusses indulgences for ecclesiastical and charitable objects and indulgences for socially useful temporal objects (bridges, dams and roads, harbors, etc.) Father Ross has done the work of translation satisfactorily, but it is difficult to forgive him for his failure to supply an index. Price, \$1.25.

—In the October number of the *Catholic World*, "John Ayscough" writes entertainingly "Of Some Americans"—Hawthorne, Cable, Bret Harte, Howells and James. Upon the last-named, he comments thus: "The majority of us do not care so much for the mechanism of a watch as to look at its face and ascertain promptly what time of day it is. Mr. James was a little too much of a watchmaker, and cared too much to bid us consider his minute skill in fashioning its insides. Your desire to be told what o'clock it is, he thought impertinent and trivial."

—An imposition perpetrated recently on an editor who need not be named, recalls how the *Fortnightly Review* was once "badly taken in." It was during the editorship of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who knew more about the orbits of the celestial spheres than the tricks of "literary fellers." James Whitcomb Riley was then a struggling poet whose productions were oftener rejected than accepted by the editors to whom they were submitted. In a spirit of fun, he one day laid a wager with a friend that if the worst of his verses were signed by some great name in literature, they would not only be gladly accepted, but widely copied and praised. Accordingly he wrote a little lyric of two stanzas, entitled "Leonainie," signed it "E. A. P.," and introduced it by a paragraph telling how a mysterious stranger, evidently the worse for dissipation, left the lines on the fly-leaf of a book in a country inn in return for hospitality which he could not requite in the ordinary prosaic manner. The lines were then sent to a newspaper published at Kokomo, Ind., and—Riley won the bet! The

lines were quoted, copied and treasured. Mr. Wallace had an article on the "Unpublished Poem by Edgar Allan Poe," praising it to the skies, declaring it to be a thoroughly characteristic production, indeed far superior to much of the great poet's work, and speculating as to "what he might have given us had the final catastrophe been averted."

—A common complaint against the novels of to-day is that all too often they turn out to be,—not novels at all, but treatises, text-books, autobiographies, studies in psychoanalysis, and so forth. Such books are, no doubt, all well enough in their place; but when a reader takes up a novel he usually desires to be entertained by a story, rather than to be involved in the solution of a problem. This is one reason why Joseph C. Lincoln's books enjoy so wide a popularity, and, incidentally, why his latest volume, "Fair Harbor" (D. Appleton and Co.), will be rated among his very best. The story hinges on the return to his home town of Captain Sears Kendrick, incapacitated for further work at sea. Circumstances lead to his becoming manager of "Fair Harbor, a Home for Mariners' Women"; and the progress of the narrative is marked by amusing incidents, the development of lovable and laughable natural characters, and human interest—with never a knotty problem to interfere with one's enjoyment.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
 "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.
 "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rt. Rev. Innocent Wolf, O. S. B.; Rev. Charles Parks, archdiocese of New York; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Patrick Smythe, diocese of Newark; Rev. William Carter, C. M.; Rev. Anthony Baar and Rev. Adalbert Blahnik, O. S. B.

Sister Mary Margaret, of the Order of St. Ursula; Mother M. Michael, Sister Scholastica and Sister M. Colette, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Flora, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Humbeline, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Ghislain, Helpers of the Holy Souls; Sister M. Alphonse and Sister M. Edith, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. James Bolton, Mr. John Russel, Mrs. Ronald Smith, Miss Bridget Kennedy, Mrs. Jane Huff, Mr. Robert Patterson, Mr. John McDonald, Miss Julia Kelly, Mr. George Winkel, Mr. E. C. Smith, Mr. P. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. John Curran, Mr. William Moore, Mr. F. P. Leonard, Mr. T. H. McGillicuddy, Mr. Timothy McGillicuddy, Mr. H. J. Kauffmann, Mr. John Fritz, Miss Bridget Byrne, Mr. John Ellison, and Miss M. B. Johnson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide, Australia).

... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

The trying hour when first came the thought, "What if the Old Roman Church should be right?" is beautifully pictured in such way as to bring sympathetic recollection from many others whom conviction forced, like Father Fidelis, to break from the course of religious thought in which they had been raised. The wrestling alone with doubts and difficulties, the silent communion with God inevitably brought the only solution; and in the bright telling of the story all Catholics will find direct sympathy and positive interest. ... There is a singular gift of interesting presentation throughout. Converts will appreciate it. Inquirers into the truth will find it of value. All Catholics will find in its story a trial, a pleasurable encouragement.—*The New World*.

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usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

... The volume is exceptionally well written and of great interest from the psychological and the apologetic point of view. Nothing more effective or convincing could be put into the hands of a truth-seeking Protestant, especially of the Anglican persuasion, than this book.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS. viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 4.—St. Charles, B. C. SS. Vitalis and Agricola, MM.
SUNDAY, 5.—TWENTY-SECOND AFTER PENTECOST. *The Holy Relics.*
MONDAY, 6.—St. Leonard, C. St. Iltyd, Ab.
TUESDAY, 7.—St. Engelbert, B. M. St. Wilibrord, B.

WEDNESDAY, 8.—The Four Saints, MM.
THURSDAY, 9.—Dedication of the Basilica of Our Saviour.
FRIDAY, 10.—St. Andrew Avellino, C. SS. Tryphon and Comp's, MM.
SATURDAY, 11.—St. Martin, B. St. Mennas, M.

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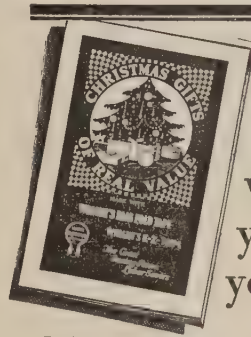
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VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 4, 1922.

NO. 19

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A Spirit in Prison.*

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

My soul refused to be comforted.—*Ps. lxxvi, 3.*

THOU speakest peace! I have no peace nor rest,

Nor any comfort. Hope, retired afar,
Scarce more than marks the gloom; or, like
a star

Across a dim-lit sky, withdraws her beams
When I would upward look. It ill beseems
Me now to dream of comfort. This is best—
To suffer. Yea, I bless these healing fires
Whose throbbing agony is all my life;
Yet not so keen as this sad, lonely strife
Wherein my being onward to its Love
With urgent force would tend, yet may not
move

To meet the Blissful One of my desires.
O Love! O Pain! O Sin that binds me here!
O Lord! O Light! O life supremely dear!

Sweet Mother Mary, Spirits Blest, kind friends
On earth who loved me, lift pure hands for
me

In merciful petition; so may He
More quickly bring me where all sadness ends!

* Suggested by Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 2.

"WOULD you honor the dead?" says St. Chrysostom. "Do not spend yourselves in unprofitable lamentations: choose rather to sing psalms, to give alms, and to lead holy lives. Do for them that which they would willingly do for themselves, were they to return into the world; and God will accept it at your hands as if it came from them."

As One Other Sees Us.



SEEING ourselves as others see us, if not invariably a gratifying experience, is always an interesting one. Especially is this the case when the observer through whose eyes we view ourselves is not merely a litterateur of exceptional versatility and brilliancy, but a profound thinker whose genius is acknowledged and admired by the most authoritative critics of our time. "The greatest prophet of our generation, a man of genius with a spiritual message for his age—a message mightier than any other sounding in our ears,"—such is the verdict of the world at large, summarized by a forceful writer in the *London Observer*, in a critical appreciation of Gilbert Keith Chesterton. It is accordingly not too much to say that, not since Dickens and Thackeray visited this country, and subsequently recorded their views upon our manners and customs, civilization and culture, laws and institutions, has there been published an occasional survey of the United States so well worth reading as Mr. Chesterton's "What I Saw in America."*

The title of the book, by the way, is scarcely comprehensive enough accurately to describe its contents. The author gives us not only what he saw during his visit, but what he has long

* Dodd, Mead & Company.

thought and judged and determined about a variety of sociological and economic and historical problems that incidentally suggested themselves to an observer of so keen a mentality and so logical a method. The volume is no mere guide-book to American cities, no mere Who's Who of American personages; but a thoughtful study of many of the questions intimately connected with the progress of our civilization and the permanence of our institutions. It is accordingly a book which will justify more than one reading, and a much more leisurely reading, too, than is usually accorded to ephemeral literature.

As for the style of the book, no one at all familiar with the author's previous volumes needs to be told that it is startling, brilliant, witty, and paradoxical. His fondness for the paradox possibly lessens the effect, on some minds at least, of Mr. Chesterton's cogent logic; although we do not remember having ever heard St. Paul criticised for such paradoxes as this: "As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

One reason why the casual reader of this volume will be inclined to give due weight to its author's opinions is that he displays no tendency to exalt his own country as compared with ours. He is a patriotic Englishman, but, for that very reason, he is frankly outspoken concerning English faults, national and individual. Here, for instance, is a typical extract from an early chapter: "It is a commonplace that the Englishman has been stupid in his relations with the Irish; but he has been far more stupid in his relations with the Americans on the subject of the Irish.... We [English] say in substance something like this: 'We mean no harm

to the poor dear Irish, so dreamy, so irresponsible, so incapable of order or organization.... They are like children; but they are our own children, and we understand them. We accept full responsibility for acting as their parents and guardians.'

"Now the point is not only that this view of the Irish is false, but that it is the particular view that the Americans know to be false. While we are saying that the Irish could not organize, the Americans are complaining, often very bitterly, of the power of Irish organization. While we say that the Irishman could not rule himself, the Americans are saying, more or less humorously, that the Irishman rules them. A highly intelligent professor said to me in Boston: 'We have solved the Irish problem here; we have an entirely independent Irish Government.'"

In his discussion of the American business man, Mr. Chesterton gives some suggestive differences between English and American ideals and practices. On the general subject of work, he says: "It is the great achievement of American civilization that in that country it really is not cant to talk about the dignity of labor. 'There is something that might almost be called the sanctity of labor, but it is subject to the profound law that when anything less than the highest becomes a sanctity, it tends also to become a superstition.'" There is in this statement genuine food for thought on the part not only of labor leaders, but of capitalists, captains of industry, efficiency experts, and Americans generally. Here is another reflection worth reproduction: "Another objection to the phrase about the almighty dollar is that it is an almighty phrase, and therefore an almighty nuisance. I mean that it is made to explain everything, and to explain everything much too well; that is, much too easily. It does not really help people

to understand a foreign country; but it gives them the fatal delusion that they do understand it."

Acknowledging himself to be the most unbusinesslike person in any given company, our visitor was rather astonished to find that he was not the most unpunctual person in many an American company, and was further surprised to learn from a number of ourselves that American unpunctuality is really very prevalent. Here is his explanation of the matter: "The American is not punctual because he is not punctilious. He is impulsive, and has an impulse to stay as well as an impulse to go. For, after all, punctuality belongs to the same order of ideas as punctuation; and there is no punctuation in telegrams."

On the question of Prohibition, Mr. Chesterton is downright, forcible, and—in the opinion of not a few—convincing. We believe him to be mistaken when he doubts whether it was ever intended to be enforced among the rich; we are willing to believe that very many of the Prohibitionists are sincere in desiring liquor to be kept away from all, rich and poor; but the majority of philosophers in other countries, and possibly a few in our own land, will assent to this doctrine:

"What are the rights of man, if they do not include the normal right to regulate his own health in relation to the normal risks of diet and daily life? Nobody can pretend that beer is a poison as prussic acid is a poison; that all the millions of civilized men who drank it all fell down dead when they had touched it. Its use and abuse is obviously a matter of judgment; and there can be no personal liberty, if it is not a matter of private judgment. It is not in the least a question of drawing the line between liberty and license. If this is license, there is no such thing as liberty. It is plainly impossible to find any right more individual or intimate.

To say that a man has a right to a vote but not a right to a voice about the choice of his dinner, is like saying that he has a right to his hat but not a right to his head."

In the chapter on "Lincoln and Lost Causes," there are a number of views with which the average American reader may not find himself in sympathy, but which he will nevertheless do well to think about. When Mr. Chesterton gets to discoursing of the *Mayflower*, Plymouth Rock, and the Pilgrim Fathers, he writes in a strain not likely to gratify the members of the multitudinous New England Societies in many of our larger cities. For instance:

"It is not strictly true to say that the Pilgrim Fathers discovered America. But it is quite as true as saying that they were champions of religious liberty. If we said that they were martyrs who would have died heroically in torments rather than tolerate any religious liberty, we should be talking something like sense about them, and telling the real truth that is their due. The whole Puritan movement, from the Solemn League and Covenant to the last stand of the last Stuarts, was a struggle *against* religious toleration, or what they would have called religious indifference. The first religious equality on earth was established by a Catholic cavalier in Maryland."

We have been enticed into quoting more copiously than was our original intention; but the temptation is strong to add yet another passage. In his concluding chapter, "The Future of Democracy," the author displays the wisdom of a genuine philosopher and the prevision of a seer. The world, he tells us, can not keep its own ideals. The secular order can not make secure any one of its own noble and natural conceptions of secular perfection. What has become of all the ideal figures and institutions of past centuries?

"We have lived to see a time when the heroic legend of the Republic and the Citizen, which seemed to Jefferson the eternal youth of the world, has begun to grow old in its turn. We can not recover the earthly estate of knight-hood, to which all the colors and complications of heraldry seemed as fresh and as natural as flowers. We can not re-enact the intellectual experiences of the Humanists, for whom the Greek grammar was like the song of a bird in Spring. The more the matter is considered the clearer it will seem that these old experiences are now alive only where they have found a lodgment in the Catholic tradition of Christendom, and made themselves friends forever. St. Francis is the only surviving troubadour. St. Thomas More is the only surviving Humanist. St. Louis is the only surviving knight.

"It would be the worst sort of insincerity, therefore, to conclude even so hazy an outline of so great and majestic a matter as the American democratic experiment, without testifying my belief that to this also the same ultimate test will come. So far as that democracy becomes or remains Catholic and Christian, that democracy will remain democratic. In so far as it does not, it will become wildly and wickedly undemocratic. Its rich will riot with a brutal indifference far beyond the feeble feudalism which retains some shadow of responsibility or at least of patronage. Its wage-slaves will either sink into heathen slavery, or seek relief in theories that are destructive not merely in method but in aim; since they are but the negations of the human appetites of property and personality. . . . There is no meaning in democracy, if there is no meaning in anything; and that there is no meaning in anything, if the universe has not a centre of significance and an authority that is the author of our rights."

We conclude with the reflection with which we began: that Mr. Chesterton's book is thoroughly worth-while, and that it is not only the most readable, but the most valuable collection of "impressions of America" that has been published since the days of Thackeray and Dickens.

The Brentwoods.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.

LARRY BRENTWOOD found a keen pleasure in familiarizing himself with the various details of his new occupation. He was interested from the first in that office which had played so important a part in the history of Lower Wall Street, and particularly of the Coffee Exchange. There, almost from time immemorial, had gathered at leisure moments many of the most remarkable figures of the Produce Exchange; and, sitting on those long benches conveniently placed about the wall, they had indulged in the gossip of the Street, relating or hearing old reminiscences.

Larry became at once an object of attention, and was received by everyone with a cordial friendliness that was most gratifying. An ancient chronicler and one-time successful operator, who had now, in his decline, full leisure for retailing present-day views, delivered the popular verdict:

"That's a fine lad old Greg has got hold of; a Brentwood, I should judge,

* SYNOPSIS.—The House at the Cross Roads, an old country residence of the Brentwoods in New York State, had been left to Eloise Brentwood by her grandfather's will. She returned from Paris, where she had attended a convent school, anxious to take possession of her inheritance. Two children, Marcia and Larry Brentwood, lived with their stepmother in the House at the Cross Roads. They were exceedingly attached to the place and were rueful at the thought of leaving it. Eloise

to the tips of his fingers—frank, honorable, gentlemanlike. Why, it seems only yesterday that Walter, his father, came on 'Change. He was with Arnold at first, but afterwards went on his own, and was wiped out in the big smash of 1903, more's the pity! He was a gentleman every inch of him, and an honest man, if there ever was one."

Those of his hearers, who had known Walter Brentwood, cordially assented, and the old man continued:

"Would to God that more of our brokers and merchants were of the same stripe as those Brentwoods and Glassfords! They're true gold, everyone of them."

So it was that interest was excited in the quiet young man. He had been reckoned at the Bank as very skilful with figures, and that stood him in good stead. With a resolute will, he set himself to master margins and preferences, high bids and low, reactionary tendencies, quotations and fluctuations in prices, and all the mysterious jargon of the street. He interested himself in the past history of the coffee trade, its sharp declines, and no less sensational upward soarings. He knew how the various kinds of coffee had come into favor and gone out again, until Brazil practically dominated the market. He

arrives and begins to make things unpleasant. She is spoiled, capricious and beautiful; she has a distaste for the House, and no great love for her cousins.

Mr. Gregory Glassford, a prominent member of the Produce Exchange in Wall Street, and a relative of the Brentwoods, had been appointed Eloise's guardian by her father. Glassford goes to visit his ward, and becomes very much interested in the family of Walter Brentwood, who were poor and estranged from their relatives and friends by an unhappy chain of circumstances. Although kind and considerate to Eloise, he likes Marcia very much better, to the great discomfiture of Eloise, who takes no pains to conceal her jealousy. She is interested in Reggie Hubbard—an idle, wealthy youth, who is unworthy of

had a bowing acquaintance, as it were, with the great figures of the past—Arnold and Arbuckle, Havemeyer, the O'Donoghues, O'Sullivan and Minford, Montgomery and Osborn.

He was assisted in his researches by the veteran, who loved to talk. Larry liked the very appearance of this quaint gentleman, with his clothes that belonged to another day, and his somewhat worn, silk hat, the memento of a time when no member of the Exchange would be seen without one. He usually sat upon a chair which he found convenient for tilting backward, and he chose an hour of the day, when he was aware that Larry would be alone. For Glassford, himself, had heard all the old-time stories, and the heart of this dweller in the past, rejoiced to have found a new listener.

"You see, my boy," he launched forth one day, when the gray shadows of a late Autumn afternoon were falling, "Wall Street has had its share of wild-cat schemes, which brought many a venturesome young fellow to ruin,—and some of them, mark you, had to do with the Produce Exchange."

He paused, checking off his list with impressive finger:

"There was Electric Sugar that developed into a scandal."

her affection. Glassford takes Larry into partnership with him.

Ambrose Gilfillan, a distant relative of the Brentwoods, who has exercised a sinister influence over various members of the family, visits the House and shortly afterwards dies. His deathbed confession reveals that he had induced Grandfather Brentwood to suppress a will by which he left the House to Marcia and Larry. Gilfillan had hoped to marry Eloise. Glassford hesitates to tell her that she is no longer mistress of the House at the Cross Roads, and yields to her wish to go to New York City and stop with her wealthy and worldly aunt, Dolly Critchley. She does so, meets Hubbard again, and again refuses to heed the advice Gregory gives her about choosing a worthy, Catholic husband.

"Electric Sugar?" echoed Larry.

"Yes; the great idea was that sugar might be refined by electricity. Some fellows got together, put up a big plant, and caught a lot of fish with the bait of quick returns. They were an audacious set of rascals," chuckled the old man, shaking his head. "When they found things were going against them, why, they sent out invitations to everybody in the trade to come and witness their experiments. They got together a big crowd, all on the tiptoe of expectation."

"And what happened, then?" inquired Larry, as the old man seemed lost in his recollections, literally shaking with the mirth they had provoked.

"What happened? Why, they made the experiment to show that raw sugar could be converted into white. The raw sugar was placed in hoppers on the upper floor; and a quantity of the granulated was taken from a spurt on the lower. They took a big harvest: the gulls were numerous."

"Gulls!"

"Yes; lots of fellows rushed into what seemed a tiptop investment until some one gave away the secret."

"The secret?"

"Why, boy, the granulated sugar was put there."

He laughed as heartily as if he heard that merry jest for the first time; and Larry joined, less because he found it excruciatingly funny, than in sympathy with the other's merriment.

"I like your laugh, Larry. Is that what they call you? Short for Lawrence, I suppose. Yes, I like your laugh: it's wholesome and it's natural. It's like your father's."

"So that was a wildcat scheme?" Larry asked, pursuing the subject. "I suppose there were lots of others."

"Yes, but not so barefacedly dishonest as that one was, though the 'Anchor Barrel Co.' and its venture came pretty close."

"What was that?" inquired Larry, settling himself to listen.

"It was a company that set out to manufacture one-stave barrels. They advertised their wares by driving a wagon load through the streets, and they talked big. To hear them, one would think they had the whole United States Treasury at their command. There was a rush for stock. Every speculator within miles jumped at their offers. Law! How the young fellows, and some of us old ones, swallowed the bait whole!"

The old man's eyes grew dreamy, as he looked backward into a past, which was more real to him than the present; a past on his own part of daring achievement, checkered with alternations of loss and gain.

"The upshot of it all," he continued, seeing that Larry was waiting with a look of interested inquiry for the end of the story, "was that a fire started in the factory, destroying the plant. During the investigations of the insurance people, the bubble burst, and with it, my boy, went many a rosy vision."

Larry waited, and the once-daring investor continued presently:

"There were a number of others within the past three or four decades, such as the 'Little Pittsburgh Mine' excitement and the 'Secor Boat' scheme, which, it was claimed, would change the whole future of boat building. Fortunes were swept away in both of those, like the castles in the sand we built as boys."

In his rambling fashion, he passed, from the topic of bubbles that had burst and frauds that had been exposed, to the achievements of the business men of Lower Wall Street, who had banded themselves into a powerful association.

"You should have seen us in line during the gold excitement, somewhere in the nineties—about '95, I think. You

were in your cradle then. Well, we took part, two thousand strong, in a monster parade for sound money; and every one of us carried a yellow satin banner fringed with gold, and wore a yellow chrysanthemum. We helped to rout the silver agitators."

He smiled with legitimate pride at the achievement, and resumed:

"You may have noticed that fine arch there on Front Street, at the foot of Wall Street."

Larry agreed that he had.

"It was our men put that up, to commemorate the centennial of the inauguration of Washington as President. Perhaps, it never occurred to you, that he landed at that very spot, a hundred years before. It was called 'Murray's Wharf' in those times!"

He scratched his chin reflectively.

"Let me see, that arch went up in 1889, just about the time we began the new Exchange building."

He dwelt at some length on the various collections that had been taken up in Wall Street to alleviate some misery.

"It never made a bit of difference," the old man declared, "whether it was in South America, in Russia, in Asia or Africa, for that matter. Once rouse the sympathy of Wall Street and the money flows in like—"

He paused for a comparison, and, having found one, came to his peroration—"like water into a tank, and often there was an overflow,—too much money raised to fit the object. I tell you, boy, that nowhere on God's earth is there larger-hearted liberality than in the city of New York, and right here on the Street."

Startled into a realization that it was growing late, by a glance at the darkening streets and his own antiquated time-piece, he brought his budget of ancient chronicles to an abrupt close, with a solemn exhortation to Larry, emphasized

by a nod and an uplifted forefinger:

"Now, Brentwood, you're little more than a boy, just beginning, while I am nearly ending; I have gone on the rocks, many times, and swam often enough in deep waters, and I bid you have a care. Walk straight always. Follow in the footsteps of Gregory Glassford and his father before him. If they lost, it was like honest men; if they won, it was by fair means. You saw what Gregory achieved within the past month by sheer pluck. Take a leaf out of their books, and avoid crooked ways, as you would poison."

Larry looked very slender and young as, rising, he thanked the old man for his advice. There was an earnestness in his quiet words that pleased the experienced financier.

"You'll do," he said, "especially, if, like Glassford, you look to that higher Power, the Street so often forgets."

"I always try to do that," the young man said, simply.

Glassford came in, as the veteran went out.

"Still here, Brentwood," he remarked. "I thought you usually caught the 4.45 train? But I see you had a visit from old Tompkins."

"I didn't like to interrupt the old man," Larry said. "I'll catch the 5.15."

"He is a good, old chap," said Gregory, "full of anecdote. Interesting, too, in a way. He is a walking encyclopedia of happenings in Wall Street."

"There's a spark of the old fire in his eyes, at times," observed Larry.

"It dies hard, that spirit. But what progress did you make to-day?"

Larry briefly told him. Gregory laid his hand kindly on the other's shoulder:

"You're bound to succeed; you have gripped the situation already, and you've got the qualities."

"Thank you," answered Larry simply, answering this brilliant master of finance, as he had answered the old,

worn-out speculator, with a natural grace and curtesy. He added immediately:

"Any success I shall have will be owing to you."

"And, you know, how glad I am to have been able to help you."

"I do know it," Larry answered, and confronting each other thus, in the shadows of the office, the looks that the men interchanged were those of sincere esteem and friendship.

"I must be going," Larry said, presently. "Marcia will be on the lookout. I don't want to keep her waiting too long."

Marcia! The name, the picture it conjured up, made the successful man of affairs quite envious of the younger man who was going to such a home. As Larry hurried out of the office, Gregory said to himself:

"If I had had any decent excuse at all, I should have gone with him to-night. But it is better to be patient."

He walked up and down the narrow limits of the office with a step that suggested he was anything but disposed to be patient.

"I shall go there one of these days," he decided, "I can not wait much longer; and then I shall know!"

"Know what?" he asked himself. "Something which would plunge him back into the dull, drab twilight of absorption in business, or?"

Interrupted in his walk and his reflections by the office boy, asking him if it were time to close up, Glassford gave the order and started towards the Subway. He felt almost resentful that Larry had not suggested a visit to the country. Then he laughed at the idea; Larry probably supposed him to be entangled in a round of gayeties with Eloise.

When the Subway had wafted him, with magical celerity, to the very block near his apartments, he was presently

called to the telephone. It was Eloise, begging of him to come with her and Mrs. Critchley to a ball at the Van Dolmans', in honor of a couple of foreign celebrities.

"A real fancy ball, as you must have seen by your card," continued Eloise. "I am going as Cinderella. You will dine here, of course, Dolly says, just a half dozen of us; and oh! Gregory, I have such a bewitching frock. You must come and see it."

"I have a prejudice against going to see frocks; they don't understand my language."

"Don't be absurd, Gregory."

"I mean their wearers don't, if you want to be literal. I never can fittingly express my delight. Besides a half dozen may mean?"

He was warily trying to find out if Hubbard were to be of the party; but Eloise was as warily determined not to tell him what she knew would act as a deterrent to his coming. So she ignored his question.

"I have been calling you up so often. You were late getting home."

"Yes, Larry and I were late."

"Larry, oh, he is such a nice boy! Dolly raves over him, and has been trying hard to launch him into our set."

"Leave the boy alone!" said Gregory sternly.

"Oh! he is quite safe; pleads business, and, so far, refuses to come."

"He is going to be a success," prophesied Gregory, "a coming man on the Exchange."

"I am glad of that," responded Eloise, with real feeling in her tone; "he was always so kind. But, Gregory, aren't you coming?"

"I'm afraid not. It's scarcely possible. But I might look in for a few minutes, quite late. The half dozen had better move without me."

"I don't know what has come over you, Gregory. You are so changed,

so, so—disagreeable, so disobliging.”

There was a suspicion almost of tears in her voice. “You might do it for my sake.”

“It wouldn’t be for your sake at all, dear little girl,” the young man answered. “It would merely be to grind at the same old mill; I would exchange half a dozen words with you, and have, perhaps, the pleasure of a dance with Miss Eloise Brentwood.”

“I’ll keep at least three for you, Gregory,” the girl eagerly urged.

“You would never be able to keep such a promise with the competition there will be for your hand—I mean, of course, in the dance.”

“You will end by making me hate you!”

“I asked you before, for good and sufficient reasons, not to do that. A refusal more or less will scarcely tip the balance against me, and if dancing and dining are the only roads to your friendship, why, a busy, tired broker will have no chance.”

She shut off, with a bang, but almost immediately after rang up again, to beg him to look in, if it were only for five minutes.

“Perhaps, I shall be in time to try on the glass slipper, Cinderella,” he suggested; “but no, of course, that would have to be another fellow, the real Prince. Choose a fine one, little girl, and I shall be glad.”

Eloise did not care for that sort of philosophic resignation of his place to another. But she wanted to carry her point, so she answered, very sweetly:

“There will be no prince half so charming as you.”

“I accuse you of gross flattery,” said Gregory, “and I won’t try any glass slippers on so false a little girl.”

“Well, you needn’t, but you will see my dress.”

After she had left the telephone, he reflected:

“I suppose Hubbard will be one of the half dozen, and I shall certainly not countenance that intimacy by appearing in his company. Besides, I don’t want to see and talk to Eloise, until I have told her all about the will. I feel like a deceiver with that in my mind.”

However, very reluctantly he did appear at that brilliant ball, where Eloise was costumed as Cinderella. Wearing a domino, which had seen service in other days, he went up to her and advised her not to stay too late, lest her coach should turn to a pumpkin.

“You dear, dear Gregory,” she cried. “I know it is you, and I am so delighted.”

“Really and truly, as the children say; and how about the glass slipper? I suppose some merry gentleman has it in his pocket, and will be falling down before you to try it on.”

“Not till after supper.”

“I should have preferred it before supper, were I Cinderella. The gesture might be more graceful.”

“How absurd, and you haven’t even looked at my dress.”

“I am looking with all my eyes.”

“What do you think of it?”

“I was thinking more of your lovely face, which is quite enough, I should fancy, to fascinate any old fairy god-mother.”

“And some others, too. I have had great success to-night.”

“I am glad,” Gregory said warmly, “glad of *almost* anything that pleases you, as I used to be when you danced with delight about a new doll.”

“You used to buy me such lovely ones.”

“I wish I had the power to choose one for you now, Eloise. It would be straight and tall, true gold in and out—not a pretty lady at all, but an honest, sterling gentleman.”

Eloise was moved, yet half displeased at the thought which she knew was in

his mind. She felt sure that he never would have chosen her favorite partner.

"And now, Mr. Gregory," she said, saucily, "it's the time to say—the pleasure of a dance."

"Come, then," the young man responded, and drew her hand within his arm.

"I thought we were engaged for this," spoke the voice of Reggie Hubbard.

Gregory answered carelessly, "Cinderella has promised to be mine for the moment."

"Have you?" Hubbard inquired, looking down at the girl.

"Yes," she said, hurriedly. "I did not remember that you had engaged this one."

"Nor had I," thought Hubbard. But he persisted till Gregory pushed him aside.

"Come, Cinderella," he said, "or it may sound midnight before we get our dance."

Hubbard looked after them with half-closed eyes, and a sneer on his lips. But in another instant he was bowing before one of the belles of the entertainment, who wore the costume of Juliet. When he next encountered Gregory, it was quite his easy-going and apparently good-natured self that spoke:

"You scored that time, Glassford. You're always a lucky dog. But Cinderella isn't going away till she gives me, at least, another dance."

Gregory looked at the girl, and there was warning in the glance; but the eyes of Reggie Hubbard were fixed upon hers with that expression which fascinated her.

"Gregory says Mrs. Critchley is anxious to go, but I will have this dance with you, Reggie," Eloise declared, with defiance in her tone.

"Thanks, Cinderella," the other responded, hastily concealing his look of triumph under a conventional polite-

ness. "I don't think Dolly will mind waiting a bit."

"No," answered Gregory, with the cold and careless manner he usually adopted towards Hubbard, "I daresay not. She is a most complacent chaperon."

He watched the two, whirling away in the mazes of the dance, with a stern and perturbed expression. The conclusion that he reached was that nothing could be done, since he had both warned and entreated his wilful ward.

"The responsibility must rest on her," he said, referring to Mrs. Critchley, "and it might as well be placed on a piece of eider down."

He was glad to escape from surroundings that had long since begun to pall upon his maturer judgment, and he tried as far as possible to dismiss Eloise and her future fortunes from his mind. He strove to reassure himself with the thought:

"It may turn out all right in the end. Some other fellow will come along and take her fancy. She could never consider Hubbard seriously, and Dolly Critchley is not quite idiotic."

(To be continued.)

Death.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

DEATH puts an end to Time's brief reign,
To play and toil, to song and sigh,
To suns that never seem to wane,
And days that all too quickly fly.

Success and failure, loss and gain,
Shall be as one when years go by;
Death puts an end to Time's brief reign,
To play and toil, to song and sigh.

To Summer joys, to Winter's rain
An ending now, perhaps, is nigh:
Then, wherefore boast, or why complain?
Why value wealth or honor high?

Death puts an end to Time's brief reign,
To play and toil, to song and sigh.

A Sunday Trip to San Luis Rey.

BY N. WINIFRED HILL.

THE road leading from the "Sun-kist Vale" to the valley of the San Luis Rey is like all Californian highways and byways, for it follows where the feet of grazing animals, of savage Indians, of the old Padres with the Cross, or the Spanish cavalier once trod. These survivals of the old trails seem fraught with surprise and unknown danger to those used to a level country, for one seems to see the path ahead vanish in a clump of trees or into a mountain; but when one arrives at the spot, a new vista of mountains, foothills and trees is just ahead to lure one on and on.

Here and there, in unexpected places, are prosperous ranches, and here and there also, the inevitable blot on the California landscape, deserted homes, silent witnesses of heartache and defeat, of death and desolation. The few old, decaying "adobes" along the route do not seem sad, because they belong to a generation so long gone—it is just "earth to earth" with them,—and into an understanding heart they whisper old, yet ever new, tales of joyousness and romance.

Just past Rancho Buena Vista the road divides. Taking the one to the right, we are on the old Camino Real, "The King's Highway," the olden pathway that linked the missions, and over which our car skims along uphill and downhill, past vineyards and hayfields and fields of succotash. Uphill and down are wide vistas of mountains and hollows—cañons filled with sumac, elderberries in bloom, cactus and live oaks; creeks overgrown with olive-green willows, and, bordering the roadside, sumac and white sage and clumps of the golden-yellow, wild mustard in bloom. Downhill into Bonsell, the road

makes an abrupt curve, and follows along above where the San Luis Rey River leads; then up again, and, from the heights, one gets at length an unexpected glimpse of the White Mission, stately standing in the morning sunlight against a foreground of green trees and a background of rolling, brown hills, which stand firm and determined behind it,—like ghosts of the brown-robed Franciscans of the past, watching over their beloved mission.

This venerable old mission is quite imposing, and a fine example of Spanish and Moorish architecture blended into that type that is almost original in itself—Franciscan Mission architecture. The outside is white, weathered to a delicate cream, with markings of red. High over the main entrance, resplendent in blue and gold, is the militant statue of the good King Louis of France. On either side of the entrance are empty niches—mute witnesses of early vandalism. No one now seems to know just what saints' statues once guarded these old portals.

To the left of the church stretches a cool, inviting corridor, with thirteen arches restored, where once were thirty-two. The monastery rooms have been built above the corridor since the restoration; in the old days, they were behind the corridor, and opened upon a court which now stands in its utter desolation of crumbling walls and mounds of earth that once were walls; and, over all, trying to cover with their kind hearts this sorry scene, the poor little brothers of the flowers—the weeds—run rampant. Only a pepper tree, the boldest in California, and some decrepit olive trees, stand guard in this once beautiful garden of the Fathers, where feet—long since still—walked in ordered paths.

One enters the doorway of the old church reverently; for in its high vastness is a sense of brooding quietness

and infinite peace. Opposite the door, far away in the dimness, is the high altar, in white and blue and gold, with its lights and numerous statues. A Franciscan friar in white and gold vestments, instead of his coarse brown habit, was at the altar as we entered; and from high overhead, through the aperture in the thick walls, a ray of sunlight fell softly, like a blessing, upon altar and priest.

The center motif of the altar is a likeness of Our Lady of Guadalupe in her gilt frame,—a quaint picture with a beautiful legend. By this title the Blessed Virgin is called the Patroness of Mexico; and devotion to her, as such, began in 1531, when an Indian, Juan Diego, saw her, as he was going over Mount Tepeacac, one morning to attend Mass. Out of a glorious and brilliant cloud, this radiant Lady spoke to him, saying she was the Virgin, and wished a church in her honor to be built upon the spot whereon she stood. She directed him to go to Bishop Zumarraga, of the Franciscan Order, and Mexico's first bishop. The poor Indian went, but the bishop was unconvinced. On his return, the glorious Lady once more appeared; and, falling on his knees, the Indian begged her to choose a more suitable messenger, but she insisted it was he she had chosen.

The next day he returned to the bishop who, for answer, asked for a sign. The Lady then told Juan to go to a place he knew was barren and pick roses he would find growing there. After taking them in her hands she put them into his mantle, and directed that the bishop be shown them as a sign. When the mantle was unfolded, no roses were to be found; but this very likeness of the Virgin was imprinted on the mantle. The bishop, now convinced, hung it in his oratory; and when the church, Santa María de Guadalupe, was finished, he hung it over the altar.

All around the base of the walls is a rude imitation of black and yellow and red and bluish-green marble separated by a quaint border from the cream-colored walls. Indian hands have left queer markings and streaks of blue, green, pink and red borders around all the arches. On the walls hang ancient Spanish oil paintings. The Stations of the Cross are done in oil and are also very old.

To the left of the entrance is a little dark room housing the baptismal font, and at the right, the restored mortuary chapel. It is a beautiful little octagonal room with domed roof and an altar with a carved statue of the Sacred Heart, and about His feet fresh flowers from the Sisters' garden. Unlike the church, this little chapel speaks loudly of newness. A door in the left wall leads into the cemetery. Here, on rude wooden crosses, are many a name to conjure with,—names once noted in California: Bandini, Alverado, Ortega, Serreño, Osuna. How many Indians were buried here is not known, as the records of the church are missing.

A lay Brother of the Order showed us the treasures of the mission in a room off the corridor,—old books signed by the mission's builder and first priest, Father Peyri; old vestments; enormous hide-bound volumes of chorals, printed by hand in colors on heavy parchment, and many more relics, besides some statuettes brought in the early days from Mexico. The Brother's dark face shone with religious pride as he tenderly lifted down a beautiful little ancient statue, hand-carved in wood, of the Mother of Sorrows and said, "See what wonderful carving—what a beautiful face!"

Our Constitution seems so far in the past that it is almost impossible to remember that it is only nine years older than this ancient church, the history of which briefly is this:

"On June 13, 1798, Father Presidente celebrated the founding, assisted by Fathers Peyri and Santiago. The church was named for Louis, King of France, the whole name being San Luis Rey de Francia, though the last word is seldom used now. The King reigned from 1226 to 1276, and was noted for his piety at home and abroad in the Crusades. In 1297, during the reign of his grandson, Philip the Fair, Pope Boniface VIII. canonized King Louis, the Church thus recognizing him as one of her saints.

"Peyri remained here thirty-three years, completing in 1802 the church, which, unlike many missions, is the original, besides finishing many other buildings connected with it. Not satisfied, he asked permission to build a better church, and being denied; built an assistant mission, Pala,—pictures of whose bell tower are scattered all over the world. Many large rancheros he started, principally Santa Margarita, Las Flores, San Onofre and San Mateo. No other mission was so wealthy—none had larger herds or fields of grain. After secularization, it was the only one that flourished; but with the Picos, especially Pio Pico, who, though born at a mission, was the worst enemy of the missions, came ruin. As they and others began their work of destruction, Father Duran, the Presidente, on Dec. 17, 1831, wrote Father Peyri to put his mission in charge of some other priest, and, keeping his reason secret, go to Lower California with Governor Victoria; then on to the College of San Fernando and to the Government of Mexico, and represent what oppression the missionaries were suffering and the true state of the missions, and ask for help. He ended the appeal: 'I declare to you that your services of these missions for the period of thirty-five years are praiseworthy to an heroic degree, and entitle you to all the honors of the

Order.' So after thirty-three years' service at San Luis Rey, of putting into the building his stipends, earnings, donations and loving care, one night Father Peyri quietly slipped away with two Indian boys, destined for a college in Rome. Who can say what bitter longings filled him as he reached the top of the hill, and turned and looked back upon his Mission for the last time.

"The next morning, when his Indian 'children' missed him, five hundred sprang into saddle and raced for San Diego to bring him back. They arrived as the 'Pocahontas' was putting out to sea—too late, except for a last glimpse of his beloved form, and to see his hands raised in a last blessing on them.

"Secularization came upon the Mission in 1834. In 1843, Gov. Micheltorena handed it over to Father Zalvidea, who brought San Gabriel to its highest efficiency, and started the present Mission of San Gabriel, the stone church of which still remains,—poor Father Zalvidea, who sleeps his last sleep under the altar. How disheartened he must have been in his feeble old age to receive back this despoiled Mission with only four hundred Indians left out of three thousand, and how glad he must have been for rest!

"Help did not come; and in 1846, Pio Pico sold the mission, on no authority other than his own, to his brother and José Cot for \$2437, a sum not one hundredth part of what it was worth. In 1847, the Mormon Battalion occupied it. It was bombarded during the Mexican war, and finally abandoned to its fate. Then, in 1892, Father O'Keefe from Santa Barbara—full of intense religious zeal, beloved by everyone, Catholic and Protestant, and those of no religion also,—came with the one burning desire: to rebuild the abandoned mission into a monastery for his beloved Order of Friars Minor. May 12, 1893, rededication exercises were held with

three old Indian women in the congregation, witnessing again the service they saw at the founding. Father O'Keefe has gone to join the departed Franciscans, but Father Dominic, assisted by other members of the Order, still 'carry on.'

"The Sisters of the Precious Blood, under Mother Emma, came at Father O'Keefe's request to his assistance, and are now, under Sister Anetta and eight other Sisters, caring for eighty-five pupils from far and near."

The lay Brother stood in the cool corridor smiling his farewell to us as we left by the road Father Peyri had travelled that silent night; and from the heights we, too, looked back for a last glimpse of the mission, seemingly cheerful in the sunshine, though lonely brooding over its memories.

The Way of Mrs. Garvey.

BY JANE CONDON.

I.

INSTEAD of going to the pulpit that Sunday morning, Father Donovan remained at the altar, where, for a full minute, he stood facing the people, his hand clasping that of a boy about four years old whom he had beckoned from the sacristy. Then, just when the bewilderment of the people was on the verge of suspense, he spoke:

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And, as his glance turned from the congregation to the sweet, shy face at his side, the gaze of the congregation followed. "My friends, this boy is my sermon to-day. Our diocesan orphan asylum is overflowing with children like him, boys and girls, whom people with homes do not seem to want; and the Sisters have no room for the children who are daily being orphaned. If each family in this parish, that could

afford it, would take one child into their home, our asylum would soon be emptied: emptied to make room for those helpless bits of humanity to whom its shelter must now be denied. My friends, look at him! Were Raphael's cherubs more angelic? If you would introduce a bit of heaven on earth into your homes, suffer one of these to come unto you...."

Then Mary Ellen Garvey stole a glance at her husband, but he was engrossed in his devotions. She touched his arm, and, when he looked up, whispered: "David, couldn't we take that little boy home with us?"

"Of course not, Mary Ellen. Tend to the Mass, woman, and don't be distracting the people."

For an instant her face clouded, but as she, too, became engrossed in the Mass, the cloud lifted; for, though she had prayed in vain for ten years for this same boon, she felt that now the time was near at hand when the Lord would see fit to grant her desire. After Mass she would again plead with David to allow her to adopt an orphan.

When the little groups that gathered after services to inquire into the health and doings of friends and acquaintances had dispersed, and David and Mary Ellen had started up the little hill across the courthouse square, she again broached the subject that occupied her mind and heart. "David, did you see the Bambers take the little lad home?"

"I did so. And I hope they'll never regret it."

Rebuffed, but not discouraged, she approached the subject from another angle. "David, wasn't that the grand sermon? And didn't it carry you back to the dear old church in Tipperary, where, as boy and girl, we used to sit paralyzed with wonder at the eloquence of Father McCarthy?"

"Oh, 'twas good enough! But Father McCarthy was the man after my own

heart; the Lord never made his equal."

"Did you mind that the Father said the asylum was overflowing?"

"Yes, yes, so he did. But if everyone of those two hundred orphans was to be taken out, there wouldn't be over fifty or so homeless young ones to replace them."

"But, David, you know that not everyone who can will adopt one of those poor babies without a mother or a—"

"No, they won't; but there'll be enough of them adopted by people that mean well, but don't know much of the world."

"I suppose so. Still and all, David, an asylum is not a home."

"'Tis the next best thing, to my notion. Mary Ellen, I'll give my share and more to support the orphans; but not a one of the little baggages will I take into my home, to bring sorrow and disgrace to it, and the gray hairs of grief to your head, like its father or mother before it, maybe. If 'twas the child of a relation of yours or mine, no matter what its parents before it might have been, I'd feel duty bound to give it a home; but I owe no such call to the child of a stranger. I'll pay toward their upkeep at the asylum, but that's as far as I feel called to go. And many a fine man has thought any place he was raised in a good home. Now, let this be the last time I'll have to be after saying 'No' to this, Mary Ellen."

Glancing at his stern face, Mary Ellen repressed the sigh which was rising from her heart to her lips, as a wave of pity inundated her soul. David who had so longed for a child of his own; who often came home loaded with presents for the children of the neighborhood; who was not afraid to take big risks in business, feared, not for himself, but for her, to risk the sorrow which a child of unknown heritage might bring upon them.

At their own door they overtook Amos Weed, a thin, humped, little man, who lived across the Great Northern tracks, about six blocks farther on. As David hailed him with a hearty, "Well, Amos, and how are you at all?" his grimy face, from which he was never quite able to remove all the traces of his calling as janitor of St. Luke's Orphan Asylum, became several shades lighter under the glow of the flattered smile which spread over it.

"O fair, fair sir! I can't complain," and he stopped to snuffle; "but I'd got on a lot better if they hadn't taken the job in the courthouse away from me."

"Did they, now? 'Tis a dirty shame!"

Mary Ellen forestalled Amos' answer. "And how is herself and the children, Amos?"

"Oh, the kids are fine! All they want is enough to eat. But the Missus has been reduced to taking in washing to stretch our wages far enough to cover the seven of them."

"I thought it was a long time since I saw her pass the house. I must go to see her, now that she hasn't the time to drop in for a bit of a chat." And, nodding a cheerful good-bye, Mary Ellen went in to get her dinner.

"What was behind the ousting you out of a good job, Amos? Politics?" asked David.

"I guess that was it; but, anyway, with this crick in my back, I'm afraid I wouldn't have been able to stand it. Perhaps it was well I lost the job."

"If you should be after needing help, Amos, you know where to come for it?"

"Thanks, sir, but I don't need it yet, though we might before the Winter's over." And thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, he shambled home.

As David walked jauntily up the steps and into the house, he looked ten years younger than the forty-five which he carried so gallantly upon his broad shoulders. He was as straight, and tall,

and strong, and his red hair as flaming, as when he had married Mary Ellen. Time had passed him over without a brush of the wings. And well it might, for success had stalked his trail from the moment he had left old Michael Burke's employ as an apprentice carpenter to undertake his first job as a contractor, to the present, when he was established in his own office in the yards of the Hurlbert-Shumway Lumber Company, directing the energies of twenty young builders, whose work was scattered about the city.

Passing into the living-room, David took up the Sunday *Beagle* to beguile the time until Mary Ellen should have the dinner on the table. Though he had often urged her to get a maid, she had steadily refused to do so. "Sure, what would I be doing with a maid under foot? 'Tis little enough I find to do as it is, with you as careful as a woman about the house." But he soon laid the paper aside, and, tiptoeing down the hall to the kitchen, peeped in at Mary Ellen, who was bent over the electric range making chicken gravy.

But in spite of his cautious approach, she sensed his presence, and looked up with a gay nod. "Is it starving to death you are, David?"

"Almost, and I thought maybe I could help a bit with the dinner."

"Go back to your paper. I'll have the dinner on the table in no time, and then you can tell me all the scandals, the way the stylish folks do."

He went back to his paper relieved. She was as cheerful and as glib with a joke as ever. Evidently, she had not taken his refusal so much to heart as he had feared she might, knowing, as he did, that a child was her one desire which had never been fulfilled. And, reconciled though she appeared, he felt that hope would never fade utterly from her heart. How she would love a child! And that was just why

he must not weaken now; he must see to it that no ingrate youngster should use her love as a dagger to pierce her heart. He had seen too many instances of that sort of thing.

As he sat facing her at the table at dinner, he was more than ever convinced that he was right in persisting in his opposition. For no sign of care had lined her face. Though she had just passed her fortieth birthday, her cheeks still retained the rosy ripeness of an apple, and her erect form a good deal of its rotundity as well. But there the analogy ceased. There was no tart flavor to her temper, and only a mild and sympathetic humor gave spice to her calm patience and gentle kindness, which, though he did not realize it, was the growth of years of resigned acceptance of the denial of her heart's desire. For Mary Ellen was designed by nature and inclination to be a mother; but Fate, or God, as she would say, had ordained otherwise. And, though she still besieged the Lord with prayers to bless her home with a child, her petitions always ended with "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

When David sat before the fireplace after supper, puffing a contented and thoughtful pipe, instead of taking her accustomed low rocker at the other side of the hearth, Mary Ellen came over to David and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Happy?" he could not refrain from asking, as he caught the wistfulness behind her smile.

"God forgive me, David, I ought to be; but I'm that contrary I'm not satisfied entirely."

Contentment fled from his face, and he shifted uneasily in his chair. "Well, Mary Ellen, you know you have health, ease, and reasonable content. And nobody else seems to have them all. Why long for perfect happiness? I misdoubt it's to be had on earth."

"'Tis not perfect happiness I'd be wanting, David. But if we could only have one of the orphans, I'm sure I'd be as happy as anyone could hope to be this side of heaven."

"Now, now, Mary Ellen, don't open up the old discussion. If you had one of them, you'd only be courting sorrow."

"I'd be willing to run the risk."

"You don't know what you'd be inviting."

"I know, David, that I'd have to expect some grief to sweeten my happiness. Happiness wouldn't seem worth much if we didn't pay something—"

"We'll have no orphan! Now, let this be the end of all your foolish talk." And he put his pipe back in his mouth, and puffed resolutely.

"If you'd only consent to me bringing one home on trial—"

"No orphan, Mary Ellen, trial or no trial, will ever come into this house! You know, as I have told you time without end, that I'm acting for your good." And, getting up, he thrust his hands into his pockets and paced the floor, as he always did when excited. "How would we know what its father or mother might have been?"

"And would the child have to be wicked because of its parents? Look at the fine young man Jimmy Martin is; and look at what his father and mother were,—a convict man and a drunken, misfortunate woman!"

"Jimmy is one man in a million. Look at Marian Stevens that the Widow O'Brien took in as her own child; she eloped with the chauffeur!"

"Well, and if she did, wasn't he a good boy? And aren't they living happy together now?"

"But look at Mrs. O'Brien, heart-broken at the ingratitude of that young hussy, running off with the chauffeur when she might have had a respectable wedding with Clarence Walsh, a fine young lawyer!"

"As long as Marian's man is all right, I have little sympathy for Mrs. O'Brien. If she wants the lawyer in the family, let her marry him herself."

"And look at that scalawag the Howards adopted! There's not a decent hair on his head. There's been no devilment in this town since he was sixteen that he hasn't been into. 'Tis only a matter of time until even the money of Mack Howard won't be able to hold him out of prison. And look at the Howards! Not five years older than ourselves, and they look every day of sixty-five!"

"Sure and maybe that's not all the fault of the boy. Look at the way he was brought up; all the money he could spend, and never a check upon his will until it ran wild. David, if we had an orphan, that's not the way we'd be after bringing it up."

"Will you give me no peace? We'll have none to bring up, and that's the end of it!"

"David, do you think that's generous? To be so afraid of the result of a good deed that you refuse to venture it!"

"Not generous, is it? When I'm after giving you everything a reasonable woman could want! Mary Ellen, 'tis yourself that's ungrateful to the Lord for all He's given you."

"'Tis not me that's ungrateful, David, but yourself. If you were grateful to the Lord for the blessings He's showered upon you, you'd be willing to share them with a poor helpless child. Have you no faith in the goodness of God at all, at all, that you're afeared to undertake a simple act of charity?"

"'Tis uncharitable I am now, is it? Who gives more than I do to keep up that same asylum? Tell me that now!"

"Sure, and that was no great charity for you, that has money plenty and to spare! Be generous, and take one of those children into your home. That would be practical Catholicity for you!"

Will I tell Father Donovan you'll take one of the orphans?"

"Tell him nothing for me! I know what you'll tell him for yourself. I can see you're determined to have one. But don't expect me to live with it,—I might be the ruin of it! I'm stingy, and ungrateful, and I'm not a decent Catholic! Maybe, you'll find a better one at the asylum!"

"Now, David, don't be foolish—"

"There's no peace for me in this house!" And flinging his pipe into the grate, he stalked out of the room.

Mary Ellen gazed after him in bewilderment and regret. She had seen him treat others like this, but never herself. Well, if this was the way he felt about it, she must give up the idea of adopting an orphan. And such a shame as it was, when they could give a good home to one who might never know a home otherwise! She followed him out into the hall, but he was already at the door; she called him back, but the slam of the door drowned her voice. This was the first time he had left the house like that, and she must see to it that it would be the last. How ungrateful she was! As he had said, she had more than other women seemed to need to make them happy. And how many who had little enough were less exacting!

She seated herself before the fire to await David's return. Where could he have gone? Down to the K. C. Club, maybe. He'd hardly go to any of their friends without her. Poor David! Of course, she knew that he was the soul of generosity; that it was his desire to protect her from the sorrows of life that made him refuse her request. But sorrow was something which no barriers could shut out; it came into the life of everyone. If you were of the right metal, it sweetened your happiness; if you were not, it soured your whole life. Poor David, he couldn't see that at all!

She waited for her husband until twelve o'clock, and ten was their usual bedtime. She locked the house, for he had its latch-key, turned out the lights, and went upstairs to her room. That night the Rosary slipped through her fingers more times than usual. She prayed God to forgive her for going against His will, and that no harm might come to David in his rash anger. One o'clock, and no David. It was no use to wait up longer. He must have gone to a hotel for the night. She would drop a letter in the mail box early in the morning, and it would reach his office in the forenoon.

"Dear David," she wrote, "if 'tis a choice between the orphan and yourself, I'll choose yourself. We'll have baked potatoes and sirloin steak for dinner to-day, and don't be keeping me waiting until it's cold."

The next morning she was up before her usual hour, and went down to put her note in the mail box before the postman should have made his early round. When she lifted the cover she spied a letter in the box, and she seized it with misgiving, and her knees went weak beneath her, for she recognized David's scrawl.

"Dear Mary Ellen," it ran, "you will draw all the money you want at the bank as you always have. I'm leaving town, but I've told Wentworth to look after your business affairs. And if you need any business advice, go to him. David."

She sighed in relief; no harm had come to him. Then her heart sank, and the note slipped from her relaxed fingers. He had gone away indefinitely, perhaps never to return, driven from home by her stubborn insistence upon having her own way. Surely, now the Lord was punishing her for refusing to recognize that her desire had been contrary to His will. Well, if she had not been truly resigned before, she would

not persist in her mistake. Impossible though it seemed, she must make the best of life without David; then perhaps God, in pity on her loneliness, would forgive her stubbornness and send him back. "'Tis better," she consoled herself, "to make the best of the little than to make little of the best that life gives us. For, after all, 'tis the will of Almighty God."

She took up her daily duties as though nothing had happened to take the spice out of life. And if her prayers were more frequent, her expression of their object to others, or, as she would have said, her criticism of the ways of God, was forever stilled. In visits to the less fortunate of her neighbors across the Great Northern tracks, she sought to fill out the leisure of her days.

If these visits brought little profit to her in the way of forgetfulness, they brought much of material and spiritual aid to those she visited. For her patient and brave acceptance of her unhappiness inspired them to make a like attempt to accept the trials of life. Nor was her activity without a certain profit to her, because when her days were filled with good deeds, her nights were nights of blessed oblivion in sleep.

(Conclusion next week.)

A FATHER may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all. In good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent. Still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture; the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.—*Washington Irving.*

Arlington.

ARLINGTON! What memories are stirred by the mention of this name, for it is associated with one of the greatest generals and noblest men who ever lived, and within its sacred precincts sleep the silent hosts who died in the War for the Union.

The Arlington Mansion, which stands on the brow of a hill that overlooks the National Capital and the Potomac River, was built in 1802 by George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the Father of our Country. Mount Vernon was the home of young Custis until after the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Washington, in 1802. In that same year he built the beautiful mansion on the west side of the Potomac, and brought to its portals as his bride, Mary Fitzhugh Lee. Here he gathered together a rich collection of family portraits and numerous relics of our first President and the Revolution. Some of these were later restored to Mount Vernon while others are in the National Museum in Washington.

The master of Arlington House enjoyed that honored distinction as the adopted son of the great American, and his home became noted for its hospitality. Among the honored guests entertained there, was Lafayette, the great French hero, who carried to his grave in far-away France the scars of battle received in fighting for our liberties, in what to him was a foreign land. Standing on the wide veranda, with its massive columns, the venerable hero, looking off toward Georgetown and Washington, with a long stretch of the Potomac in the foreground, with wooded hills and valleys making a background of dark foliage, declared the scene one of the rarest and most perfect he had ever beheld.

A little daughter came to make the big house merry, and among her play-

mates was a little boy who used to come up from Alexandria to romp on the big lawn at Arlington. Years later, as a young cadet from West Point, he came again, and it is not surprising that he went back engaged to the charming heiress of Arlington. On June 3, 1831, in the drawing-room of Arlington House, where to-day visitors register their names, Robert E. Lee and Mary Custis were married. Some years later, on the death of her father, the historic mansion passed into the hands of Mrs. Lee and her children, and the Lee family went to live in Mary Custis Lee's ancestral home.

When, in April, 1861, Lee went to Richmond to take command of the Virginia troops and after to become the commander-in-chief of the Confederate Army, his family accompanied him. What a different picture Arlington House then presented! The mansion was converted into headquarters for the Federal troops, and the grounds were made into a camp. As the war went on and battles were fought, it was necessary to provide a hospital for the sick and dying, and the old mansion witnessed many a piteous scene. Other available cemetery grounds no longer sufficing for the burial of the dead, the level plateaus and grassy slopes of the Arlington estate were ordered to be devoted to the purpose of a military cemetery; and thus was begun the great City of the Dead—Arlington National Cemetery, where to-day the headstones stretch in endless lines.

It savors of sacrilege that this historic place, toward the end of the war, should have been sold for delinquent taxes. But such was the case; and in 1864, the United States Government bought it for \$26,100, and later adjusted the rightful claim of George Washington Custis Lee, legal heir under the Custis will, Arlington thus becoming Government property.

The grounds have been beautified by the art of the landscape gardener with beautiful trees and shrubs and great beds of flowers; but Nature seemed to have foreseen what was to come, and was over-gracious in molding the spot and making it ready for its final great purpose as a resting-place for the nation's heroic dead. Many thousand soldiers lie buried there, the cemetery representing the glorious toll of four wars. Stones worn with age mark the graves of eleven Revolutionary officers, who were re-interred in this hallowed spot. The long lines of headstones speak of the conflict of the Civil War; and many who perished in the Spanish and Philippine Wars are buried here. Scores of new-made mounds tell of the Great War through which we have so recently passed.

No true patriot would consider a visit to Washington complete without a pilgrimage to Arlington, which was once the home of a great man whom all America honors to-day.

A Definition.

WHAT has been called the most abstract definition ever drawn up is this one of Evolution, by Herbert Spencer: "Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

It is scarcely to be wondered at that this definition provoked several travesties. One of the best of these is that of Kirkman: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable all-alikeness, to a somehowish and in-general talkaboutable not-all-alikeness by continuous somethingelseifications, and sticktogethurations."

The Case of Galileo Again.

COMMENTING on a recent Italian book dealing with Galileo, Mr. Thomas Okey, M. A., Professor of Italian at Cambridge University, England, has an article in *Discovery*, an English scientific publication, entitled "Galileo, the Roman Inquisition and Modern Italian Philosophy." This title seems too ambitious for an ordinary magazine article; but inasmuch as the writer is presumably a non-Catholic scholar, it is interesting to note what he says about the knowledge, or rather, lack of knowledge, concerning Galileo. To quote:

If we may imagine the symbolic man-in-the-street to be set before a paper, "Write what you know about Galileo," he would probably (if he answered at all) reply that Galileo was an Italian astronomer who taught that the earth was round and not flat; that it went around the sun instead of being stationary; and that, when tortured by the Roman Inquisition, and made to recant, he muttered between his teeth, "*Eppur si muove.*" (Still it moves.) Marks would be low, for the good Galileo never was put to the torture, and never said, "*Eppur si muove.*"

This, of course, is an old story to Catholics who have done any worthwhile reading about Galileo and the way he was dealt with by the Roman Inquisition. But it is refreshing to have the untruth combated, especially by a non-Catholic. Prof. Okey denies, in the first place, that the Medieval astronomers taught that the earth was flat; and comments as follows upon the great knowledge of astronomy that was to be found among scholars in those times:

I imagine there are but few readers of Dante's "Vita Nuova" nowadays who are not made to sit up when they discover that to understand the reference to Beatrice's age, in the very first paragraph, a knowledge of the procession of the equinoxes is necessary—an astronomical phenomenon known to every Medieval student, although regarded from a geocentric standpoint. If there is one thing

more than another which distinguishes the modern from the Medieval student, it is his ignorance of practical astronomy—of the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. If any one would form a conception of the astronomical knowledge of the Medieval scholars, let him get a sight of the perpetual almanac compiled by Profacius (Machir Ben Tibbon) of the University of Montpellier, in the latter half of the Thirteenth Century, from which the courses of the moon and planets and the eclipses were accurately calculated. And if one remembers that such calculations were rendered much more complicated and difficult by being based on a geocentric theory of the universe, one's respect for the range of early astronomy will be tenfold.

Pre-Galilean astronomy had been elaborated and perfected during the progress of eighteen centuries; it adequately explained the apparent phenomena, and served all practical purposes of civil life—an astronomy rendered almost sacred to the Medieval mind by the infallible authority of Aristotle,—an astronomy which Sir Thomas Browne regarded as a proof of God's wisdom, and which Bacon refused to reject in favor of the Galilean theory.

It was this astronomy—settled for so many centuries,—that Galileo's theory came in to disturb and to overthrow. No wonder there was opposition! As Professor Okey remarks:

Imagine what would be the feelings of our scientists of to-day, if a new discovery were to render obsolete all modern physical science, vitiate our heliocentric astronomy, make all our text-books and professors back-numbers: some conception may then be formed of the feelings of mathematicians in Galileo's time.

Then the professor makes a further remark which should be noted by people who seem to feel that a "scientific fact" is the very last word in all argumentation. "There is nothing absolute," he says, "in what is termed scientific truth. Our system is true so long as it satisfactorily explains phenomena as we know them; and that is precisely what the geocentric system did in pre-Copernican days, and did it more satisfactorily than Galileo's new theory."

Besides the newness of the Galilean theory, and the fact that the geocentric theory had worked satisfactorily for so

many centuries, Galileo had not a very attractive way of setting forth the theory which he wished the scientific world to accept. "He was," to quote Professor Okey again, "a born controversialist," and "his mordant sarcasm was ill calculated to win over opponents."

As to Galileo's treatment by the Church authorities, it was remarkably kind and indulgent. There were no ropes, chains or dungeons for him. He was received at the Holy Office with great courtesy, treated with due consideration, and allowed much freedom of movement. When finally adjudged guilty, his sentence was, imprisonment during the Pope's pleasure, and the obligation to recite weekly the Penitential Psalms!

This imprisonment "during the Pope's pleasure" did not interfere much with Galileo's pleasure. His first place of "incarceration" was the Tuscan ambassador's beautiful palace and gardens, where he was treated most kindly by the ambassador and his wife. Later, he was assigned to the archiepiscopal palace at Siena where he enjoyed the friendship and discourse of the prelate. Growing weary and desirous of change, he was permitted to return to his villa outside Florence.

Galileo was in constant correspondence with his two daughters, who were nuns, one of whom took upon herself the burden of her father's penance; and throughout Galileo's whole correspondence of that time, there is not one word about torture; and the fac-similes of his signatures to the depositions from first to last show no variation.

Yet, we suppose the legend of Galileo's torture and his alleged muttering of "Still it moves" will stand for history for a long time to come with a great many people, just as firmly as does the legend of Martin Luther's "discovery" of the Bible in the monastery where the future "Reformer" was a novice.

Notes and Remarks.

Of rather unusual interest, in this Month of the Holy Souls, is the recent action of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in Portland, Oregon. Among the Commissions appointed was one for the purpose of revising the Book of Common Prayer, and the members boldly proposed three prayers for the dead to be inserted in the Burial Office. One of the three reads: "Remember Thy servant, O Lord, according to the favor which Thou bearest unto Thy people, and grant that, increasing in knowledge of Thee, he may go from strength to strength in the life of perfect service in Thy heavenly kingdom, etc." This action means simply that one non-Catholic religious body has publicly accepted what very many individual members of that body must have long privately believed,—the efficacy of prayers for the dead. True, the petition just quoted says nothing about the possible detention of the soul of the departed in "the cleansing fires of Purgatory," or of the purification in some "middle state" of that soul; but it does recognize that the welfare of the deceased may be helped by the prayers of surviving friends—and that is a radical departure from Protestant doctrine.

During the course of the week, a letter reached us from a little Austrian girl to whom one dollar had been sent through the kindness of a reader of THE AVE MARIA. The fabulous value of this sum in Austria was equalled only by the humility of the child's thanks; she promised "to pray always for my dear benefactors who have made great sacrifices for my sake." How small a dollar really is when measured by our needs and abundance; how great when set face to face with the stark hunger of millions for whom life, through no fault

of their own, has become almost an unbearable burden! If the Saviour stands ready to open the doors of His kingdom to those who, in His name, give a cup of water to a little one, what an easy and transcendent opportunity these days afford! For God's sake, let us not become hardened to misery because it is far off, and because its clamor is so incessantly repeated!

America always has much to spend, and certainly much to give. From somewhere in those darkened lands whence the splendor of kings has gone, and hunger tyrannizes, and nakedness shivers ashamed and impotent, the ancestors of many Americans came. There the culture of Christendom was battled for and saved, the memory of God was kept alive by the blood of optimistic martyrdom. Was all of this accomplished that we might sit by in comfort and indulge pleasure with prodigality unequalled, while millions of our fellow-creatures perish for want of bread? Surely, our country, so generous and heroic under the surface, will continue to man the lifeboats.

To learn of a Catholic bishop (Mgr. Heelan, of Sioux City, Iowa) urging women to vote, is proof, not only that the world is changing, but doing so faster than most people believe. Not so many years ago it was almost generally regarded as "near heresy" to advocate woman suffrage, and those who did so were roundly abused on all sides. That clamor has happily ceased. It is now realized, as the bishop declares, that women who stand for morality, must use the ballot. "By exercising their right of franchise, women can make for the future peace, prosperity and freedom of the nation." The potency of the ballot for good or evil needs no emphasizing; and, considering the political corruption that exists, it has become the solemn duty of women to

oppose it, now that they have the power to do so. In view of the fact that only about half of the men in this country ever vote, the women, by following the opposite course, will be setting a good example as well as performing an imperative duty.

Only when conduct fails to square with profession, is religion ridiculed nowadays, according to President Hibben of Princeton University. He holds that wider knowledge is producing greater tolerance; and, in a recent address, declared that, as a rule, intolerance is shown only for cant, pharisaism, hypocrisy, and the like. "Where there is sincerity, consistency and straightforwardness, religion is not only respected but honored." Surely so in the long run. A recent traveller in Asia tells how he learned to respect some Mohammedan bricklayers from hearing them invoke Allah while at work. The man at the top of the ladder would call out, with all the solemnity of a muezzin, "Brother, in the name of Allah, toss me up a brick"; and the man below, in the act of compliance, would gravely reply, "In the name of Allah behold another brick, oh, my brother."

That traveller would be listening a long time before hearing the Deity invoked in this sense by bricklayers, or any other class of workers, in Christian lands. In our country, however, he would hear, often enough, the most famous word in the language.

An excellent bit of advice to all such Catholics as are not experts in Bible study is the following paragraph from an article appearing in a recent issue of the *Bombay Examiner*:

If we treat the Bible as God's vehicle of revealed religion for all ages, and recognize the Church as the providentially guided organ of its interpretation precisely as a vehicle of religion; then it does not matter in the least

what puzzles and controversies arise round its accessory contents. We have the reality, and these things are the shadow. Even in this controversial area, we have a general assurance that the Bible is worthy of the Author who inspired it; and anything which would make it look otherwise must be fallacious one way or another. This being assured on a broad ground of faith, we need not feel in the least uncomfortable about difficulties against Scripture. Some we can solve to our own satisfaction, but others we can not. Very well, do not let us resort to subtle and unconvincing ingenuities to force a solution. Let us rather recognize our limitations, and leave the puzzle unsolved, convinced that, at least, God knows the answer, if we don't.

Incidentally, let it be said that the wisest of men have no hesitation in acknowledging their ignorance in many fields of science and art; and the ordinary Catholic need feel no shame in avowing himself only an amateur in Biblical interpretation.

The average American father probably does not cherish any hope that his youthful son will one day occupy the exalted position open to all good citizens of this Republic (except Catholics); but he does fondly persuade himself that his boy so far resembles our first great president that he "can not tell a lie." It is a generally received convention, at least among us, that Americans, boys and men, are nothing, if not truthful; although, of course, we know that we all told frequent fibs in our youth. Writing in the *New York Herald*, an educationist comments on the fact that many fathers don't know their sons at all well. As an instance, he mentions one father who holds his hopeful by the hand and says: "One thing I can say, and that is, My boy never lies."

"I have been a headmaster for nineteen years," declares the educationist, "and I'm proud and fond of nearly all my boys, past and present; but I've never met one who wouldn't lie. It's natural for a little fellow to lie. Often

it's a lie for self-protection, more often it's a lie caused by pure nervousness. 'Kids,' as well as men, bristle up when they are called liars, and their determination then is to keep it up. But I have found by making a distinction between lie and liar they come quickly to an open confession."

Even though one might utterly discredit most of the stories of "frightfulness," related by conscienceless propagandists during the late war—as all but those blinded by prejudice now discredit them,—still, one knows well that warfare, even at its best, involves many things of a shocking nature. These are regretted, but they are not unexpected. What one does not expect, however, among civilized nations, at least, is that unnecessary hardships and unjustifiable humiliations should be inflicted upon a vanquished foe. It comes, therefore, as a shock, inexpressibly sickening, to learn that, four years after the signing of the Treaty of Peace, the same heartless attitude is maintained toward Germany as during the war. The German nation was conquered; it is disarmed, broken in spirit, torn by internal political strife, on the verge of bankruptcy, suffering from poverty and privation of all kinds. Yet, we are informed by a correspondent of *Il Paese*, an Italian journal of good standing, that on the Rhineland there are still encamped as many as 140,000 soldiers of the Allied Army. For their officers, from commander-in-chief down to the pettiest under-official, together with their respective families, the very best houses have been requisitioned, remodelled and refurnished; twenty-five theatres, fifty-one movie-halls, and hunting reserves, to the extent of 60,500 hectares of land, have been exacted for the comfort and amusement of officers and men. To care for the soldiers, the German Government, besides turning

over numerous public buildings (including 627 schools) was obliged to construct 190 recreation halls, provided with every comfort and convenience; barracks totalling in cost for the four years 1,778,251,000 marks; to vacate 11,000 hectares of the most fertile and arable land for aviation fields, rifle ranges, athletic sports, etc.; to maintain near all barracks—and sometimes within them—houses of ill-fame; to defray the expense of heat, light, water, railroad and water transportation, telephone and telegraph communication and, most incredible of all, to repair the damage done to buildings by members of the army. A terrible indictment, not of course of the French people, but of the French Government.

The total cost to the German Government of all this extravagance up to March 31, 1922, amounted to the fabulous sum of seven milliards of gold francs, plus 14 milliards of paper marks. And yet France, with a standing army of 800,000 men, and with the promise of support from her allies, tells the world that all this must be done to prevent a possible attack from Germany! Meanwhile the press is notoriously silent. Inhumanity and misery and shame grow apace, and with them anger and hatred; but the spirit of magnanimity, of justice, of benignity, of charity toward the stricken foe is crushed. It has long been but too evident that no spirit of Christianity pervades the councils of the victorious nations; but at least it was hoped that the commonest sentiments of humanity might remain, to temper somewhat the bitter consequences of a war that, after all, was a war for gold and oil.

Stealing somebody else's thunder, a phrase used literally by the dramatist, John Dennis, in the Seventeenth Century, has long been a figurative expression for plagiarism, or for an imitation

so close as to warrant a suspicion of literary theft. Among the prominent educators who are discussing and condemning the proposed Oregon law against private schools, several seem to be stealing the thunder of the Catholic hierarchy and the Catholic press. Here, for instance, is an expression of opinion from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University: "The parents of the child are responsible before God and man for its upbringing and its preparation for an honorable and useful life. It is an essential part of their civil liberty to train their children in such wise and in such form of religious faith as they may prefer and choose. It is in no sense the business of the State, in our political philosophy, to attempt to monopolize education, or to prevent the free choice by parents of the teachers and schools of their children."

This is, of course, perfectly true; but the average Catholic is surely warranted in declaring it anything but novel doctrine, whatever it may seem to other people.

As was naturally expected, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has had novel and noteworthy things to say about his conversion to the Church. He declares that it was effected by the chief Protestant leaders in the Establishment, who convinced him that it is not Catholic, not a branch of The Church, which teaches with authority, speaks strongly, and has united action. The answers to those who were curious to know why the author of "Orthodoxy" didn't "go over to Rome" sooner, should satisfy them. It was a long way to go. He didn't realize how far away the mountain was, though the city seated on it was ever in sight. It is never hidden except to those who shut their eyes, and is sure to be reached, sooner or later, somehow or other, by all who do not wilfully go astray.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

The Eskimo.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

CONSIDER well the Eskimo—

He builds his house of slabs of snow,
In which with one thin cake of ice,
He makes a window clear and nice.
The doorway is so very small,
It leaves just room for one to crawl;
And when the family's in the hut,
And father wants the door to shut,
He takes some snow the hole to bar.
And that's the door. And there you are!

The igloo has no cellar where
A furnace overheats the air,
And generates a lot of steam,
Enough to make the sleepers scream.
The air inside may not be pure,
But freezing stays the temperature,
Lest snowy walls and ceiling sweat,
And get the sleeping babies wet;
And so, perhaps, bring gloom and woe
Unto the faithful Eskimo.

The children of the Eskimo
Are much accustomed to the snow,
So all their games of various sorts
Must be described as Winter sports.
But, all the same, those little folks
Enjoy themselves and have their jokes.
Upon their mothers' backs they ride,
Adown the long white hills they slide;
And, if they happen to be lads,
They go a-hunting with their dads;
And none of them is sad, I know,
Because he's just an Eskimo!

WHEN you make a fire of brush or dry leaves, you call it a "bonfire." Formerly these fires were lighted to celebrate a victory or the arrival of good news; hence "good-news fire," which in time became good, or bon, fire.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.*

II.

AS Camille and the blind man walked along, looking for a good place to stop, the boy told the old man his story and all that had happened to him since he came to Paris. "Where shall we stop?" he asked after he had finished.

"Stop in front of a *café*, if you can find one."

"There's one right here."

"Choose a table where there are children. They don't know much about music: it pleases them though, whether it's good or bad."

"Here's a table where there are a gentleman and three little girls."

"That's all right! Have your dog sit down on the ground, place this cup in front of you, and begin to play."

Camille drew his bow over the strings in a way that surprised the old man.

"Why, you're skilful!" he exclaimed. "Good,—very good! Are the people gathering?"

"Yes," replied Camille, much disturbed. "I must tell you that I'm afraid, for I've never played before any one except my uncle and my teacher."

"Have courage, my boy! I hear sous dropping into the cup. But there must be many to make up twenty-six francs."

* THE STORY THUS FAR:—On the death of his uncle in Bordeaux, France, Camille is left without relatives except a cousin, Gustave. This cousin is determined to be rid of Camille, although he promised his uncle he would take care of the boy. Gustave takes Camille to Paris and abandons him in the Tuileries Park. The boy had fallen asleep, and when he awoke his cousin was gone. Camille has no money, nothing but a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," in which he finds a letter from Gustave, tell-

Your stroke is growing weaker and you are slowing the measure. What's the matter?"

"I'm covered with sweat," replied Camille. "I didn't think it was so hard to play in public."

"You are saving a family from suffering. Let that thought drive away all fear. If you are too warm, take some money out of the cup and buy a cool drink in the *café*."

"No, no!" answered Camille. "That money mustn't be touched!"

"Then take your bow and play again, my young friend. You have had pity on a blind man, and God will bless you."

"What I'm doing is very simple. Now I've played all the tunes I know. Shall I begin again?"

"Yes, if you're not too tired."

"I'm beginning to get used to the crowd now. You'll see that my tones will be better this time."

And, in truth, Camille played like a master; and, in consequence, the rain of sous was more abundant. Everyone admired the grace and neatness of the little musician, and many were the compliments and words of encouragement. But the hour was late, the number of passers-by grew smaller, and soon the neighborhood became deserted.

Camille stopped playing, and said:

"There's no one left."

"Well, count the money, and let us divide it," said the old man.

"Divide it!" exclaimed Camille. "No, indeed! I played to help you. I have

ing him he will have to provide for himself.

A little dog, to whom he gives the name of Fox, comes to comfort him. Together they start off in search of food and lodging. At last wearied from tramping the streets, they seek shelter in a house in course of construction. There in the dark they find an old soldier who is kind to Camille. A few days later the workmen, who are full of pity for the boy, decide to start together for their homes in the country. They take Camille with them for a day's outing; and at nightfall they give him ten francs and tell him to take a cab back

ten francs of my own, you know."

The old man smiled as he took the money from the boy's hand. Just then a young girl came up to the place where they sat. On seeing them she cried out in surprise. It was the blind man's daughter, Marie.

"O father, how anxious you have made mother and me! It is almost midnight!"

"What could you expect, Marie?" replied the blind man, cheerfully. "I lost my dog and fell down and sprained my arm. But for this little angel here, whom the good God sent to cross my path, no one knows when you would have seen me again. Sit down here, daughter, and count the money."

"If it's only enough!" said the girl, putting the sous in piles. "The landlord was at the house this evening and he was very angry. He says if we don't pay him the whole sum to-morrow before noon, he'll put us out of doors and keep everything we have—our furniture, clothes, and even our pigeons! We were hoping brother would bring his pay, but he hasn't come home, late as it is. How any one can have the heart to go to the public house and spend money when his family are in need, is more than I can understand. Here's the money all piled up; my! there are twenty sous in each pile; now let me count the piles."

"How much have you?" asked the old man, eagerly, as Marie counted the piles, one by one.

to Paris. But the boy prefers to save his money and starts to walk. He is overtaken by some rough men, who try to rob him. Before they can do so Camille finds a poor blind old musician who had fallen down and hurt his arm, so that he could no longer earn money by his violin. Camille, who knows how to play the instrument, takes his place, earns a small sum and makes a friend. Just as Camille and the old man are starting to walk back to Paris, the man's daughter, Marie, meets them. She had come to look for her father, when it grew late and he had not returned home.

"Seventeen," replied Marie. "I've counted them twice over. O father, we are lost!"

Camille had watched the girl as her fingers moved from pile to pile. Much affected by her despair when she stopped at seventeen, he took his ten francs from his pocket and, putting them down with the sous, he exclaimed: "And ten more make twenty-seven."

"Your ten francs?" said the old man, moved to tears. "I don't want them: keep them. Marie, give the ten francs back to the generous boy; it's his whole fortune—all that he has in the world,—and he would give it to me! May God bless him!"

"Since you need twenty-six francs to pay your rent, and since I earned only seventeen for you, it is but right that I should give you the rest," said Camille.

"But right!" cried the old man, excitedly. "Have you given him back his ten francs, Marie?"

"Well, father—"

"Do as I tell you, daughter; and not only that, but divide the receipts too."

"But I don't want your money," insisted Camille. "I want you to take my ten francs. My poor uncle used to say that men should help one another. I'm not a man; but, you see, if I help you to-day, to-morrow you may be able to help me in your turn."

"Accept the boy's money, friend," said a stout gentleman who, seated at a neighboring table, was listening to the debate between the blind man and Camille. "Take it, and don't worry about the pay. I'll return it to him myself, if you can't. But it's late now, and I can't stop to talk with you any longer. To-morrow I hope we shall see one another again."

Then, going up to a carriage stationed at the curb of the Champs-Élysées, he called out to his coachman:

"Pierre, drive these good people

home, and notice where they live, so that you can take me to the place to-morrow. I'll go home afoot. Good-bye till to-morrow, my friends!" he added, helping the blind man into the carriage.

"Where shall I drive?" asked the coachman.

"No. 24 Rue Louis-le-Grand for the boy, and No. 3 Rue du Port-Mahon for me," replied the old man.

Camille found the stout man's act perfectly natural; and after seeing Fox safely inside the carriage, and shutting the door, he called out:

"Good-bye, sir!"

"Good-bye," replied the stout gentleman. The carriage then started off at a swift pace.

III.

Camille slept on his pallet of straw as sweetly as if it had been the softest of beds. On awakening, he saw the stout man and the old soldier standing beside him, talking in low tones.

"So you were abandoned, my poor boy; and a scruple prevents you from naming the monster who behaved so badly toward you?" said the stout man, as soon as Camille opened his eyes. "Well, to begin with, here are the ten francs I promised you. Now, let's see how we can help you. What do you know how to do?"

"I can read, write, cipher, and play the violin, as you saw last night, sir," replied the boy, accepting, with polite thanks, the money offered him. "But although one can earn money by playing in public, I don't like it at all. If it had not been to help that poor old man, I could never have done it."

"All trades are honorable, my boy," said the stout man. "I made my fortune in manufacturing men's night wear and socks. At present I have retired from business, and I come to Paris only once a week. I own an enclosed field near Beaujon, at the end of the Champs-Élysées. There are some old boards,

tools and fruit-trees in it, and for this reason it is a constant temptation to trespassers. I should like to put a watchman there, who, by blowing a horn, could give the alarm to the neighboring guard in case of marauders. Would you be afraid to stay?"

"Afraid of what, sir?" asked Camille. "Of thieves? I have only ten francs, and I could hide them so carefully that it would take a sharp man to find them."

"Then do you want to come with me?" asked Mr. Raimond.

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted the old soldier. "But what pay will you give him for guarding your field?"

"Not a great deal," responded the other, laughing. "Neither board nor lodging, as there isn't any house on the place; but the little fellow will be at liberty to make himself a cabin out of the boards he will find there. Then he can eat all the fruit he wants, and I'll give him seeds to plant a garden. Besides, I'll send him provisions from time to time."

"All right, sir!" said Camille. "I'll guard your field for you. I'm ready to go now; but I will ask you to wait just a few moments."

Then he started off on a run, returning soon with a package of tobacco and a clay pipe.

"Here, my good Père La Tuile!" he exclaimed, offering the objects to the old soldier. "I denied myself a ride yesterday that I might be able to get you some tobacco and a pipe. Accept them, please, and bid me good-bye.—I am ready now, Mr. Raimond. Come on, Fox! Ah, my book! I came near forgetting that."

"By the name of the great Bonaparte, but you're a fine young fellow!" cried the old soldier, much affected. "Good-bye and good luck to you!"

"So you've broken into your ten francs already," observed Mr. Raimond,

placing Camille and Fox on the front seat of the carryall, then getting in himself.

"Yes, sir, so as to give that good old man a surprise."

"What book is that you have there?"

"It's the story of Robinson Crusoe," answered Camille. "It's about a poor shipwrecked sailor, who was less needy the first day on his deserted island than I was in the midst of a great city."

"But not the second day."

"That's true, sir; but it's because I've found out that in Paris one must work for a living."

They soon reached a field, which was fenced in partly by old boards and partly by a crumbling wall.

(To be continued.)

Illuminated Manuscripts.

BY F. L. S.

DURING what are called the Dark Ages, when the Northern barbarians were devastating Christian lands, and the learning of the world was preserved in monasteries, people, having no other way of making books, wrote them out by hand. Each letter represented a labor of love. Every floral border or gilded arabesque or fine initial letter was made by fingers of which devotion was the guide; and so beautiful was this ornamentation that none is to be found to-day which can equal it, and the illuminating of manuscripts is classed among the lost arts.

In every monastery the Scriptorium was an important room. Here sat the monks writing the books which, as I said, surpass all that we, with our modern appliances, can accomplish. Over the door there was usually a motto inciting to labor and purity of heart and mind. Each manuscript was the work of many hands. One monk prepared the parchment, others drew the lines, others made the simple letters; then

came more skilful artists who produced the wonderful initial letters and the scrolls of gold.

Even the young pupils were employed. At first they were set to copying letters, just as boys to-day write in a copy-book. Sometimes it was found that a boy who was dull at his books was very clever with the pen. But only men, learned and holy, were employed on the Gospels or Office books. Some of the wisest did nothing but correct the manuscripts.

It is pleasant to think of all this work going on in the Scriptorium,—the quiet writers with their parchment and colors before them, and perchance some flowers near by as patterns for the ornaments of the fair pages. But we must remember that there was only a poor way of heating those large rooms, and in Winter many of the workmen suffered, not only from writer's cramp but from chapped hands and frost-bitten feet.

Parchment was usually made by the monks themselves, from the skin of the wild beasts so sadly plentiful in the forests. Pens were but the quills of fowls, sharpened. Ink was the product of the gallnut. Colors were home-made with recipes handed down and treasured from remote times. Experts find as much difference between the colors of an old manuscript and a new one as they do between the tints of an antique rug and a modern reproduction. Sometimes when the Gospels were copied, or an especially fine volume was destined as a gift to pope or king, all the letters were of gold.

Portraits in miniature were often introduced, and the old initial letters have preserved for us the features of good and holy men. Charlemagne was especially fond of ordering his own portrait carefully painted in the books of which he was so generous a patron. History, architecture, animals, and the

everyday life of the period found faithful recorders in the scribes of the Middle Ages.

The first books were but a long roll. Thus we have to-day in England an official who is called Master of the Rolls. There was no title-page, or, in fact, any page whatever. The title of the book was inscribed on what was called a label—a strip of leather—and fastened securely to the binding.

The bindings of early books were as wonderful as the writing itself. Wood was commonly used, but it was not unusual for a volume to have entire covers of the precious metals.

Here and there, at home and abroad, we see these triumphs of patient industry and marvellous skill. They are preserved in museums, hidden in fire-proof vaults, kept with utmost care in churches and monasteries. There are missals worth a king's ransom, copies of the Holy Scriptures for which their weight in gold would be scant payment. But, sad to say, those that exist are few compared with those which ignorant vandalism and, later, sectarian bigotry destroyed. Many of those precious volumes which the barbarians spared met their fate at the hands of the "Reformers." The ruffians of Cromwell, for instance, had orders to destroy every manuscript that had any indication of belonging to those of the Old Faith. So well did they obey that of the peerless collection at Oxford only one manuscript was left.

The Baker's Dozen.

Sometimes when you are sent to the shop for a dozen cakes the baker will give you a "baker's dozen," or thirteen. Formerly there was a heavy penalty for giving short weight of bread; and the baker was accustomed to throw in an extra loaf when twelve were ordered, so as to avoid all risk.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of poems by Emily Hickey, which, we hope, will include contributions to THE AVE MARIA, is soon to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, London.

—A collection of tales, sketches, essays and personal experiences, by Sir David Hunter-Blair, is to be published during the Autumn, under the title "Flying Leaves." The book will be illustrated with reproductions from a series of photographs.

—"Stones Broken from the Rocks" is the title of a volume of extracts from the manuscript notebooks of "Hawker of Morwenston," the Anglican parson, poet and mystic, just published by Mr. B. Blackwell, Oxford. It will be remembered that Hawker, who died in 1875, was a convert to the Church.

—"Rafferty's Poems" (published by the Rafferty Publishing Co., 376-380 West Monroe St., Chicago) are songs of "life, love and liberty." They were originally contributed to various Irish-American periodicals, and will convince any one both of Ireland's vitality and the author's vigorous patriotism.

—Longmans, Green & Co. have just issued a cheaper edition of "The Maid of France," by the late Mr. Andrew Lang, with a preface by his widow. It is a careful and beautiful study of St. Joan of Arc, well deserving of many additional readers. Though a non-Catholic, Mr. Lang had the highest veneration for "the saintly martyr."

—"Augustinian Sermons," by the Rev. John A. Whelan, O. S. A., is a new collection of instructions on the principal truths of religion, and on the Ten Commandments. The twenty-three sermons, which form the contents of the volume, are chiefly notable for their copious quotations from Holy Scripture and the Fathers, also for the adequate synopsis with which each is prefaced. The preacher who uses this book will consult the synopsis rather than the sermon itself, for, as a rule, the instructions are somewhat longer than modern usage demands. Published by the Blase Benziger Co.; price, \$2.15.

—Very frequently, in this age of many books, one decides that it is better to read good reviews than poor books. Something like this may have inspired Prof. Felix E. Schelling to publish a neat volume of short critical essays, entitled "Appraisements and Asperities."

He is consistently genial, no matter how commonplace a book under discussion by him may be, or how little his own sympathies are involved. In opposition to the scathing individualist critics of our day, he seems to have issued a manifesto of benevolent tolerance. The books discussed range from Rose Macaulay's "Potterism" to Odin Gregory's "Caius Gracchus"—which is a respectable distance. J. P. Lippincott Co. publishers; price, \$2.

—For twenty-five pounds, Messrs. Dobell, antiquarian booksellers of London, offer a manuscript Bible in Latin *cum Apocryphis*, of the early Fourteenth Century. It is on fine thin vellum, very neatly written on 518 leaves in small Gothic characters, double columns, forty-five lines to the page (57-16 by 37-8 inches), with a large initial letter in blue on a gold ground on the first page, another in red and blue at the beginning of Genesis, extending the whole length of the inner margin; besides numerous other hand-colored initials with ornamental pen-work. The binding is boards, silk covered. We can never hear of a literary treasure like this being offered for sale without hoping for its acquisition by some large Catholic library.

—During the first half of the past month, there was celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, and the event is commemorated in a handsome brochure of 47 pages, under the title "A Story of Seventy-five Years." Profusely illustrated with exceptionally clear portraits and other pictures, this souvenir pamphlet gives an adequate summary of the history of the parish, its successive pastors (of whom the Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S. S., is the actual representative), its varied societies, and its manifold activities. Americans, priests and others, familiar with Montreal in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century will recall the name and fame of the greatest of St. Patrick's pastors, Father Dowd, S. S., whom this brochure very properly styles "one of the dominant clerical figures throughout the whole Dominion."

—Some years ago Mr. Charles F. Lummis caused a mild sensation by reproducing illustrations and extracts from "The Hesperides; or, The Golden Apples," an imposing Latin volume written by Ferrarius and printed at Rome, in 1646. The peculiarity of this volume is the absolutely conclusive proof it

affords that the culture of oranges, lemons, limes and citrons was practically as far advanced in 1646 as it is to-day. As Mr. Lummis says in his racy fashion:

The resurrection of this visible proof that orange culture has made no important discoveries or advancement in 250 years was received with general wonderment; and it was in nothing short of an astounded awe that even the "best-read" looked upon Ferrarius' perfect picture of the "navel" orange, which is the most important and exclusive product of California, but which was familiar to the orange-growers of 1646. That really was "rubbing it in" on the part of an ungrateful antiquity. To think that our invention and pride, our golden lure to the tenderfoot, the spinal marrow of our material development, had been unblushingly plagiarized nearly two and a half centuries before we knew of it ourselves!

By another ancient volume in Latin ("De Re Metallica," by Georgius Agricola), Mr. Lummis has shown that antiquity plagiarized also all our modern devices for mining. "The inconsiderateness of this book for our feelings," he writes, "is that it proves, by text and illustration, that hardly one invention of the first class has been made in mining in 350 years. With the exception of the use of quick-silver, the cyaniding and other new chemical treatments of ore, our mining appliances are simply adaptations of devices that were in use long before any man that could talk English had ever sat down in the New World. We build our machines better, but we build the same old machines."

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. John Blackburn, of the diocese of Fargo; and Rev. Anthony Wertner, O. S. B.

Sister M. of the Martyrs, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. William Joy, Mrs. Lina Newman, Mr. Frank Mallette, Mrs. John Gossman, Mr. William McCarthy, Mrs. Charles Cumberworth, Mr. Alexander Bedard, Mrs. Rose Gallagher, Mr. William Scott, Mrs. James McGann, Mr. William Arbing, Miss Nora O'Connor, Mrs. T. H. Clark, Mr. Henry Smith, Mr. A. D. Horne, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Mr. Philip Hughes, Mr. M. J. O'Farrell, and Mrs. Patrick Cunningham.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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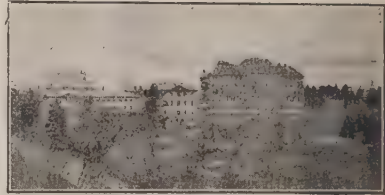
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The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross (Adelaide, Australia)*.

... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 11.—St. Martin, B. St. Mennas, M.	WEDNESDAY, 15.—St. Gertrude, V. St. Malo, B.
SUNDAY, 12.—TWENTY-THIRD AFTER PENTE-	THURSDAY, 16.—St. Edmund, B.
COST. St. Martin I., P. M.	FRIDAY, 17.—St. Gregory, B. St. Hugh, B.
MONDAY, 13.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, C. St.	St. Hilda, V.
Didacus, C.	SATURDAY, 18.—Dedication of the Basilica of
TUESDAY, 14.—St. Josaphat, B. M.	SS. Peter and Paul.

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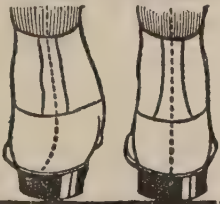
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NO. 20

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The Sorrowful Mysteries.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

I.

BY that stress and struggle there
In the agony of prayer;
By the sweat of blood that fell
For that woe unspeakable,
Sin upon the Sinless laid,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

II.

By the scourge that rent and tare
Flesh divine in shame laid bare;
By the blood that drenched the ground;
By the body one vast wound;
By the stripes our healing made,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

III.

By the crown of plaited thorn;
By the robe of purple scorn;
Reed for sceptre, mocking knees,
Blows, and spitting,—by all these,
Liege defied and King betrayed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary aid!

IV.

By the cross they laid on Thee;
By Thy way to Calvary;
By that fellowship of woe
Only Mary's heart could know;
Shepherd, seek and save Thy strayed,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

V.

By Thy crucifixion dread;
By redemption finished;
By the priceless gift decreed
For Thy mourning children's need,
Mother of God our Mother made,—
Jesus, hearken! Mary, aid!

A Glorious Triumph of the Madonna.

BY P. L. CONNELLAN.



ON the 23d of February, 1921, a strange accident occurred at Loreto. A fire destroyed the sacred and very ancient image of the Virgin Mother and Child which stood conspicuous in white, shining and jewelled robes at the rear of the altar. This was the chief—it might be said the only—disastrous effect of the fire. The gold of the crowns on the heads of the figures resisted total destruction, but the ancient, carved wood statuettes of cedar from Mount Lebanon were reduced to ashes. These statuettes were found in the Holy House when it was transferred from Nazareth, and set down on the shores of the Adriatic in the year 1291.

There is no longer need to array the evidence and proof of the authenticity of the Holy House at Loreto. Pope Clement VIII. himself ordered an inscription to be placed at the side of the hallowed edifice which reads as follows:

"Christian traveller, whom piety has conducted hither, thou beholdest the Loreto House, renowned throughout the world for its divine mysteries and glorious miracles. Here the most holy Mary, Mother of God, was born; here she was saluted by the angel; here the Eternal Word of God was made Flesh. Angels transferred this habitation from Palestine to Tersatto in Illyria [Dalma-

tia], in the year of salvation, 1291, Nicholas IV. being then Sovereign Pontiff."

The inscription having thus made known the mode of transfer of the Holy House by the hands of angels, relates the changes in its site, which occurred thrice in that year of 1291, finally resting where it now stands on the summit of the tiny hill of Loreto, three miles distant from the Adriatic Sea.

"Do thou, stranger," continues the inscription, "devoutly venerate the Queen of Angels and Mother of Grace, that by her intercession thou mayst obtain from her most loving Son pardon of thy sins, and eternal joys."

The destruction of the venerable image of the Madonna and Child at Loreto in the month of February last year was deeply felt by the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV., and the Catholic world. The Pope immediately commissioned the Vatican sculptor, Signor Quattrini, to make use of a cedar of Lebanon growing in the Vatican Gardens, and to carve a fac-simile of the lost original, which an ancient tradition attributes to St. Luke the Evangelist. The height of the new statue is 33 inches. Crowns, adorned with jewels, blessed by the Pope, were placed on the heads of the figures to replace those that were spoiled by the fire, and new gem-adorned, white robes provided.

Thus completed, the venerated statue was borne to the great church of the Madonna in Rome—Saint Mary Major—and exposed at the high altar for the veneration of the Roman people. They flocked here during the twenty-four hours of its exposition. The vast majority of the people, devout as they are to Our Lady of Loreto, had never visited her sanctuary on the other side of Italy; and it is safe to say that comparatively few of them will ever see it again. On the evening of September 6, 1922, the statue was brought back to

the Vatican, the Romans crowding the spacious square. Meantime repairs were made at the Holy House. Benedict XV. had passed to his reward.

At the early hour of four on the morning of the 7th of September, the cardinals and distinguished prelates and the Noble Guards assembled in the Vatican; and at half-past four a cortege, consisting of fourteen autos, in one of which—that given to the new Pope, Pius XI., by the ladies of Milan—was placed the image, moved at a brisk pace across the great Piazza of St. Peter's out into the streets of the Prati di Castello, and thence through the Porta del Popolo, along the old Flaminian Way.

The road passes close to scenes in which deeds were enacted that have left their traces and effects in the story of mankind. Here is the *Saxa Rubra*, or "Red Rocks," in front of which Constantine the Great engaged in battle with the Roman Emperor Maxentius, who was drowned in his escape. Constantine here turned the course of the world's history. With his triumphal entrance into the Eternal City came freedom that began the extinction of slavery, liberty to worship Almighty God, and other-similar blessings. A couple of miles farther on is Prima Porta, on the site of the villa which Livia, the wife of the Emperor Augustus, built for herself. In the ruins a very beautiful and grand marble statue of the Emperor addressing his army, was found in the year 1863. This effigy of Augustus, made during his life, brings to mind the birth of the Saviour, whose image is in all the civilized, and even semi-civilized, world, while that of Augustus is a mere artistic curiosity.

As the dull day advances amidst intermittent showers, that are succeeded by blue skies and sunshine, the dwellers in the towns on the way gather into the

principal street to welcome the Madonna. The bells ring joyously as the first auto comes in sight; mortars are fired off; and the people, arrayed in their brightest and best, then flock to the open door of the church where the parish priest awaits the cortege. Little girls dressed all in white carry laurel branches which they strew on the road before the procession, which stops for a few minutes. Flowers, fresh from the gardens, are everywhere now. They cover the autos and beautify the streets. In the intervals of the loud notes of the town brass band, rises the chorus of "*Evviva Maria!*" in which all join, followed by the singing of hymns.

And this is the story, with slight variations, to be told of every town or village on the route between Rome and Loreto. In Umbria, on the high slopes of the Apennines, where occasionally the polygonal lava blocks declare that the ancient road is followed amidst the silent mountains, one asks with the poet:

What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain, built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

In the cities, such as Terni—a stronghold of socialists and communists—the houses are decorated with tapestries, whose colors age has toned down to rich harmonies, and with bright flowers, and pictures of the Madonna. And I remember Terni, when the chief name of honor on the lips of the people was Garibaldi, and where even the women were Garibaldians! Now the vast piazza in front of the cathedral was crowded to discomfort, and the enthusiasm of the people found expression in various acclamations of joy and devotion. One would imagine that Terni had been converted again, so fervently did its people surround the Madonna; and this change of spirit is met in a particular manner in a neighboring town, where the mayor, who is a communist, accompanied the archpriest, and begged the

Cardinal Legate, his Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, to pass through his town and stop there for a time, a solemn welcome having been prepared.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who had been passing a few days at Rieti, came to Montefranco to meet the cortege and the Cardinal Legate who had been staying at Visso,—his native place. The reception of the people to the Madonna at this place touched him deeply, and his eyes were filled with tears. And so it was all along the route.

Night came down, and rain and thunder accompanied the procession, but in every little town lights were multiplied and a joyous spirit was displayed. Everywhere "*Evviva Maria!*" resounded through the darkness.

At Loreto no fewer than 40,000 persons, mostly pilgrims—with their families, and provisions for two or three days,—who had been on the road for many hours, came into the little city, and prayed in the church and waited in the streets, and shouted again, with renewed enthusiasm, the familiar "*Evviva Maria!*"

Midnight struck, and still no sign of the approaching cortege. The spacious church, which loomed over the throng that filled the square and sought shelter under the magnificent portico which surrounded it, was finally invaded by the autos of the cardinals and the members of the delegation from Rome. The sacred image was then borne to its destination, and Mass began in the magnificent church which forms so grand a sanctuary for the Holy House of Nazareth, which stands under the dome, and is surrounded by a marble casing, carved in high relief by the most eminent sculptors of the Seventeenth Century.

In the centuries that have passed since this Holy House was set upon the hill of Loreto, the highways that lead to it have been continuously trodden.

First in honor and dignity come the Popes, of whom, beginning with Celestine V. in the Thirteenth Century, and coming down to Pius IX. in the Nineteenth Century, as many as forty-six have come here to pray. Dante chronicles the visit of Pope Celestine:

I in that place was Peter Damiano;
And Peter the Sinner was I in the house
Of Our Lady on the Adriatic shore.

The Pontiffs were generous of their gifts, and lavish in the spiritual privileges granted to pilgrims.

After the Pontiffs come the mighty ones of the earth, the emperors and kings, and queens and princes. The Emperor John Paleologus, of Constantinople, was followed by Charles IV. and Frederick III., and the great Charles V., the mightiest of them all, whose taciturn, long-jawed countenance looks out of the Titian portrait in the Prado Gallery of Madrid. In 1355, Charles IV. came to Rome to receive the imperial crown; but he would not make himself known there till he had, first of all, gone in pilgrim habit to visit the Church of the Apostles, and thence on to Loreto. Kings followed, beginning with Alphonsus II., King of Naples, and, continuing, two Johanna's of Arragon—both queens—for whom a new road, called the Queens' Way, was constructed, and which still exists. These royal pilgrims, with others of lesser degree, brought to the shrine precious gifts of many different kinds.

The glorious company of the saints has trodden the paths that lead to Loreto. Here are four bearing the name of Francis: Francis de Paola, of Sales, Borgia and Xavier. St. Ignatius of Loyola, desirous of placing his newly-founded Order under the protection of Our Lady of Loreto, came here. So did St. Aloysius Gonzaga, and St. Stanislaus Kostka, and St. Charles Borromeo. The great Archbishop of Milan, on one occasion, in the year 1579, left the town

of Fossombrone on foot for Loreto—on foot, a distance of 50 miles,—and when he reached there, he passed the whole night in prayer in the Holy House.

Other celebrities in history came here—Don Juan of Austria after the Battle of Lepanto, which destroyed the naval power of the Turk; and Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, the author of "Don Quixote," who was wounded at Lepanto; Dante, and many others.

It is impossible to tell the beauty of the works of art which, painted in fresco, adorn the walls of the sanctuary of Loreto. The two greatest painters of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, Cesare Maccari and Ludovico Seitz have there immortalized their names.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXI.



IT was a beautiful day, one that Autumn gives to console us for the death of Summer, and to soften the way towards future desolation.

"I think we shall close up earlier, to-day, Brentwood," Mr. Glassford announced, "and I shall drive you home, if there is no objection."

"They will be delighted to see you of course," answered Larry. "Perhaps you will stay the night, and we can come back together in the morning."

"I don't think that will be possible," objected Glassford.

When they were seated in the car, he added:

"It seems quite a long time since I saw everybody, and the old house. It positively fascinates me."

"It is a nice old place," said the gratified Larry, who had, however, no suspicion, as yet, of how far the man beside him was influenced by the charm of Marcia.

"Do you know, Larry," Glassford continued, actually stopping the car in the earnestness of his pronouncement, and turning towards his young companion, "I believe you have the only surviving home in the whole Island of Manhattan."

"An extreme statement, surely!"

"Extreme, I suppose; but look around; see how materialism is seizing upon us and our splendid possibilities. It is giving us apartments, crowded tenements, palaces, if you like, in exchange for the homes of yesterday. I would give the finest mansion in any of the avenues for the comfort and the charm that I have found at the Cross Roads."

Larry scarcely knew what reply to make; and Gregory, whose manner was shaken from its ordinary calm and poise, went on:

"Yes, my dear boy, materialism is a curse. It makes a man's heart sick."

It seemed strange, Larry reflected, to hear such sentiments from a man who was still young, attractive, sought after in society, admired in the Street.

"In short," Gregory added, with a laugh, and giving a lighter tone to his remarks, "I should regret having taken you as my partner if I were not quite sure that you appreciate your home."

"You need have no doubts on that score," Larry replied warmly. "I will say, it is not to be beaten for comfort."

It was almost dark as they drew near their destination, and the late moon had not yet arisen. Gregory became very silent. His mood had changed, and he scarcely spoke a word; he was full of an inward agitation. Larry, though not much of a talker himself, was perplexed by the sudden silence on the part of his companion.

"I never thought the way was so long!" Gregory exclaimed suddenly.

"It is quite a stretch," Larry assented.

The young man was no little startled when Glassford asked him, the question coming after a long silence:

"Did you ever care very much for any one—I mean, of course, for any woman?"

Larry laughed uncomfortably.

"Not since my college days. A lot of us used to rave over the village beauty."

"That was not love, Larry."

"No, of course not," the other hastily replied.

"That was a pleasant pastime; but there's another kind that hits a grown man hard."

"It's never come my way," Larry responded, simply.

"No. I suppose it will, though, some day; and may you have good luck!"

"I'll have to see what Wall Street can do for me first," Larry declared.

"Yes, I suppose it is right to make ones way first. But, take my advice, Brentwood, and seize it when it comes. Grapple it hard. If successful, love is the best thing in life."

Larry could not help wondering, if all these somewhat contradictory opinions were suggested by Gregory's own attitude towards Eloise.

"I suppose that must be it," he decided, "and she is, sure enough, an attractive girl. But—I wonder—"

He did not go further in his surmises. They seemed too much like prying into another man's affairs; and he had no wish to depreciate that cousin, whom he admired, and for whom, unlike Marcia, he had quite an affection.

"It will be rough on her, when she finds out that grandfather changed his mind," he thought; but his final conclusion was: "if she marries Glassford, it won't matter; and, of course, she will marry him, if he asks her."

They saw the lights of the old house gleaming out from the group of leafless trees, that framed it in a sort of

tracery. Gregory drew a deep breath, and in his heart he felt that the red glow from the lamp in the drawing-room was as a haven in the dreariness of the Autumn night.

"Go in and tell them I am here, while I put the car in the garage unless—"

His heart gave a sudden leap, for there was Marcia at the door, her blue eyes peering down at them, her lips smiling.

"Larry, dear, is that you?"

"Yes, and Gregory!"

"May I come in?" the latter asked, with sudden diffidence. "I realize now, I should have sent word. It is too inconvenient."

He spoke rapidly to hide his nervousness.

"We don't require notice from our friends," responded Marcia, with a quiet sincerity, that seemed to the listener the sweetest thing he had heard in many a day. "They ought to know they are always welcome."

"I will put up the car," offered Larry, and Glassford going up the steps, shook hands with Marcia.

"Marcia," he said, "how glad I am to see you again!"

He held her hand so long that he suddenly realized with some embarrassment, that she must have thought it strange.

"Come in," Marcia said, showing none of the surprise she felt at his voice and manner; "mother will be so glad."

There was mother in the same old chair, with knitting needles that she dropped to greet him.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Glassford. I was just saying to-day, it was a long time since you were here, and that you would forget us, now that Eloise had gone away."

"Were you really thinking that?" the other responded, sitting down and taking her tremulous old hand, "when I was feeling every moment an hour—"

He said more than he had intended to say in the joy of being in that room again, with its every detail dear to his heart and impressed on his memory, so that he would not have had one of them changed. He looked up to catch Marcia's blue eyes fixed on him with some astonishment, and hastily explained:

"I am like a schoolboy coming home. I do so like this old house."

"And the people in it, too," jested Mrs. Brentwood. "I hope you like everyone of us."

"Yes, and some of you," he added in an aside, "not wisely but too well."

Marcia heard, not without wonder.

"We shall be having dinner very soon," continued Mrs. Brentwood, "which must be good news after your long drive. Marcia will hurry it, I know. She did not expect you so soon."

"She did not expect me at all," laughed Glassford, "and so my apologies are due. Nor can I lay the blame on Larry. I am a self-invited guest."

Mrs. Brentwood attempted an aside, which was quite audible to Gregory, who had stooped to pick up some of the lady's wandering balls.

"See that everything is all right, my dear."

"The dinner will pass muster I think," laughed Marcia, quite aware that the guest had overheard; "it is one of our days of plenty. Eliza told me she was going to have something very nice."

"Tell Sarah, at least, that Mr. Glassford is here."

"Quite unnecessary, dear mother; you may be sure Minna ran with the news and three pairs of eyes have been peering at the motor."

Marcia sat quite unconcerned by her stepmother's evident anxiety, and directed the conversation quite nonchalantly to Gregory, who had recovered the last of the balls.

"We are all impatient, Gregory," said

Marcia, "to hear of Eloise and her successes. She has written only a couple of short notes since she went away."

"He will tell us during dinner, my dear. I know what men are. They never care to talk when they are hungry."

Gregory who was not particularly hungry, just then, laughingly said that he was quite able on the moment to furnish the required account of Eloise and her doings.

"She is in her element," he declared, "as long as the fancy lasts. She dines and she dances; she motors and she lunches. Then there is the theatre, of course, and the movies; and it is really a pleasure to see how thoroughly she enjoys everything."

"I am sure she is very much admired," put in Mrs. Brentwood; "I am afraid you will have a great many rivals for her favor."

It was a strange look which Gregory gave Marcia, as he listened to this speech; and he wondered if it were only fancy, or if in the blue eyes was a light of mockery, as they steadfastly met his own.

"She is very much admired, of course," he added, composedly, "quite a new sensation, as one might imagine; and Mrs. Critchley enjoys it all, pulling the wires and causing her puppet to dance."

"You shouldn't call Miss Eloise Brentwood a 'puppet,' it's disrespectful," laughed Marcia, "and very likely it is the other way round. Eloise will probably do the wire pulling; she has a strong will."

"Yes," assented Gregory, thinking of her attitude with regard to Hubbard, "she has a strong will. Yet, it is Mrs. Critchley who arranges the scene."

"She must have looked what Larry would call stunning, as Cinderella."

"Yes, she did. Her costume, they said, was a marvel."

"I think, though," Marcia went on,

"there were other characters that would have suited her better. Something straight and tall, with a modern touch to it, and yet old, that would have brought out all her possibilities."

"And she has possibilities," Gregory agreed; "it is remarkable how well she can look at times."

"That is one of her great attractions," Marcia added, "that she changes: no one can ever say she is monotonous."

"No, neither in looks—nor in disposition, as a distracted guardian can testify," Glassford declared.

He was glad when Sarah appeared at the door. During dinner he tried to lead the conversation into other channels feeling it difficult to talk of Eloise and her affairs, when they were all under that absurd and irritating misapprehension. He tried to make Larry talk of his experiences in Wall Street, of old Tompkins, of anything at all, but Eloise. But the talk always veered back to that difficult subject. Apart from himself altogether, he could not tell them about Hubbard, with whom she was making herself conspicuous, and who was quite possibly keeping others away.

The dinner was excellent. Eliza had kept her word, and had given them something really nice—roast duck and her own currant jelly, a deep apple pie, some whipped cream with macaroons, and coffee.

Gregory ate heartily and said, "Eliza has a genius for her craft, and no club or hotel ever gives the flavor that she does to her dishes."

"She will be delighted to hear such encomiums," said Mrs. Brentwood. "You must tell her, my dear Marcia."

"Every word of it," agreed Marcia.

"Oh, I am an ardent admirer of Eliza's," added Gregory; "the world has no such treasures now—" to quote the old song.

When dinner was over, they came into the warmth and comfort of the living-room.

"What a heavenly evening!" Marcia said, pausing at the window.

Glassford took advantage of the opening.

"What would you say to a walk?"

He was pale with the suspense of that moment. If she refused, he saw himself going away with no doubt set at rest. Marcia answered quietly:

"Should you like a walk? I shall get my wrap. It will be lovely."

Quite unconscious of the agitation, which kept Gregory Glassford silent, they passed over the lawn.

"Isn't it lovely, Gregory,—too beautiful for words!"

He would have liked to have prolonged those moments which gave him so deep and tranquil a happiness, and yet, he was feverishly anxious that the opportunity should not pass until she knew, and her mind was disabused forever, of that fatal error about Eloise.

"Where shall we go, Gregory?" continued the girl.

"Anywhere!" he was about to say, "so long as I am with you," but he answered hastily:

"Anywhere at all."

"I see you are like me, you don't want to talk in the moonlight. Everything seems so commonplace."

"But I *do* want to talk, Marcia, and it can't be commonplace, for it's about you."

"About me! Why, Eloise would think that commonplace, indeed. But let us go down the lane and out onto the highroad, and then we shall see."

"Yes, we shall see," echoed Gregory. He fancied her words seemed hurried, showing some perturbation. But for all that he had said he wanted to talk, Glassford was still strangely silent. So it was Marcia who began to tell him, instead, how Larry had been relating

wonderful tales of his partner's popularity, and how his action during the recent panic and his successes were on every tongue.

"I am telling you this," the girl said, "because we are so grateful for what you have done for Larry—for us,—though, perhaps, you are loftily indifferent to the plaudits of the multitude."

"No; we all like salutations in the market place," Gregory replied, carelessly, "though praise is chiefly to be valued for the source from which it comes."

"Larry says it comes from all sources."

"That is not exactly what I meant," Gregory responded; "but let it go at that."

They had extended their walk down to the end of the lane and were on the highroad.

"You are not tired?" Gregory asked; "you will not mind taking a longer walk? I have so much to say."

He noticed a hesitation in her manner, but after an instant's pause, she said, brightly:

"If not, why not? The moonlight is so lovely, and, for one thing, you have not told me half of the doings of Eloise."

"The columns of the society journals will tell you all that." Glassford spoke somewhat impatiently. "It is about other things I am thinking."

"About Larry, perhaps?"

He wondered if she were deliberately provoking, or so absolutely unconscious.

"No, not about Larry; though I may say, briefly, that he is doing splendidly, and measuring up to all the traditions of the Brentwoods."

"It is like you to tell me this, Gregory, and you know that nothing pleases me more."

"And now," said Gregory, "I am com-

ing to what I really meant to talk about, and that is you, you alone, or rather you and me."

"About ourselves, in short?" Marcia said, with a little laugh.

"I was thinking to-night, when I drove up to the door, of the day when I first saw you—"

"Covered with flour, probably, clad in a kitchen apron; for Minna had come to tell me there was a big gentleman outside, and the kitchen was all in a ferment."

"Well, I was not adding all those details to my picture," Gregory said with a smile. "I saw only one person,—I have been seeing her ever since."

His voice broke, but, controlling himself, he hurried on:

"I am not going to tell you all about it. There will be plenty of time for that, if you care to hear. The moonlight is too solemn for what is called love-making,—the pretty nothings a boy whispers to his first sweetheart. I want to tell you, Marcia, what you have persistently, perhaps, deliberately ignored, that I love you."

"Love me?" The words were faintly spoken.

"I am offering you a man's best gift, his love; and if there is anything in you which can respond to that sentiment, I want you to be my wife."

"Your wife?" the tone was one of unfeigned astonishment. For in that first moment, Marcia was startled, even shocked.

"To be your wife?" she repeated. "Oh, no! no! no!" and she moved away to the farther side of the road, as if to show the distance between them. Then, to Gregory's amazement, she broke into a laugh. Deeply wounded and indignant, he questioned:

"Is it so very ridiculous?"

"No, not exactly, but positively—outlandish; and, I tell you, I can not listen to it."

"You are not very flattering."

"Is this a moment for flattery, or for anything that isn't real? You are destined to marry my cousin. It is as clear as any destiny can be."

Gregory was silent, with a momentary feeling of sheer hopelessness.

"And then, you know," Marcia went on, coming nearer to him and holding out her hand, "you will be, as the old books say, 'my right trusty cousin.'"

The gesture with which she said this, in naturalness and grace, was simply perfect. The young man refused, at first, the hand she thus extended. Then he seized it, and held it against his heart.

"Dear hand!" he exclaimed, "I must accept you on any terms."

In her blue eyes, as he could distinctly see, tears were gathering, and the two stood thus an instant, while Marcia spoke in a low voice:

"I should be so sorry to hurt you."

"Hurt I must be, unless you should change your mind, and begin to think of me as I would wish."

She stopped, as if pondering, and then between tears and laughter she said:

"Oh, Gregory, it must be a mad fancy! Even if there were nothing else, I can not desert my post. Think what mother and Larry would do without me!"

"Your mother is not really your mother at all," argued Gregory, with some bitterness; "and Larry will be marrying, one of these fine days."

"Yes, no doubt he will," Marcia said, sadly. "He is quite grown up. And then, the old house?"

"Do you prefer even that to me?" Gregory said, half jesting; "and yet all these things might be accommodated; there might be a way—you will never marry a man who loves the old house as much as I do."

"Try to forget all about it," urged

Marcia, "for you really must marry Eloise, once she has had her season at the Critchleys."

"Oh! I can tell you, Eloise has other interests to occupy her, just now."

"Is that why you came?—is it after all a fit of pique?"

"If that is what you think of me, Marcia, my case is, indeed, hopeless."

"I shouldn't have said that," Marcia conceded. "But you know that you can save Eloise from all sorts of dangers."

"Am I to be sacrificed for an irresponsible child?"

"Most men would think it anything but a sacrifice to marry Eloise Brentwood," Marcia said, with some heat, as though the old clan spirit for which the Brentwoods were famous, was asserting itself.

"And I might think so, too, if I had never met another Brentwood," Gregory protested; "and I am as fond of Eloise as if she were my sister."

"It seems to me," said Marcia, slowly, "that there are noble elements in her character. It will require a great love, or a great deal of suffering, to bring them out."

"I feel sure you are right," Gregory said.

"If she loved you, for instance?" Marcia ventured, tentatively.

"She does not," answered the young man vehemently; "she is fond of me, as a guardian; she would like, perhaps, to have me for a plaything. So far, I believe, she could neither feel nor inspire the sort of love for which hearts may be broken."

"Isn't it a pity," moralized Marcia, "that love should be such a disturbing element; and always at cross purposes?"

"Do you know how adorable you look in the moonlight, and with those cruel words on your lips?"

"Are they cruel?" Marcia asked, wistfully. "I think, Gregory, they are only sad."

"You are an enigma."

"Riddle me, riddle me right."

"Don't jest. I can not bear it. I am all earnest. You have made me suffer keenly, and you won't so much as give me hope."

"By yon bright moon above, that can change like man's love," quoted Marcia, still striving to give a lighter tone to the conversation.

"It is a mighty thing while it lasts, Marcia, if you will have it your own way."

"It is a perplexing, puzzling, disturbing thing," said the girl. "Why didn't you let us enjoy the moonlight in peace?"

"Because I was not at peace, and, like all men, I am selfish."

"Well, don't talk about it any more now, Gregory," said Marcia.

"May I talk of it again, some other time, Marcia," implored the young man.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Marcia. "I think it would be better if you went away and never came again to the House at the Cross Roads."

"Would you deprive me of that, too?"

"Oh, no! I don't want to deprive you of anything that is good."

"Except yourself."

"Except myself! And that is what you really want?"

"That and that alone, as Heaven is my witness."

There was no gainsaying his earnestness, and Marcia all her life would remember his face, and the gallant figure he made, standing there on that moonlit road, with the bare trees waving hopeless branches in the still air. But the idea that had taken so strong a hold of her mind was not to be so quickly dislodged. He belonged to Eloise, if she wanted him, by the right of what seemed a prior claim; a claim which her cousin had seemed to make from the very first time she spoke of Gregory Glassford.

After all, Marcia thought, this might be but a passing fancy. As if he had read her thoughts, Glassford said deliberately, almost sternly:

"For one thing, put it out of your mind, forever, that Eloise can ever be anything to me, save her father's daughter and a dear, little sister, even if she wished to change the relation between us, which I am very sure she does not."

Of the truth of this latter statement, Marcia could not be quite convinced; and her natural rectitude made her fear that she had unwittingly encroached upon what belonged to another.

"Some day, you will thank me, Gregory," she declared, as they reached the lawn near the house, "that I was not carried away by to-night's romance."

"You do not forbid me to come here?" Gregory pleaded.

"How could you think so?" cried Marcia, impulsively, laying a hand upon his sleeve, "come whenever and as often as you like."

He raised her hand to his lips.

Silently, it was withdrawn, and the two entered the house, out of the enchantment of the moonlight that was flooding the earth.

They found Larry on the hearthrug with a book, and Mrs. Brentwood playing Patience at a table.

"Had a nice walk?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Marcia, "the moonlight was wondrous."

"I hope you won't take cold, my dear. She is very imprudent, Mr. Glassford."

"Is she? Why, I should have thought she was absolutely the reverse."

There was a slight bitterness in his tone, which made Larry for the first time wonder, if he, if they all, had been mistaken. Glassford did not prolong his stay, remarking that he must get back to town in good time, as he had an early appointment in the morning.

He was far from being elated; and yet Marcia had left a loophole for the further discussion of the subject.

He would have given worlds to know what were her thoughts, now that he had left her. Had she chosen a course of action to increase his determination to win her in the end, it could not have been more effective. But he knew that she was acting from some principle of loyalty towards her cousin, and the doubt, at least, remained as to whether that problem being solved, she might not have considered his proposal in a favorable light.

(To be continued.)

A Great Convert Physician.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

WITH the death of Horatio B. Storer on September 18, 1922, there passed from American life, well on in his ninety-third year, a man who had deeply influenced medicine in this country from the scientific as well as from the professional, and, above all, the ethical standpoint. He had been for some years the oldest living graduate of Harvard University, the only survivor of the class of 1850, which contained a number of men who had attained prominence. He retired from the active practice of his profession on account of ill health in his early forties, but not until he had deeply impressed himself upon American surgery; and after that he devoted himself to many different phases of special work relating to medicine which have redounded to his reputation. His work as a physician and its significance has passed almost completely out of the memory of even his professional colleagues, the physicians of the present generation; but those who are familiar with the course of medical history and professional ethics in the United States have continued to appreciate how much

Dr. Storer accomplished for the solution of some very thorny problems in professional life in his middle years.

During the years when he had the opportunity for deeper thought with regard to the meaning of life and the place of religion in it, prompted particularly by prolonged ill health, he was very much attracted toward the Church; and just before he reached his fiftieth year, in 1879, he became a convert to Catholicity. Since then he often said that the most important event in his life was his conversion, and that the Church had proved to him a continuous source of consolation, of strength and satisfaction in the trials of life. During his retirement he lived mainly at Newport, and became its most prominent citizen. He was the senior consultant to the City Hospital, a director of the Redwood Library, to which he gave many valuable books, and a member of the Sanitary Commission which planned for the health of Newport as it grew, and so provided the wholesome, healthful municipal condition which made it the favorite Summer home of a great many wealthy people. Dr. Storer had a long life, full of very human interests, in which he accomplished a great deal for others; and, in spite of no little physical suffering, manifestly enjoyed much happiness. As a typical American of the old stock, intelligent far above the average, with a will intent on the good of others, and a determination to do all in his power for mankind, Dr. Storer's life is well worthy of deep attention, now that its end has come.

Dr. Horatio Robinson Storer was born February 27, 1830, in Boston, Mass., the son of Dr. David Humphreys and Abbey Jane Storer. His father had been professor of obstetrics and medical jurisprudence in Harvard University. The Storer family was descended from some of the oldest blood in the State

through Gov. Dudley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and Gov. Langdon of New Hampshire. In his early years, he attended a Quaker school on Cape Cod, and then, in the true old family way, the Boston Latin School from which he went to Harvard University, in 1846, to receive his A. B. at the age of twenty, in 1850. Taking up medical studies, he was, for a time, at Tremont Medical School, and afterwards at Harvard Medical School until he received his degree of M. D., in 1853. After this he spent two years abroad; the first divided between Paris and London, and the second spent at Edinburgh as assistant in private practice to Sir James Simpson. This second year was to influence his life more deeply than any other. He returned to his native country at the age of twenty-five to become his father's assistant at Harvard.

But everything was not plain sailing for Dr. Storer in those early days, in spite of the fact that he began his career with distinguished family prestige behind him, and with his father occupying the chair of the diseases of women at Harvard. Dr. Storer, Jr., had come back from Edinburgh a thoroughgoing disciple of Simpson, the first to recommend chloroform as an anæsthetic. This was not long after the discovery of the anæsthetic value of ether here in America; but the introduction of ether in England was delayed very much by Simpson's strong recommendation of chloroform. Indeed, chloroform continued to be used in England for many years, and was considered by not a few prominent physicians and surgeons as less dangerous than ether in a great many cases. Probably, there was a certain amount of truth in their contention in the days before the method of using ether had been perfected; and undoubtedly in certain cases, as in the old, or those who had been weakened by previous disease,

and who were liable to suffer from pulmonary complications as the result of the amount of ether used, chloroform was probably safer.

As ether had first been used in the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, the physicians of the city were, almost without exception, its strong advocates. This made Dr. Storer's loyalty to Simpson, and his insistence on his belief that chloroform, in some respects at least, especially in obstetrics, was preferable to ether, a stumbling-block in the way of his professional success. He lost his position as assistant to his father's chair, and also the prospect of a full professorship of the diseases of women, which had been promised to him, as a result of the recognition of the significance of the special studies that he had made.

This was a grievous disappointment. Writing about it to me more than sixty years later, and the very year of his death, he said: "As I look back on it now, it seems to me perhaps as well that the disappointment came when it did, though it cost me much grief before I could see this. Because if I had continued to have everything my own way, and each day had proved happier than the one before, I might never have become a Catholic." Looking back on some forty years in the Church, when he was ninety-two years of age, he fully realized that the most important thing in his life had been his conversion, and that nothing could have made up to him for that. His temporal success, then, or failure, seemed a very little thing in memory, though that reverse in his early years, when he was just beginning his career, must have seemed a misfortune indeed.

At the age of thirty-five, Dr. Storer became professor of obstetrics and medical jurisprudence (two chairs that usually went together in those days) in the Berkshire Medical College, then con-

sidered to be one of the rather important medical schools of the country. He spent five years there, and then gave up his professorial work, feeling that he would thus be enabled to devote himself more effectively to the development of the specialty which he had chosen for himself, that of the diseases of women. He invented a whole series of instruments, as well as modifications of technique in operations, and demonstrated how much more could be accomplished by surgical procedures than had previously been thought possible. He was the first to suggest the use of rubber gloves in surgery; and though at first his recommendation was scouted and somewhat contemptuously laughed at, like Laennec's stethoscope, his device was to prove one of the most important additions to surgical technique ever made.

What brought Dr. Storer into great medical prominence, however, was not so much his work in his specialty, though this gave him an important position in his profession, as his taking up a crusade for the protection of unborn children. Many sad abuses had crept into the practice of the physicians, the rights of the unborn child to life being sometimes utterly unrecognized. Medical ethics had lapsed in this matter, and Professor Storer took up the task of setting the house in order. It was not an easy thing to do; above all, it was not a popular thing to do. He himself has told how many misgivings he had in the matter. It seemed as though he might appear to be setting himself up as better than the rest of his colleagues. There were other considerations, too. His devotion to this cause even threatened to interfere with his consultant practice, for it inevitably would lead many patients, present and prospective, to conclude that he was more conscientious—perhaps they would think him over-conscientious, or

even too scrupulous,—than the rest of his colleagues; and, with issues of life and death for matters hanging in the balance, they would be tempted to avoid employing him.

While Dr. Storer seemed, then, to be risking the success of his whole career, the outcome proved altogether different from any of these unfavorable anticipations. He saw a good work to be done; and though there were many possible selfish considerations against it, these carried no weight with him. There were certain serious evils to be corrected; there were certain still more serious developments, which were quite inevitable, if some one did not take up the unpopular work; and so he turned to it whole-heartedly. The result was that he won the admiration and regard of his colleagues among the regular physicians of the country, so that, when he was still under forty years of age, he was chosen vice-President of the American Medical Association, the representative organization of the scientifically trained physicians of the country. Before this, a special prize had been awarded him by the Association for his monograph relating to the right of the unborn child to life; and he received, besides, the tribute of a widespread distribution of his pamphlets among the leading physicians and lawyers. His work in this regard came at a time when it was sadly needed, as he showed very clearly by statistics, and when conditions were rapidly growing worse. It awakened a genuine sense of honor among the better class of physicians, and accomplished an immense amount of good. His election as vice-President of the American Medical Association gave him position and prestige, which furthered the magnificent moral purposes that he had set himself to promote.

In order to help in the solution of the legal problems associated with the questions involving the right of the unborn

child to life, Dr. Storer devoted himself to the study of law, and took time to attend the Harvard Law School, where, in 1868, he received the degree of LL. B. This gave his writings on the important subject of the legal rights of the child a standing among lawyers, and made him realize the legal difficulties they were under, enabling him also to offer further suggestions that would be helpful to them.

His work proved eminently successful, and attracted widespread attention. Honors flowed in on him. He was made corresponding member of the obstetrical societies of Berlin, London and Edinburgh, and of the Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York medico-legal societies, honorary member of the California State Medical Society, the Chicago Gynecological Society, the Louisville Obstetrical Society, the Canadian Medical Association, the Medical Society of the Province of New Brunswick, also of the medical societies of Finland and of Sorrento, Italy.

Dr. Storer's interest in legal matters never abated, and he continued to give serious attention to lawmaking and the application of laws, feeling it a duty to serve the community in which he lived by taking an active part in all matters of public welfare. He was one of the fathers of the city charter of Newport, which is said to be unique among municipal charters, and one of the nearest approaches to government by the whole people that has been devised. When the Newport Civic League was founded, Dr. Storer was made a member of the advisory council; and his wise suggestions have, perhaps, done more than anything else to contribute to its success. On his last birthday, February 27, 1922, he was, by a unanimous resolution, made a member of the Newport County Bar Association. This proved a source of sincere gratification to him, as had the conferring, ten years before, of the

honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Fordham University.

He believed in the necessity for intimate association among professional men, if they were to work for the benefit of the public; more than fifty years ago he suggested the value of frequent conferences among physicians. He kept up his college affiliations, attended the reunions of his class at Harvard, thoroughly enjoyed them, and remained honorary president of the Edinburgh University Club of North America until his death.

For several years before that event, Dr. Storer, as has been stated, was the oldest living graduate of Harvard; he was of the class of 1850; the last survivor, beside himself, being Mr. T. J. Coolidge of Boston, at one time Ambassador of the United States to France. As secretary of the class, it had been incumbent on him to furnish the obituaries of its members as they died. He wrote: "It has been my sad duty, as their 'Old Mortality,' to give each his send-off in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. When the last had gone, I anticipated my own post-obit, by saying that all that could be justly recalled of myself was by the quotation, 'He lived; he died. Behold the sum and abstract of the historian's page.'" But there were fortunately others who appreciated very thoroughly how much more than this his life deserved of recognition for unselfish work and efforts in the cause of righteousness.

Like many another man who had lived a long life in the enjoyment of health and strength, mental and physical, Dr. Storer early in life developed a hobby. It was the collection of medical medals, jettons and tokens struck in honor of medical events and medical men. He collected more than 5000 of these objects from almost every country of the world. He devoted himself also to the study of his collection and the broader subject of

numismatics, to which it was related, until he became a recognized authority on this hobby. The *Newport Herald*, the day after his death, in sketching his life, said of this phase of his activity and the recognition which came to him because of it: "As a result of his activities in the field of medical numismatics, he was made a member of many of the leading numismatic societies, not only of this country, but of other nations. At the time of his death, he was an honorary member of the American Numismatic Association, the American Numismatic Society, and the Boston Numismatic Society; a foreign member of the Royal Numismatic Society of Belgium, of the Kon. Nederland, Genoot Munten Penning, Amsterdam, and of the Royal Society of Vienna."

In 1872, when Dr. Storer was only forty-two years of age, he met with one of those terrible accidents which sometimes occur to even the most careful of surgeons. While performing an operation, he received such a serious wound that his life was almost despaired of; for a time, indeed, it seemed as though he could not possibly recover. When recovery set in, there were complications that delayed his convalescence; he suffered from joint infection, and, as a consequence, one of his knees became ankylosed; that is, so firmly fixed by an adhesive inflammatory process that it could not be flexed. This affliction remained with him all the rest of his life. For a while after his convalescence, as he once told me, he feared that the inactivity which his stiff knee imposed on him would surely result in the shortening of his days. As he lived to be nearly ninety-three, however (and, indeed, when he spoke to me was well past eighty), it is easy to understand now how groundless were his fears.

It was while he was thus ill that he became interested in the Church, and eventually joined it. Life had seemed

very different when viewed from the horizontal, especially as there was little likelihood that it would ever again be viewed from the vertical. At the time of his conversion, it looked as though he would not have many years of life in the Church; as a matter of fact, however, as in the case of Cardinal Newman, Dr. Storer was to enjoy nearly as many years in the Church as he had lived out of it. More than once, he assured me that nothing had been the source of so much satisfaction to him as his becoming a Catholic. With the passing years, it became harder and harder for him to understand how he could have had any real joy in life apart from the consolation afforded to him by the Church. He was one of those who, in spite of scientific training and intimate contact with men of education, from whom modern science had taken away nearly all faith in a hereafter and a spirit world, have never had a serious doubt of the divine character of the Church. Difficulties he had, of course, as everyone has, for we are in the presence of the greatest of mysteries; but he would have been the first to suggest that a thousand difficulties do not make a single doubt.

A Prayer.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TAULER. BY FRANCES BEVAN.

AS the lily of the valley,
 White and pure and sweet,
 As the lowly violet trodden
 Under wandering feet;
 As the rose amidst the briars
 Fresh and fair is found,
 Heedless of the tangled thicket,
 And the thorns around—
 As the sun-flower ever turning
 To the mighty sun,
 With the faithfulness of fealty
 Following only one—
 So make me, Lord, to Thee.

The Way of Mrs. Garvey.

BY JANE CONDON.

II.

ONE night about three months after David, in his quick flare of temper, had left home, Mary Ellen was aroused from sleep by a pounding at the door. Her heart leaped, and then fell; David had a latchkey. It must be Amos Weed; she had promised his wife to be with her when the baby should arrive. She dressed hurriedly; all thought of David fled in her solicitude for Mrs. Weed. "Sure," she thought, "the Lord gives us all an equal, if not a like, portion. She that has seven children already, hasn't enough means without the help of others to feed them; I that have none at all, have money to spare to her."

At the door she found Amos huddled, shivering, against the house. "The Missus wants you, ma'am," he chattered.

She disappeared within the house, reappearing a moment later with a fur coat. "Put this on you. 'Tis David's. Have you called Dr. Summers?"

"No, the Missus said not to, because we're depending already on charity."

"Get him at once. 'Tis not charity, but common decency, that'll bring him."

Amos fled at her command. He was quick enough once his decisions were made; all he needed was some one to make them for him.

When Mary Ellen reached the Weed home, she found Amos and the doctor there. Throwing off her wraps she followed the physician into Mrs. Weed's room. Amos, constantly tiptoeing in and out of the house, made more noise than if he had not attempted to be quiet. Finally, his aimless wanderings were stopped by Mary Ellen, who came out with a basket swathed in blankets.

"Amos," she said with a proud and tender smile, "take a good, long look at the darlings."

"Darlings!" he gasped. "It never rains, but it pours."

In amazement, Mary Ellen witnessed his distress. "What's the trouble with you now? You were expecting them, weren't you?"

"Not two!"

"Well, 'tis glad you should be that the Lord has been so generous."

"They'll have to go to the asylum, ma'am. We can't take care of the seven we have now, without help from the parish. And they're docking my wages the first of the month."

"They'll not go next nor near the asylum then! I'll adopt them myself, if you and herself are willing."

"But David—"

"I haven't David now, so I may as well have the children. Besides, there were not so many adopted at Christmas last but what the asylum must be full enough. I'm half believing that 'tis the will of God I should have them."

"All right. I know the Missus would rather give them to you than send them to the asylum."

"Have Dr. Summers telephone the City Hospital for a nurse; I'll look after the expense. I must go in now till I see how your wife is." And she passed into the room, from which in a short time the doctor emerged.

"Everything's fine, Amos. I'll drive around and get the nurse. Mrs. Garvey has told me of her intention. She's a fine woman, Amos, a wonderful woman!"

"She is, Doctor; I have good reason to know it. We hated to do it, Doctor, but what better—"

"You couldn't, Amos, nobody in your circumstances could have done better. And if it hadn't been for that whole-souled woman, you couldn't have done half as well."

Dr. Summers took Mary Ellen home in his automobile. She carried her precious burden up the slippery steps.

As she unlocked the door misgiving seized her, but she shook it off. "Things can't be much worse than they were before; and if the worst comes to the worst, I'll have the twins anyhow."

Tenderly she laid the basket down on her own bed, and, unwrapping the outer coverings, made the babies comfortable. She did not go to bed herself, but kept silent watch fearful lest the covers might smother them.

During her vigil she composed a note to David, telling him that at last the Lord had seen fit to answer her prayers; that He had blessed their home with twin babies, born that very day; and that, as one of them was a boy, she would need his help to bring the little lad up properly.

Early next morning, a few minutes after she had dropped the note into the mail box, Doctor Summers arrived with a nurse.

"Mrs. Garvey, this is Miss Barnes. She is in on the secret, and is the very essence of discretion. Where are the twins?"

Mary Ellen led them upstairs to her room. As he bent over the basket he chuckled, "Fat as little guinea-pigs! By George! did you notice, Mrs. Garvey, how much the little lady resembles David?—red hair, pug-nose, blue eyes. Let her get a little sun, and I'll bet she'll grow freckles, too."

"That's what gave me the idea, Doctor, of making out to David that the babies are ours. I only hope it turns out all right."

"Sure it will! I'll bet all David needs to bring him home is a word from you." And, shaking her hand heartily, he departed.

Mary Ellen turned to Miss Barnes, and the sympathy she saw in the warm brown eyes reassured her. "Miss Barnes," she said, leading the way to an adjoining room, "just make yourself at home here. You'll not find me a very

finicky patient until David gets home, and then I suppose I must make out to be a very sick woman. But, in the meantime, as long as I don't know when to expect him, and as Mrs. Ferguson's Annie will be in pretty soon to do the work, I suppose I'd better go to bed."

Miss Barnes agreed. "You'll be a much more convincing patient there, Mrs. Garvey."

And so Mary Ellen went to bed, and, in the presence of Annie, played the part of a wan but happy patient. In the absence of the girl she showed a growing uneasiness; never before had she been confined to her room for a whole day; and there was the additional anxiety about David. Suppose he should never return! Though she confided none of her fears, the nurse, who was an observant young woman, guessed them, and strove to keep her mind occupied with other thoughts.

That evening a knock at the door of the sick-room sent Mary Ellen, who had been walking about the room for a little exercise, back to bed. The nurse went to the door, where she held a whispered conference, then nodded and closed the door.

Mary Ellen sat up in bed. "Who is it? Annie's mother?"

The nurse shook her head and approached the bed.

"David?" The glad, half-sobbing cry brought tears to the nurse's eyes.

She nodded and laid a warning finger upon her smiling lips. "Remember, you're sick. Snuggle down, and let me tuck you in a bit before he comes in."

Mary Ellen obeyed with docility.

A second knock called Miss Barnes to the door, and David stood on the threshold, looking in at Mary Ellen, who was very still, and pale and flushed by turns. Miss Barnes smiled reassuringly, and left the room. Hesitatingly David approached the bed. Mary Ellen smiled her welcome.

"David, I was afraid—afraid you—" Her voice broke.

Sitting on the bed David took her hand, and his own voice trembled. "There, there, dear. If I'd known, I'd never have gone. But I didn't know, Mary Ellen,—I didn't know."

Mary Ellen was happy, and held tight to David's hand.

"I didn't know then myself. And I didn't know where to get you. You left the house so angry with me, dear. I was afraid, too. But when the babies came I knew you'd want to know."

Remembering, David looked about the room until his glance rested upon a white crib.

"Go look at them, David. The girl's the very spit of yourself, even to the turned-up nose."

David went to look, while Mary Ellen fearfully watched him. After gazing on the babies a moment he took a little hand, and, when the tiny fingers clutched his finger, a tender smile broke out over his homely face, and he said, "Mary Ellen, I believe the little red-headed colleen knows me."

"And why shouldn't she?" she replied. "David, how did you get here so soon?"

"I was worried about you, Mary Ellen; and I used to come back to town now and again to find out how you were getting on. Wentworth knew that it was about time for me to show up at the office; so when your letter came this noon, he didn't forward it, and when I got into town to-night I found it there. So here I am."

When Miss Barnes came in she saw that things had gone well.

"Yes," Mary Ellen conceded, "he never thought of questioning me. But why should he? Sure, I never deceived him before."

As the days passed, Mary Ellen convalesced plausibly, and the twins wound their way deeper and deeper into her

own and David's heart. After she got up, and Miss Barnes had departed, he assisted in the care of the twins, clumsily at first, but with growing dexterity. When Ellen, for he had insisted upon naming the girl after his wife, wakened them at night with an insistent wail, he carried her downstairs out of earshot of Mary Ellen, and walked the floor until sleep again wooed the baby into oblivion. And when Emmet lost his bottle over the side of the crib, David retrieved it with the willing slavery that knows no impatience.

But, though the desire of ten patient years had been fulfilled, Mary Ellen grew daily less happy; for the deceit which she had practised preyed upon her mind. She longed to undeceive her husband, and so unburden her mind of its strain. But if she told him the truth, David, who was as naturally truthful as herself, but had never known the saving humiliation of a fall from veracity, would have no sympathy for her. She dreaded to contemplate what he might do.

Day by day she became more introspective and nervous. The smile, which in the old days had mounted to her lips, in answer to one of David's witty sallies, was now forced. At times, she looked up to perceive him regarding her wonderingly. When he repeated what he had said, she flushed. She grew so unlike her old self that David was worried. He, who had repeatedly suggested a nursemaid, now insisted. When the new maid came, Mary Ellen was deprived of the care of the twins, the only distraction which had helped to soothe her.

As Easter Sunday drew near, David's anxiety for her lessened; and he became so engrossed in plans for such an Easter as had never before been celebrated in their home, that he failed to notice that his wife's enthusiasm did not match his own. The enormity of her offence

became clearer and lay heavier upon Mary Ellen's heart.

Good Friday afternoon David came home early. "Put on your hat, and I'll drive you over to the church before the crowd gets too thick around the confessional," he said to his wife. "From now on until the last minute to-morrow night the crowd will be growing. You know how they all flock to Holy Communion Easter mornings. We'll go to confession now before—"

The crash of breaking glass stopped him; the milk-bottle, which she was filling, had slipped from Mary Ellen's hand. She looked down at the glass, up at him, down again at the glass, terror on her face.

He ran to her. "What's the matter? Are you sick?" But she waved him away.

"I can't go to confession, I can't—"

"You're sick."

"No, but I tell you I can't go."

"Well, why then if you're not sick—"

"I can't, I tell you." And she began to cry.

Comprehension dawned on David, and Pity pursued Fear over his countenance. "There, there, dear, you don't have to go," he said soothingly. "You're not well." And he strove to lead her from the room.

But Mary Ellen refused to stir.

"'Tis not sick I am, David, nor crazy, but I can't go to confession; not—until I tell you first, David."

"You don't have to tell me anything."

"I must, I—David, the twins are not our own children."

David, his heart wrung with pity, protested, "Don't excite yourself, dear; don't tell any more."

"The twins are not our children, David," she repeated.

"I know it, Mary Ellen,—I know it."

"You know it! How did you know it? And why—why didn't—you—tell—me?" she sobbed.

As the bewilderment increased in David's face, she reiterated: "David, I tell you 'tis not mad I am. Mrs. Weed is the twins' mother. They were going to put them in the asylum, so I adopted them. I was very lonesome while you were away."

As the truth slowly dawned upon David he trembled a bit with relief. Then he said: "But they are yours now, aren't they, dear, if you adopted them?"

She looked at him sharply. "But I deceived you, David."

"So you did, so you did." And shaking his head with mock severity, he added: "But don't let it happen again."

Not quite satisfied, she persisted. "And you're not angry with me, David?"

"And why should I be? Would I have the twins, little mother, if it hadn't been for you?"

(The End.)

Doles.

BY E. BECK.

THE Irish custom of providing refreshments at wakes and funerals came in for a good deal of censure in bygone days. It is true that the practice was too often carried to excess; but not in Ireland alone was it the custom to feast at funeral obsequies. Amongst the Jews, it was the invariable practice for the acquaintances and neighbors of the dead person to prepare a feast for the mourners, so that the immediate relatives of the deceased might not be troubled in their sorrow with household cares. In pagan Greece and Rome the feasting at funerals took the form of sumptuous banquets.

The Fathers of the early Christian Church diverted the pagan custom of feasts at funerals to the pious practice of almsgiving for the benefit of the souls of the dead. St. Chrysostom asked the early Christians: "Would you honor the

dead? Then give alms." The softening influence of charitable almsgiving insensibly calmed the grief of the relatives of the departed, while it benefited many needy people. As time went on, the amount of food and money to be expended at death came to be mentioned in the wills of the dying under the term of doles. Very frequently these doles took the form of bread.

The famous Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, noted for witchcraft, died in 1399, and decreed that fifteen poor men should carry torches at her funeral; for this service they received clothes, as well as a money gift equal to twenty pounds. Joan, Lady Hungerford, who died a century or so later, appointed poor women as torch-carriers at her obsequies, for which they were to be suitably provided. Lords Poyning and Windsor are mentioned also as leaving gifts of clothing and money for those assisting at their burial.

"The Wayfarers' Dole" of bread and beer can still be received, by those who ask for it, at the Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, England. This dole was established in the reign of Stephen near the "almshouse of noble poverty," founded by Cardinal Beaufort. A native of Winchester, who died in the Sixteenth Century, left property to provide sixty loaves to be distributed annually at Whitsuntide at his tomb.

Many of the doles yet existing in England are paid at specified times. The vicar of Hallarton, Leicestershire, holds land on the condition of providing "hare-pies, ale, and penny-buns" to be "scrambled for" on each Easter Monday on the ground known as Hare-Pie Bank. The vicar of St. Bartholomew's, London, drops each Good Friday, on the grave of a lady long since dead, twenty-one sixpences which are to be picked up by the same number of respectable widows.

In other days a charity something like that of St. Cross at Winchester,

existed at Sprotborough near Doncaster in York. On a cross the following invitation was given:

Whoso is hungry, and lists to eat,
Let him come to Sprotborough for his meat;
And for a night and for a day
His horse shall have both corn and hay.

But the most widely known of all English doles is that established by one Dame Mabella Tichborne in the time of Henry II. The lady had been for a long period bedridden; and, legend says, when her time came to die she petitioned her lord, Sir Roger, a very valiant knight, that he would give her ground to establish a dole of bread for the needy on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. Perhaps Sir Roger was not very generous. At any rate, he promised the lady the ground she could encircle in a certain time for her pious purpose. The venerable dame caused her attendants to carry her to a part of her husband's estate. If her limbs were crippled her faith was strong. To the utter bewilderment of her husband and friends, she, with incredible energy, got round a goodly number of rich acres before she could be stopped. Immediately afterward the pious lady died. The field she encircled is yet known as "the Crawls," and the number of loaves baked formerly for distribution was nineteen hundred.

Fish doles were also numerous. In the Sixteenth Century, John Thake left his house and lands to establish the custom of distributing white and red herring among the poor of Clavering, in Essex, on the first Friday of Lent, and at Newmarket in Suffolk on the same day, there was a like bequest made by a native of the district.

It is the likeness of Christ in the pastor that transforms the members of the flock into the likeness of Christ.

—*Bishop Hedley.*

Ireland's Young Apostles of Clean Literature.

ALTHOUGH distressful news has been coming from Ireland regarding the civil war raging between the provisional government and the upholders of a republic, we occasionally catch glimpses of an Ireland more understandable to those in America who love her. For example, an association has been formed among the boys and girls of the Irish schools which has three objects. First, to clear the country of the filthy reading which is to be found on the news-stands and in the periodical shops, and which comes almost entirely from abroad. Secondly, to attempt to bring about a reform of the moving-picture houses, so many of which show unclean or dangerously suggestive pictures. Thirdly, to try to get the boys of Ireland to abstain from smoking until they are of age. This triple resolution reads as follows:

For the glory of the Sacred Heart; to show our love for Mary, His Immaculate Mother; for the honor of our ancient country; to prove ourselves worthy children of our ancestors; to help in building up a better and a holier Ireland; and to preserve in our homes the perfume of the Lily of Purity planted there by St. Brigid, we resolve:

"1. Never to buy, or borrow, or read, filthy literature, especially the Sunday weeklies that come from across the Channel; and, following the advice of the Archbishop of Dublin, to boycott, in every way we can, the shops of those people who carry on an unholy traffic by the sale of such publications. 2. Never to visit a picture house or theatre until we first find out the character of the entertainment given there. And if anything contrary to purity or morals should be exhibited, to immediately leave the place. 3. To avoid the use of tobacco until we reach the age of twenty-one (As the habit of smoking is unwomanly, the limit of age does not apply to girls).

"The badge 'To God and Ireland True' will stand for all three resolutions."

An appeal for a crusade against immoral and dangerous reading issued by the director and organizer reads:

There are at present shiploads upon shiploads of immoral, filthy and unhealthy Cross-Channel literature pouring into this country. They are being bought and read by the Irish people; and, if they are not immediately boycotted and done away with, they will ruin the minds and souls of both the Irish children and the entire people.

News agents, stationers, and booksellers are requested, in the name of God and of Ireland, not to stock, sell, or buy any more of this immoral filth, published in the dens of London and elsewhere by persons completely in league with the devil.

The Irish children and entire Irish people are also asked, in the name of God and of Ireland, not to buy or read any more of this immoral filth, and to boycott all persons stocking or selling or buying the same.

Earnest workers are wanted to start crusades in all parts of Dublin and county.

The young people who take the resolution quoted above are called Apostles of Clean Literature, and the title is a worthy one. Ireland is not the only country that needs such Apostles. Here in the United States, young people banded together with some such resolutions as those taken by the Irish boys and girls, would find plenty of work to do; for, without the shadow of a doubt, unclean reading and unclean movies are doing the devil's work among us.

Franciscan Missionaries.

Most Catholics, we think, will be surprised to learn from recent statistics that the three branches constituting the First Order of St. Francis represent, all told, about the tenth part of the whole evangelizing work of the Church in the world to-day. The different Franciscan congregations of women form one-fifth of the missionary Sisterhoods. Among the Franciscans, the Capuchins hold a very important part in missionary activities. Scattered amongst the different Capuchin missions to the heathen, there are now, on active service, no fewer than 759 Fathers and 280 lay brothers.

Notes and Remarks.

The need of more vocations to both the sacerdotal and the religious state in this country has of late years become more and more evident. Not only the adequate religious instruction of the faithful at large, but the educational formation of our young people, imperatively demands a more numerous force of priests, Brothers, and Sisters. Prelates in different parts of the United States have, from time to time, made special efforts to increase the number of boys and girls willing to listen to the call of God; and now, Bishop Schrembs, of Cleveland, has taken a long step towards the desired goal. He has solicited and secured from the Holy Father a Plenary Indulgence for those who make a public novena for the purpose of increasing vocations to the sacerdotal state and the religious life throughout the country. We quote the specific prayer that has been formulated for this novena:

Antiphon: Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go ye also into my vineyard. *Response:* Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest.

Let us pray: O God, who dost not desire the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live, grant, we beseech Thee, through the intercession of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and of all the saints, an increase of laborers for Thy holy Church, who, co-operating with Christ, may give themselves and spend themselves for the salvation of souls. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

In common, very probably with a good many more Americans, we have been giving Mr. Towner, of the Towner-Sterling Bill, credit for more intellectual honesty than is strictly due him. In the report of a speech of his delivered before the University of Illinois—a report of which appears in the Masonic organ, the *Builder*,—Mr. Towner is represented as saying that illiteracy is

not a question affecting Georgia any more than the rest of the country. The facts, according to him, do not warrant the conclusion that the problem is peculiarly a Southern one. For proof he cites, as against 389,000 illiterates in Georgia, 406,000 illiterates in New York. He does *not* cite the respective populations of the two States,—2,895,000 for Georgia, and 10,385,000 for New York. Nor does he quote the proportion of foreign-born to native-born among the illiterates in question. This is palpably dishonest arguing, and Mr. Towner must know it. We have hitherto believed him merely mistaken as to his views on education; we now consider him utterly unreliable as an advocate or a witness.

Very much to our liking, for reasons which most readers will consider unnecessary of explanation, is the answer made by Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Chicago to the Rev. Father Vernimont, who had applied to them for information about a certain "female lecturer," whose repertory includes an attack on their convent and themselves. They wrote: "Dear reverend Father, we have received your letter, and in reply ask you to pray for us and for all who believe what our enemies say against us. As our divine Lord Himself was maligned and persecuted when on earth, we, as His followers, can not of course expect to meet with praise or appreciation."

In a letter to the *Daily American Tribune*, Father Vernimont declares that Catholic editors should expose calumniators. So they should, when it is worth while to do so. Defamers of our Sisters, and those who listen to them, expose themselves.

The adoption of the constitution of the Irish Free State gives timeliness to a discussion of "The Judicial Office,"

contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of September by the Rev. David Barry. As a theologian, the author deals with a variety of cases in which the morality of a judge's acts may be open to question; and furnishes both intrinsic reasons and external authority for the conclusions at which he arrives. We have been especially interested in the two following paragraphs of Father Barry's important paper:

In England, some time since, a good deal of criticism, mostly emanating from legal circles, was directed against a well-known judge, because, instead of confining himself to the law of the case, he sought, independently of counsel at both sides, to elicit facts and to put forward explanations alternative to theirs. And, however natural and proper it may seem to try to discover the whole truth, and to supplement the meagre information furnished by partisan advocates, the theologians are not much in favor of the judge's intervention for this purpose. They rather deprecate it, and regard it as, generally speaking, unwise and unwarranted interference, liable to expose his impartiality to suspicion; especially if competent advocates are engaged on both sides....

To whatever extent the administration of justice was likely to be biassed by considerations not so grossly unworthy, abuses, due to bribery and corruption, have been almost, or quite, unknown among us. So I need not discuss the views of the theologians as to the responsibility incurred by a judge who has been given a bribe, with a view to inducing him to give a particular verdict—whether a just or an unjust one.

This second extract is an incidental, though an exceptionally high, compliment to the character of such judges, English or Irish, as have been holding Court in Ireland.

Among questions which pupils under twelve of a public school in Maryland were lately called upon to furnish answers ("home work"), under penalty of having to "stay in," we find these: "How do people in countries that are not Christian number the years?"—"Is our Government a democracy?"—"What would have happened to the world if

the Persians had conquered the Greeks, instead of the Greeks conquering the Persians?"—"What is meant by the statement, 'The blood of martyrs became the seed of the Church'?"

Such questions put to children not yet in their teens are calculated to make martyrs of them—very unwilling martyrs, though; victims of educational abnormality they might be called. Our parochial schools, as everybody knows, produce none such.

Others besides the representative of one of the leading American periodicals, who lately applied to us for reference to a remarkable saying of Dr. Johnson on matrimony, will welcome the following further words on the same subject; also to be found in his "Lay Sermons" (part I., sermon I., page 14). We know of but one edition of the work, and few persons seem ever to have heard of it:

... Whoever is to choose a friend, is to consider, first, the resemblance or the dissimilitude of tempers. How necessary this caution is to be urged as preparatory to marriage, the misery of those who neglect it sufficiently evinces. To enumerate all the varieties of disposition, to which it may on this occasion be convenient to attend, would be a tedious task; but it is proper to enforce, at least, one precept on this head;—a precept which was never yet broken without fatal consequences, "Let the religion of the man and woman be the same." The rancor and hatred, the rage and persecution, with which religious disputes have filled the world, need not to be related: every history can inform us that no malice is so fierce, so cruel, and implacable as that which is excited by religious discord. It is to no purpose that they stipulate for the free enjoyment of their own opinion; for how can he be happy who sees the person most dear to him in a state of dangerous error, and ignorant of those sacred truths, which are necessary to the approbation of God and to future felicity? How can he engage not to endeavor to propagate and promote the salvation of those he loves? Or, if he has been betrayed into such engagements by an ungoverned passion, how can he vindicate himself in the observation of them? The education of children

will soon make it necessary to determine, which of two opinions shall be transmitted to their posterity; and how can either consent to train up in error and delusion those from whom they expect the highest satisfactions, and the only comforts of declining life?

How thoroughly disillusioned people are becoming in regard to the World War! While it was in progress, the conviction was general that bettered conditions would result, and international peace be firmly and forever established. Justice was to triumph and goodwill to abound. The great criminals of the war were to be properly punished, and their victims—all that remained of them above ground—were to be helped and protected. But instead of being better, conditions are worse than when the strife began; and international peace is as remote as ever. The great criminals enjoy immunity in their retirement, and the wrangle over reparation still continues. The Turk has returned to Europe and become stronger than before. The remnant of Armenia has been delivered to its destroyer. The allied nations are bickering among themselves and drifting straight toward outright estrangement. All this is as plain as sunshine. Not until the world returns to God will justice triumph and goodwill prevail.

The disillusionment of the soldier and the longing of all whose ideals have not perished are well expressed in an article contributed to the current number of the *North American Review* by Margaret Prescott Montague. As coming in disjointed whispers from a soldier who lost an arm in the war, she presents this indignant outburst:

For God's sake, next time, give us something better than war to die for! Preach danger to us, and hardship, and something big to die for, and you'll always get us, always get the young men—only, for heaven's sake, don't set us to killing one another again. Mind, I

think our side was right, and if it had to be, I was glad I was in it—only why in God's name didn't some of you wise ones see it coming, and dig in to resist it years ago? We didn't know. How should we—that's not our job. We only follow a good lead. We're always there, I tell you, red-hot and ready for anything big. We're straining on the collar, and always ready; and then suddenly some of the big ones go crazy, and slip the leash, and in an instant we're at one another's throats, killing each other for a big idea—*killing* each other! God, what a — waste! There it is, I tell you,—all the red-hot youth and idealism of the world, always there, a flame in the heart—always to be called on! But they *never* call on it for anything but war! Oh, can't you give us something better than that to die for?...Oh, you think the war's over and the world—what's left of it—safe now—I tell you it's *never* safe! Something will happen again; and in a second, before you realize it, you'll have us at one another's throats once more. Oh, I'm safe enough now! [he glanced at his empty sleeve] but there are always more of us! Great God, you could do *anything* with us—move mountains, turn the world over, make a new heaven and a new earth—but all you ever do is to set us to murdering one another. Oh, for God's sake—for *Christ's* sake, preach us something better than war!

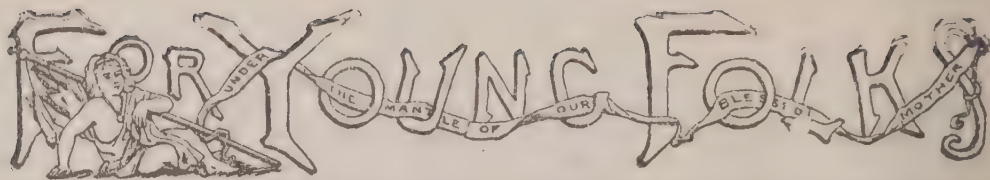
If there are still people who believe that the world has made, and is making, steady progress towards the industrial millennium; or if others are convinced that the erection of a swarming railroad centre is a greater achievement than the building of a city like Bruges or Rheims, they have steady and determined opposition from a constantly increasing number of authorities. The following bit is culled from Mr. Carleton H. Parker's, "The Casual Laborer":

In Florence, around 1300, Giotto painted a picture; and, the day it was to be hung in St. Mark's, the town closed down for a holiday and the people, with garlands of flowers and songs, escorted the picture from the artist's studio to the church....We produce, probably per capita, one thousand times more in weight of ready-made clothing—Irish lace, artificial flowers, terra cotta, movie films, telephones, and printed matter,—than these Florentines did; but we have, with our

100,000,000 inhabitants, yet to produce that little town, her Dante, her Andrea del Sarto, her Michael Angelo, her Leonardo da Vinci, her Savonarola, her Giotto,—or the group who followed Giotto's picture.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., whose death was announced by cable last week, will be remembered as a zealous priest, eloquent preacher, and fearless writer. His piety was in keeping with his patriotism; and if he was sharply criticised sometimes during the War for utterances which seemed at variance with his profession, those who knew him personally were sure that he meant well, and attributed his lack of prudence to his excess of zeal. If he seemed to hate the rich, it was because he so sincerely loved the poor. He sometimes overshot the mark, for fear of not hitting it; he talked in italics in order to be sure of being heard. His honesty and unselfishness, however, were never questioned. He had many critics and opponents, but many more admirers and friends. A great priest and a great Englishman, with the defects of his qualities, was Father Bernard Vaughan. Peace to his soul!

Having learned that an anti-Catholic paper was being circulated in their city, members of the Catholic Women's Club, of Tacoma, Washington, visited all the news-stands and, by their protests, had the sheet withdrawn. And the news dealers were taught a lesson which they are not likely to forget. Men would have sat round, talking and agreeing that this really ought to be done; the women went out and did it. Perhaps there was some talking among themselves over the matter, but they did more than talk. Incidentally, the common opinion that women, more than men, are given to mere prattle, is disproved by any gathering of the sex that is supposed to be superior.



In a Garden Long Ago.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

PACING gently to and fro

In a garden, long ago,
Mary and her little Child
At the hours smiled.

Tenderly she stroked His brow,
Smooth, and fair, and rosy, now,—
Visioning a thorn-crowned head
Mary's heart oft bled.

Though her joys held more of pain,
Never once did she complain.

"Full of grace!"—and Mary knew
But His will to do.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

IV.

LIGHTING from the carryall, Mr. Raimond opened a low gate and let Camille and Fox pass through into a large field, which was perfectly square. Three-fourths of this enclosure was uncultivated and covered with weeds and thistles; the rest was planted with trees, whose spreading branches were laden with fruit. In one corner lay a pile of old boards, rusty tools, gardeners' implements, and broken stones. The surrounding wall was high in some places and broken and low in others, where one could see the traces of trespassers.

"Here is your garden and your orchard," said Mr. Raimond, jovially. "Above all things see that the robbers leave some fruit on the trees for you. You can plant potatoes over there; they are easy to raise. Let the grass grow on this other side. When it gets tall you can cut it, and all the fruit-dealers

in the neighborhood will buy it for their rabbits. You will be as happy as a king here, if you are industrious."

"And do you give me *all this*?" inquired the boy in surprise.

"I give you *nothing*," was the reply, "but I permit you to use everything."

"That means that I can go and come as I please, dig up the earth, and build me a house with those boards over there?"

"You are free to do just as you like,—yes, entirely free."

"How can I thank you, sir!"

"By keeping good watch, so that no one can come at night to tear down the walls and carry off my fruit. That will be easy for you. As soon as your dog warns you of the presence of trespassers, you have only to blow this horn and rouse the guards."

"I understand, sir. And now, with your permission, I will set to work to build me a little cabin before dark."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, but I'm obliged to start off to-day on a trip, to be gone a month or two. Fortunately, it's warm, and you'll have plenty of time before Winter to build your house. Still, if you want to begin right away, I'll give you some good advice. Take that angle of the wall over there; it will shield you from the north wind and will furnish two sides of your cabin. At any rate, you'll be better off here than in the streets, and you'll have a better shelter than you had last night. A carpenter lives close by. I will recommend you to him so that you can borrow any tools that you may need."

"Thank you, sir,—thank you very much!" said Camille. "You have made me very happy!"

"So you're contented, are you?" said

Mr. Raimond. "Well, good-bye, my little Robinson Crusoe!—good-bye!"

As he went out to the carryall with his newly-made friend, Camille saw a young girl coming down the street toward them. It was Marie, the blind man's daughter. She carried something which moved about in her apron, and Camille heard a soft cooing.

"At last I've found you, my little friend!" exclaimed Marie. "My father sent me to thank you and to tell you that he would never forget the kind favor you did him. As soon as he can pay back the ten francs he owes you, he will do so."

"He doesn't owe me anything," answered Camille. "Mr. Raimond has had the kindness to—"

"To give you ten francs," the ex-hosier hastened to explain; "but not to pay the ten francs the blind man owes you."

The boy made no reply.

The girl then took from her apron a pair of white pigeons and gave them to Camille.

"These are to show our gratitude," she said. "Please accept them."

"A pair of pigeons for me?" exclaimed Camille, with wide-open eyes. "What shall I do with them?"

"Why, bless me! Eat them, of course," said Mr. Raimond, laughing, as he got into his carryall. "Good-bye, Camille!" he called out again, as he prepared to drive away. "Take care of my field. Don't let anything get stolen."

Mr. Raimond now drove off at a gallop, and the carryall soon disappeared from view. Marie went away too, not without again expressing her gratitude to the boy, and receiving from him many thanks for the pretty pigeons.

Camille then turned back to his field, and, looking around over the large enclosure, he exclaimed:

"Here I am on my desert island!—only Robinson Crusoe's was surrounded by water and mine is hemmed in by

stones. But I have a dog and two pigeons—more than he had."

Notwithstanding his courage, the solitude to which he was so unaccustomed oppressed Camille a little. He turned to his dog and pigeons—his only companions.

Soon the slanting rays of the sun made him think of preparing his shelter for the night. He went up to the pile of boards and set to work. He chose the corner indicated by Mr. Raimond, and began to make a floor by laying boards of equal length side by side. Then he tried to make some of them stand up for the walls, but this was more difficult, and he had to give it up.

"I must sleep over this," he said to himself. "I'll have my supper, put my pigeons to bed, and go without a roof for to-night."

So, after eating a piece of bread, which he shared with Fox, he pulled some grass and made a nest for the pigeons. Then he lay down on his boards, but found them very hard.

"If I only had a bundle of hay or straw!" he thought.

Then glancing at the nest he had made for his pigeons, he decided to make a like one for himself. He rose, went out and pulled up large handfuls of grass, with which he covered the boards. He then lay down again, with his dog at his feet; and soon both were sleeping soundly.

V.

When Camille awoke next morning he was quite stiff and lame, but his heart was light. He ate a breakfast of bread and fruit, and fed his dog and pigeons from the loaf. Having the whole day before him, he decided to arrange a better lodging for the coming night.

"Those boards will never do," he reflected. "There are stones over there—plenty of them,—but I need mortar to hold them together; I wonder where I could get some."

Later, as he was walking along the road outside of the field, going to get some water in a cup Marie had brought, he saw a body of masons on their way to work. He followed them, resolved to ask their advice. By the time he had composed the little speech he intended to make, in order to enlist their sympathies, he had reached the house they were going to repair at the same time they themselves did.

Addressing the youngest of them, he said: "Would you kindly do me a favor?"

"I?" inquired the young mason, turning around abruptly.

"You or one of the others," replied Camille, somewhat abashed. "I have a little house to build in that field over there, and if you would please—"

"Build it for you?" said the young mason.

"Shall it be four stories high or seven?" asked another.

"How much will you pay us a day?" said the head mason, with a roar of laughter, which excited the mirth of all his companions.

Overwhelmed by these unkind jests, Camille did not reply for a moment. Then, taking courage, he raised his head and said:

"I don't know how to build houses, but I can read and write and play on the violin."

"Well, read, write, and play on the violin, and make yourself a house with that," replied one of the men.

"You don't understand me, sir," said Camille, much disturbed. "If any one of you would like to learn to read and write, I will teach him, and in exchange he could give me a helping hand with my house."

"I'll give you a helping foot rather," retorted the young mason, advancing toward Camille with a gesture to suit the threat.

Just as he raised his foot a young

girl tapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, brother?"

"Why, it's Mamselle Marie! Good-morning, Mamselle!" said the masons, with much politeness.

"And who's this young fellow?" asked Marie's brother, roughly.

"Who he is I do not know," said Marie; "but I can tell you of his goodness."

Then, in a tone of gratitude, the girl told what Camille had done for her father. As she talked, the men drew near to the boy and gazed at him with respect. And when Marie mentioned the ten francs so generously given to complete the sum the poor blind man needed, the enthusiasm was general.

"Good!—good! Shake hands, my boy! Forgive us for hurting your feelings. You're a good and brave lad. Shake hands!"

All the rough hands were quickly stretched out to Camille, who took each one in turn in his delicate white palm. One of the men, however, did not approach: he stood apart, sobbing. It was the youngest of the masons—Marie's brother.

"So, Paul, you're repenting for having spent your money at the inn, while this boy didn't hesitate to part with all of his to help our father?" said Marie.

"Let me alone!" answered Paul, harshly. "I'm a miserable fellow! I don't deserve to live."

"Oh, that's idle talk, brother!" said Marie. "Come, eat your soup while it's warm," she added, taking a bowl from a basket she had carried on her arm.

"I don't want it," said Paul. "Give it to that boy. I'll live on bread and water the rest of the week."

"You're right, Paul," observed one of the men. "You really ought to punish yourself. Let the boy have the soup."

"Do you think I forgot him?" said Marie, showing a second dish.

"What! Did you bring some for me, too?" cried Camille, his eyes sparkling at the thought of good soup, which he had not tasted for so long.

"Yes; and I remembered, too, to bring you a jug for water, a plate for your pigeon pie, a pewter spoon and a knife."

"Oh, how rich I am, and how good you are!" exclaimed the boy joyfully.

"Child," said the eldest of the masons, addressing Camille in a tone of much solemnity, "you live in Raimond's Field, don't you? Well, go back there and take it easy. There are two hours of daylight left after our day's work is done. There are ten of us, and it will be strange if your house isn't ready by bedtime. You helped a blind man, the father of a comrade; and we're all going to help you. Good-bye till our work here is done. You may depend on your friends!"

"Yes, you may depend on us," added Paul.

As soon as the sun had set, the ten men went to Mr. Raimond's field, carrying trowels, buckets of mortar, and all that they needed to build with. Camille showed them the corner he had chosen, and they set to work.

It was a pleasure to watch them lay stone upon stone, cementing the whole together with mortar. After finishing the wall, they put boards over the top for a temporary roof, and laid bricks on them.

"To-morrow we'll finish it," they said.

"I'll bring a doof," remarked one.

"And I a mattress," added another.

"And I a chair," said a third.

"Don't think I'll be left behind," said still another. "I'll bring a table and a blanket."

"Oh, how kind you all are to me!" exclaimed Camille, with a sob.

"You deserve it," replied the men with one voice.

The masons then bade Camille good-night and started homeward. The boy went for the first time into his little house, and, kneeling down, thanked God for all His goodness and mercy. He had just finished his prayers, when Fox, who was lying on the threshold of the open space where the door was to be, began to growl and look toward a corner of the field.

(To be continued.)

A Quick-Witted Minstrel.

EVERYBODY knows that the troubadours of the Middle Ages had a wonderful power over the feelings of the audiences to whom they sang. One of them, who was called Pierre de Chateauneuf, put this power to good advantage on one occasion.

He happened to be taking a journey through a thinly-settled country infested with brigands; and, while riding along with a merry heart and singing one of his songs, was unfortunate enough to be captured by a party of those "Knights of the Road," who are no respecters of persons provided they have well-filled wallets. Their first act was to transfer the money of our troubadour to their own pockets, which done, they bade him hand over to them the fine clothes he wore. Having nothing else to be robbed of, Pierre thought that he would be allowed to escape with his life; but, after a consultation, the rascals ordered him to prepare for death, saying: "Dead men tell no tales."

"My friends," said the troubadour, standing there shivering, and longing for the warm coat he had been obliged to give up, "I am thought to have a little gift at verse-making. Often, too, I sing the songs I write. Will you not allow me, before leaving this world, to favor you with one of my songs?"

The brigands consulted together once more, and then the leader said: "We are

fond of songs. We will not kill you until you sing. Now, do your best!"

"You will confess, gentlemen," replied the troubadour, "that I am placed in rather an awkward position; and if my voice has not the sweetness which my friends are kind enough to attribute to it—"

"Sing!" said the chief, sternly. "We did not ask you to preach. Do you suppose we are all monks?"

The minstrel sang a song in praise of the free life of the forest so sweet and tuneful that the brigands began, one by one, to crowd around him with smiles and tears,—they who had, a few minutes before, been so willing to murder him lest he betray their hiding-place.

"Sing on!" they cried, as he stopped for very weariness. "You are a kind of nightingale." And so he sang and sang until they saw that his voice could endure no more fatigue.

"Come with us!" they cried together. "Live with us this beautiful life of which you have sung."

But the troubadour shook his head. Though well meant, the proposal was not at all to his liking. If he could not go back to his wife and children, he said, then he would rather die then and there.

"You shall go back," said the chief, and ordered his horse made ready. Another stepped forward with his fine coat, and yet another produced the money which had been taken from his pockets.

"One more song!" they demanded; and as it ended the captain, overcome with delight, threw him his own well-filled purse, saying: "Master Singer, this is your due: your fine voice has saved your life."

Then they bade him a loud good-bye; and, throwing themselves upon their horses, clattered off into the forest, leaving our quick-witted troubadour thankful to God for the talent He had given him.

President Lincoln's Kindness.

A COLLECTION of stories showing the kind-heartedness of President Lincoln includes two which should be of great interest to young Americans.

It is related that a little boy in Springfield, Ill., was introduced to Mr. Lincoln and shook hands with him when he was leaving there to go to Washington. After his departure, when the boy boasted of the honor to his classmates, they made fun of him and questioned his word. Then he wrote to Mr. Lincoln, stating the situation; and the great man of many cares replied as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
March 19, 1861.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I did see and talk with Master George Patten at Springfield, Ill.

Respectfully, A. LINCOLN.

On one occasion when several prominent men were waiting to speak with the President on important business, they were obliged to be patient until he had finished his conference with a boy who was seeking a situation as page in the House of Representatives. When told by Mr. Lincoln that such appointments did not rest with himself—that the proper person to apply to was the doorkeeper of the House,—the lad said:

"But, sir, I'm a good boy, and I have a letter from my mother and one from the mayor and one from my Sunday-school teacher; and they all told me I could earn enough in one session of Congress to keep the family comfortable all the year."

Mr. Lincoln glanced over the boy's papers, then wrote on the back of one of them: "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified.—A. Lincoln."

—♦—
Anagram.

What is Christianity? It's in charity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Chesterton's account of his conversion will appear piecemeal in *Blackfriars*, the new English Catholic review, and the *Catholic World*. It is sure to be an exceptionally fascinating narrative.

—Admirers of René Bazin's, "Charles de Foucauld," of which a résumé, by the Countess de Courson, appeared in THE AVE MARIA, will be pleased to learn that the book is now in its fiftieth thousand.

—All who know the merit of "The Ritual of the New Testament," by the late Fr. Bridgett, C. SS. R., a work which has long been out of print, will be glad to hear that a revised edition of it has been prepared by the Rev. Francis H. Prime, and published by Sands & Co.

—"The World's Classics," issued by the Oxford University Press, contain in appealing and convenient form a number of books especially interesting to Catholic readers—the "Imitation," "Don Quixote," Keble's "Christian Year," etc. The price, for a good leather binding, is only \$1.50 per volume.

—A really important publication is the "Organ Accompaniment to Lauda Sion," edited and composed by Canon Griesbacher; it abundantly redeems the promise made in the foreword to "Lauda Sion," already noticed by us. Canon Griesbacher is a connoisseur of Gregorian Chant, and, incidentally, a composer and critics of world-wide reputation. His present work is a sure guide in the solving of doubts and difficulties concerning the musical phrasing, the pauses, and the proper interpretation of melodies. It will be welcomed by organists and choir-masters everywhere. Users of "Lauda Sion" can not afford to be without this accompaniment. Franciscan Herald Press; price, \$3.

—The title of a new devotional work, "God's Wonder Book," the Missal, which is the book's subject, will remind lovers of Ruskin—if there are any in this un-Ruskinlike twentieth century—of a passage in which that great art critic discusses that same "wonder book" and its contents. The passage might have been written by an impassioned Catholic:

For truly a well-illuminated Missal is a fairy cathedral full of painted windows, bound together to carry in one's pocket, with the music and the blessing of all its prayers besides. And then followed, of course, the discovery that all beautiful prayers were Catholic—all wise interpretations of the Bible Catholic;—and every manner of Protestant

written service whatsoever, either insolently altered corruptions, or washed-out and ground-down rags and *débris* of the great Catholic collects, litanies, and songs of praise....

—From St. Gertrude's Press, St. Gertrude's Convent, Cottonwood, Idaho, a home of Benedictine nuns, come several brochures well-worth publication. "Am I Also Called?" is a second edition of a little booklet dealing with the perennially interesting subject of vocations. "The Suffering Sayiour, Model of the Christian," translated from the German by the Rev. Fintan Geser, O. S. B., is the first English edition of a series of fifty practical meditations. "Mental Prayer," by the Rev. Father James, O. S. B., contains two brief treatises, one being a detailed explanation of mental prayer; the other, the preparation of the soul for prayer. While the last-mentioned work is particularly helpful to religious, it may be read with profit by any aspirant to Christian perfection.

—American visitors to France expect to be fleeced, and, oftener than not, their expectations are fully realized. Those, however, who haven't "money to burn" will be grateful for a hint given by a writer in the London Times *Literary Supplement*, in a notice of a new French guide-book. "We note amid much useful information as to hotels, which are printed in the order of rank, with rough indications of prices, the repetition of an old fallacy which may appear unimportant, but has often confused English people travelling or staying in France. It is stated, as in most guide-books, that it is necessary to pay *at least* ten per cent. on the bill in 'tips.' This is true for a meal or a short stay. If, however, one imagines a very usual case, that of a man and his wife staying at a seaside hotel, their bill for a month amounting to 2500 francs, it is quite incorrect to suppose they need give 250 francs in gratuities. That is not French custom, or if it is, it is one *pour les étrangers*. For about half the amount named one would probably have sufficiently cordial farewells from the staff."

—Of "Jock, Jack, and the Corporal" and "Mr. Francis Newnes," two new books by Father C. C. Martindale, S. J., it is much easier to say that they are thoroughly enjoyable Catholic stories than to find a single term that will serve as an accurate characterization of either. The first of the two is, indeed, so much of an apologetic treatise, that

one is not surprised to see it equipped with an index, yet it is at the same time an interesting novel. The author has something to say, in his biography of Msgr. Benson, of the latter's "Religion of the Plain Man"; and a good alternative title for "Jock, Jack and the Corporal" might well be "Plain Religion for Any Man." We doubt very much that even the best-equipped Catholic apologist, who reads its pages, will deny that the author has thrown new light on several of the fundamental questions of life and religion; and there can be no doubt whatever that the ordinary lay reader will have his faith strengthened as well as his interest enchained by the entertaining narrative which centres around the three patients in a military hospital.—"Mr. Francis Newnes" is more of a novel and less of a treatise than its companion book. The hero is the "Corporal" of the first volume; and it may save the prospective reader of that first volume some doubt or confusion to explain that the "Jack" of the title is the "Sergeant" who is not specifically called "Jack" until well on in the narrative. There is more than a suggestion of Dickens in both these books—the humor of Dickens without, of course, any of the near-vulgarity in which that humor was sometimes couched. If any defence were necessary for this style of book, it might be found in Father Martindale's statement in the dedication of the second one: "I do not wish to write just novels; but neither do I fear to try to incarnate, in a measure, God's Catholic Truth." We sincerely hope that he will give the reading public yet other incarnations of like quality. Price, \$1.60 each.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB. xiii. 3.

Rev. Ernest Blackborow, of the archdiocese of Cardiff; Rev. Thomas F. Fahey, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. Luke Fitzsimons, diocese of Hartford; Rev. W. J. Nugent, diocese of Springfield; Rev. Felix O'Hanlon, diocese of Rochester; and Rev. Henry Parker, S. J.

Sister Evangelista, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister M. of Good Counsel, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Paula, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Alphonsine and Sister Salome, Sisters I. H. M.

Mr. Edward Moss, Mrs. T. H. Clarke, Mr. James H. Cox, Mr. Cornelius Burke, Mrs. Elizabeth Borman, Mr. Charles Capésius, Mrs. C. O'Malley, Miss Ella Burke, Mrs. Mary Thomas, Miss M. Edwards, Mr. William McGowan, Mr. Henry Clark, Mr. J. F. Moore, Mrs. Mary Carroll, Mr. E. A. Colbeck, and Mr. August Bloss.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide, Australia).

... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

The trying hour when first came the thought, "What if the Old Roman Church should be right?" is beautifully pictured in such way as to bring sympathetic recollection from many others whom conviction forced, like Father Fidelis, to break from the course of religious thought in which they had been raised. The wrestling alone with doubts and difficulties, the silent communion with God inevitably brought the only solution; and in the bright telling of the story all Catholics will find direct sympathy and positive interest. ... There is a singular gift of interesting presentation throughout. Converts will appreciate it. Inquirers into the truth will find it of value. All Catholics will find in its story a trial, a pleasurable encouragement.—*The New World*.

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usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 18.—Dedication of the Basilica of
SS. Peter and Paul.
SUNDAY, 19.—TWENTY-FOURTH AFTER PENTE-
COST. St. Elizabeth of Hungary, W. St.
Pontian, P. M.
MONDAY, 20.—St. Felix of Valois, C.

TUESDAY, 21.—PRESENTATION OF THE B. V. M.
WEDNESDAY, 22.—St. Cecilia, V. M.
THURSDAY, 23.—St. Clement, P. M. St.
Felicitas, M.
FRIDAY, 24.—St. John of the Cross, C.
SATURDAY, 25.—St. Catherine, V. M.

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VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

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NO. 21

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Adornment.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

SAINT MARTIN like, eternal day
Hath given a cloak to night,
With silvern moons and starry lay,
To make its velvet bright.

Behold! what comforting is mine,
For whom the Lady Fair
Hath set the Ageless Sun to shine
Upon the heart I bear.

The Cult of the Blessed Virgin in the Orkney and Shetland Isles.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

THREE centuries is a long time, if we measure it by clocks. Yet, in a remote portion of the British Isles, we find three centuries but as to-day and yesterday in relation to the efforts of men to stamp out devotional practices,—sacred legacies, bequeathed by generations of simple, pious folk, and fostered by precept and example adown the Christian ages since the Cross was first raised on the wild shores of Britain, and the rough, untutored pagans were converted to the teachings of a crucified Master.

In the Orkney and Shetland Islands, the force of the strong hand and the power of gold have turned away the hearts of the people from holy Mother Church; but neither the hand of the law,

nor the needs of the hour, nor the passage of time, have quite estranged them from the Virgin Mother of God and His saints. To this day, devotion to our Blessed Lady is practised in these islands, although in many instances the real meaning of it has long since ceased to be clear to the devotees. But the forms still remain, and will, doubtless, so remain until another religious upheaval brings the Church into her own again amongst these loyal, kindly, primitive people.

In Wiesdale, Shetland, there is now a ruin which was once a grand church, dedicated to the Mother of God. A tradition concerning the building of this church is still firmly believed by the islanders. Two wealthy ladies, sisters, having encountered a terrible storm off the coast of Shetland, made a joint vow to the Blessed Virgin that, if she would bring them safe to land, they would erect a church in her honor on the spot where they came ashore. Landing safely at Wiesdale, they proceeded to carry out the vow with as much despatch as possible, when it came to pass, much to their amazement, that on the arrival of the workmen each morning, they were wont to find as many stones ready quarried as would be required for the building during the day.

This church was, and sometimes is, frequented by people from all parts of Shetland, who believe that, by making an offering in money, or kind, they may obtain deliverance from any trouble

under which they labor. They light candles and place offerings there even now; and, thinking their works of penance more acceptable there than elsewhere, "make the rounds," as practised at holy wells in Ireland, by walking on their bare knees around the ruined church. If they are unable to visit the church in times of distress they are firmly convinced that, by turning their faces towards it, Almighty God will hearken to their prayers and grant their petitions through the intercession of His holy Mother.

One of the elders of the Scottish Orthodox Church, who lived in that neighborhood, is said to have been in the habit of gathering up the money offerings and putting them into the poor-box; and, not many years ago, there was found in the pulpit of Wiesdale church a small pyramid of all the different coins current in Shetland, from the largest German silver coin down to a "stiver."

Hymns to Our Lady were also in vogue up to a recent date. On New-Year's Eve, it was the custom for bands of men to go from house to house singing these hymns in full chorus; and no slight could be felt more keenly by a Deerness farmer than to have his house passed unvisited by the New-Year singers. The following chant will give some idea of the part God's holy Mother played in the festivities:

Gude New'r even, Gude New'r' night—St.
Mary's men are we;

We're come here to crave our right—before
Our Lady.

I'll tell you how Our Lady was dressed—St.
Mary's men are we—

If ye'll gie tae us some o' yer best—before
Our Lady.

She had upon her well-made head—St. Mary's
men are we—

A crown of gold, an' it fu' braid—before Our
Lady.

In the Orkneys, when butter is disinclined to come at the churning, nine

"Ave Marias" are wont to be chanted over the churn,—a practice which brings one, as it were, almost with the stroke of a fairy wand to the most deeply Catholic parts of Ireland where the recital of the "Hail Mary" is an exorcism for all trouble, sorrow, or pain. Another remembrance of our Heavenly Mother is in naming the skylark "Our Lady's Hen." This little bird is held sacred on that account, and even the roughest boy respects the little creature's nest "for love of Our Lady."

These devotions and pious practices are not without grave significance to the justices of the peace and the ministers of the Church Established by Law; but all efforts to obliterate them have been in vain.

Devotion to particular saints exists also, although in a somewhat crude form, both in the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and holy wells and lochs, blessed by holy persons, are frequented for pious purposes. Of these, St. Tredwell's in Westray—the waters of which are said to be medicinal,—is the most noted. Diseased and infirm persons resort there for cures,—washing their bodies, or the affected parts, in its waters, and making "rounds" for their intention, i. e., walking barefoot, or on bare knees, along a certain defined route,—praying and observing strict silence the while. To this day, faith-cures are said to be witnessed at St. Tredwell's Loch.

On the east coast of the Orkneys, there are three holy wells which were reputed talismans against any disease, save the Black Death; but their fame is now mostly a thing of the past. Many places of worship in the Orkneys, originally dedicated to some favorite saint, are still held in veneration by the people. They visit them when in trouble, and repeat *Pater Nosters* and other prayers within their ruined walls. When in any imminent danger, the people

piously invoke these saints, and vow to perform services, or to present offerings to them, in the event of successful interposition on their behalf with Almighty God. Moreover, these vows are regarded in quite as serious a light as debts of honor, and strict punctuality in performing them is the rule rather than the exception.

A particular place of pilgrimage, especially during Lent and on Easter Sunday, is a chapel dedicated to St. Tredwell. So great was the devotion to this saint that the first Presbyterian minister of the parish had his pastoral powers taxed severely in the endeavor to induce his parishioners to give up the habit of making their devotions in St. Tredwell's ruined church before putting in the necessary appearance enjoined by law at the so-called Reformed Church.

St. Cross, or Cruz, is another holy spot, and pilgrimages are still made there by a few of the older inhabitants. Some of its virtues were believed to extend even to the shell snails that found shelter in its moldering walls; these shells used to be collected, dried, powdered, and prescribed as a remedy for jaundice. A Presbyterian minister of the place in his zeal against what he called superstition, razed Cross Kirk. When it was demolished, there were found behind the place where the altar had stood, and beneath the pulpit several pieces of silver in various shapes brought thither as offerings by afflicted people,—some were in the shape of an arm, others represented a head, others had the likeness of a foot.

The use of holy water still survives in the Orkneys, although in rather a quaint fashion. It is named "Forespoken Water," for the reason that, when a healthy child becomes suddenly ill, or a grown person becomes affected with nervous complaints, they are said to be "forespoken," i. e., some thoughtless or unkind person has said "He's a

bonny bairn," or "Thou't lookin' well tha day," without adding "God saif the bairn," or "God saif thee." The form of the ceremony is as follows, some medicinal plant being first dropped into the water:

Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Bitten sall they be,
Who haif bitten thee.
Care to their near vein,
Until thou get'st thy health again!
Mend thou in God's name!

Another no less familiar form of the ancient prayer is this:

In the name of Him that can cure or kill,
This water shall cure all earthly ill,
Shall cure the blood and flesh and bone,
Cure without and cure within,
Cure the heart and head and skin.

The patient for whom "Forespoken Water" is prepared is given some of it to drink, while the remainder is sprinkled over him. Animals, too, are treated in the same way. The water is sprinkled over the sick person or beast in the form of a cross—the Sign of the Cross being used with the greatest reverence to this day in these remote islands as a guard against all evil—bodily and mental.

It is a pity that the Church can not gather these people, among whom such remnants of love for her still linger, into her capacious arms once more, and turn devotions which are slowly but surely becoming superstitions into their lawful channels. "The harvest indeed is ready but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest."

WHATEVER we may do, God's Church will live; but if we do nothing, or only little, victories and glories which might have come will be wanting to her, and we ourselves, shall bear the stigma of cowardice and of indolence in presence of God's call to the fields of honor and of duty.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXII.

THE disclosure which he still had to make to Eloise, concerning her grandfather's second will, lay heavily on the mind of Gregory Glassford. It was important that she should know as soon as possible. He had engaged a lawyer, at his own expense, to confer with the lawyers of the estate to look after the interests of his ward, and to contest, if necessary, those curtly expressed clauses of this final instrument which deprived Eloise Brentwood of the House at the Cross Roads.

It is true, he might have allowed her to receive the information through the dry-as-dust formulas of the law and from the pen of her grandfather's lawyer. But he fancied that she might find it easier to hear it from his lips. So he wrote and asked her to take a motor drive with him. Eloise had replied by telephone expressing her regret that she was engaged for the afternoon. Though she did not mention the fact, she was in reality going to the races with Reggie Hubbard, chaperoned, however, by Mrs. Critchley and the Southern lady with whom Gregory Glassford had conversed at dinner, and who had manifested a sentimental interest in the young couple.

At the telephone, Gregory, who listened in silence to his ward's elaborate apologies, suspecting, in fact, that her engagement was connected with young Hubbard, asked her to name as early a date as possible for the drive. "For," he declared, "I have something very important to tell you, and a drive will give the best opportunity."

"It will be heavenly," said the girl; "it is so long since I had a drive with you, and I am dying to hear what it is you have to tell."

"I am afraid you will find it very far from pleasant," Gregory responded.

"I am coming, all the same, Gregory," the girl answered; "but why must it be always something unpleasant?"

"Why is life? Why is a man born to trouble, even as the sparks fly upwards, especially when he permits himself to be made guardian to a young lady?"

"The day after to-morrow, then," decided Eloise; "and do take me for a nice, long drive."

"The length of the drive depends on circumstances," the young man answered; "brevity in a drive is sometimes as desirable as brevity in speech."

"It never, never is," exclaimed the girl; "long drives are the pleasantest, and I shall be ready to the very minute."

"Punctuality, I know, is one of your virtues; but how about the weather?"

"I want to go, rain or shine."

"Driving in a downpour," argued Gregory, "is the reverse of agreeable; and I am not going to be responsible for influenza."

"Well, if it pours, will you come here instead? I really can not wait any longer for the news."

"If weather is against us," Gregory said, "we must get a half hour to ourselves indoors. So, rain or shine, I shall see you the day after to-morrow."

Eloise was so much on the tenterhooks of curiosity that she found Reggie Hubbard less interesting than usual; and it was only quite late in the afternoon that she was roused to enthusiasm about the races. That was when a small and hitherto obscure horse, with eyes of fire and finely-curved nostrils, swept past the favorite to victory.

Eloise, leaning out of the motor, clapped and cried, "Bravo!" and altogether quite delighted Mr. Critchley.

"Why, you are quite a sport!" he exclaimed, "and the rôle becomes you. I can assure you, it is far more becoming

than the dead and alive society manner."

It was on the return drive that Mr. Hubbard said casually to Eloise:

"I suppose Glassford went to the War."

"Of course he did! Why, Reggie, you must surely remember! He went over to France long before the United States was in the struggle. He served with a French battalion for nearly three years, until he was so badly wounded that they had to send him home. He got his wound carrying another man in."

"I had forgotten, if I ever heard it," Hubbard responded, perceiving with annoyance the thrill in the girl's voice. "And, of course, nobody ever talks war now. It is quite out of date, over and done with."

"Why, you were there yourself."

"To be sure! I went over with our own fellows. Part of the time I served on the staff. Then came the Armistice, and presto! we were home again. But don't let us talk war. It's terribly boring, and you and I have other things to talk about."

Eloise did not know that one of the things which had prejudiced her guardian against the man beside her was his singularly bad record over seas. No one had impugned his courage; but, as to the rest, there was little good to say. So the topic being an unpleasant one, Reggie was anxious to change it, and keep the girl interested in that most absorbing of topics, herself.

"I wonder," remarked Hubbard, "that Glassford should have let you go to France so soon after the conflict."

"Oh! he knew the convent was quite safe. Nothing had changed there; and he had met, and had been quite charmed by, some of the nuns."

"That was it! Why, to be sure, I might have known that so clever a fellow as Glassford knew what he was about; but he hit some of us pretty hard

by sending you away. You realize that, don't you?"

Whether she did or not, it thrilled her to hear him acknowledge, with a note of feeling, real or assumed, that he had regretted her departure.

"I owed Glassford a grudge for that," he went on lightly, "but such old scores are best forgotten."

"And I loved the convent, while I was there. Some of the nuns were adorable, and they could tell me all about Foch and Petain and Castelnau. Gregory was enthusiastic about them, I can tell you!"

"I daresay, but I hope he has dropped all that now, and found something better to talk about with charming young ladies."

And dexterously Hubbard again led her mind away from a subject that was distasteful to him, and ventured very near to that declaration which he was not yet prepared to make.

XXIII.

When Eloise rose next morning, she was glad to perceive that, though the weather was overcast, there was nothing to prevent the drive to which, with a quite unaccountable eagerness, she looked forward. For, after all, motors were no novelty in her present surroundings. But she felt that she would prefer to hear whatever her guardian might have to say driving through the country than sitting opposite to him in a room at Mrs. Critchley's where he could observe, with his penetrating eyes, every change in her expression. She felt persuaded that the unpleasantness at which Glassford had hinted was connected with Reggie Hubbard. For what else could it be!

With that smile upon her lips, which Mrs. Critchley had likened to that of a sphinx, she told herself that she was little likely to be influenced by anything that might be said. For Reggie Hubbard had become as integral a part of

the brilliant life around her as Mrs. Critchley. Life without him would soon become stale and commonplace. His presence lent a glow to every ballroom, and dull, indeed, was the dinner or the bridge table where he did not sit opposite her, and show by numberless signs the attraction which she held for him. Yet, sometime, she supposed it must end, and she would have to pursue her way without him. For everybody told her he was not a marrying man, had no very solid means of support, and would never entangle himself matrimonially with any one but a great heiress. She longed to be able to give the lie to all those wiseacres, and to prove that her power was sufficiently great to make him forego his ambitions. If once that object were obtained, she might be content to let him go, and turn her thoughts in other directions. She stopped abruptly in her cogitations to ask herself, what then? Her heart beat fast, as she wondered if then she might devote herself to Gregory Glassford, provided that he gave her the opportunity.

A mocking voice within her seemed to say that he was a fish too big for her net. Her heart sank at the thought. If, as her own judgment told her, she could not marry Hubbard, that is, if he proposed marriage, what should she do without Glassford's strength upon which to rely? For these two men, of all those who fluttered about her, seemed worthy of a moment's consideration.

Her hat and veil adjusted she sat down near the window and looked out upon Fifth Avenue. The girl's thoughts flew back from that animated scene with compelling force to the House at the Cross Roads and that atmosphere of the old, and, to the imaginative mind, the weird, with which it was invested. Looking around upon her luxurious apartment, she mentally compared it with the shabby room where she had

awakened that first morning. She saw quite distinctly the worn carpet, the weather stains on the wall, remembered her decision that such a condition of things must be altered.

And, then, there was Marcia. She recognized, in that moment of retrospection, all the qualities possessed by her cousin: the subtle strength, the unmistakable charm, the magnetism that influenced everyone. Marcia had to be reckoned with; she could never be disregarded in any scheme of life to which she entered. Her spirit, in fact, so dominated the old house, that, even were she absent, its potency must remain. There were other spirits, too, Eloise reflected. She shivered at the thoughts thus conjured up, and she failed to notice that Glassford was at the door. The horn of his motor roused her from her reverie. As he looked up and met her eyes, he wondered at the expression in them. Horror was there and fear. Of what could the girl have been thinking! She was seated beside him in the motor and carefully wrapped up before she told him:

"Gregory, I don't think I can ever go back to that dingy, old house."

"Which house?" he asked, taken by surprise.

"Why, the House at the Cross Roads, of course. I am sure it is haunted; and though, you know, I am as fearless as anybody, it gets upon my nerves."

"Is that what you were thinking of just now?" Gregory inquired.

"Yes; how did you know?"

"By no very subtle form of witchcraft. I saw it in your eyes, as you looked out of the window."

The girl was far from displeased at this proof of the young man's interest.

"Fancy, you're noticing that; and don't you agree with me, Gregory, that it is an uncanny place?"

"No; I have told you before that I love it."

"How odd! I shudder to think of going back there! And imagine having it tied about my neck like an old man of the sea."

"If you really feel like that," responded her guardian, slowly, "the news I have to tell may not be so unpleasant after all."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Eloise. "Do explain yourself."

"This one was not of my creating, dear girl."

She laid a hand on his arm. Her face was eager.

"Tell me, oh, tell me! dear Gregory."

Yet he waited, trying to frame the words upon his lips, while the motor swept along the broad, open spaces of the boulevard and upwards to where Long Island Sound would lie before them as a broad sheet of silver.

"My dear, little girl," Gregory said, speaking with a great tenderness, "I must tell you that your grandfather—"

"What about him? I always seem to see him, as Marcia and the others described him, coming up the lane with his horses, and being helped up the steps by the coachman, and sitting in that carved chair where Larry confronted him so bravely on that last day."

She was talking much faster than usual with a strange excitement.

"Perhaps, it was because of that," she went on, "he cut them out of the will, and left the house and everything to me."

"No; apparently, it had a contrary effect," declared Gregory, "and, indeed, he took those measures for a very different reason."

"How did you find out those things, Gregory," Eloise asked, "or did you know them all the time?"

Gregory shook his head, as he paused to adjust the rug more tightly over the girl, with the remark that it was growing chilly.

"I heard it from Gilfillan." Gregory's

voice sank low and Eloise exclaimed:

"That horrible man, with his baleful eyes."

"He wanted to be a very good friend to you," the guardian said, "only he took the wrong way, as he did in almost everything."

"A good friend to me!" Eloise repeated slowly.

"Yes; you know he loved your mother."

"My beautiful mother! Why, she must have laughed at him."

"You must remember, Eloise, that when he loved her, he was young, gay, a favorite, an expert dancer."

Gregory spoke very deliberately, and Eloise was aware of a cold chill that swept up the road from the Sound. She heard, as in a dream, the voice of her guardian saying:

"You saw Ambrose Gilfillan when he was old and prematurely decrepit. Such men do not usually wear well. In any case, your mother danced with him and dined with him, and it went hard with the poor wretch when, very wisely, she married a better man."

The gray November atmosphere seemed grayer than ever, and the little rifts of sunlight, striving to pierce the clouds, were unnoted by the unseeing eyes of the girl. Instinctively, she felt that Gregory was drawing a parallel.

"So," Gregory went on, "the tragic became blended with the commonplace. Gilfillan continued to love your mother, and for her sake he would have befriended you."

There was another pause, while the narrator sought for suitable means of expression:

"Also he hated less even the man who had won where he had lost than another, whom, quite falsely, he fancied had contributed to that result. The latter was Walter Brentwood."

Eloise started, asking with some asperity:

"But what has all this to do with the—"

"It has everything to do with it, as you shall hear," answered Gregory; "and what you said a moment ago about hating to go back to the old house, will, I hope, make my task easier. I have heard you say more than once that you wished Mr. Brentwood had never left such a legacy."

Eloise did not answer. She could not deny that she had often made such rash assertions, partly out of contradiction to her guardian and to Marcia.

"So, I hope," Glassford resumed, "that you will be glad to hear that you need never go back, unless you wish, to the old house, and then only as a visitor."

"Why, Gregory," exclaimed the girl, with widely staring eyes and a catching of the breath, "you must be mad, quite mad."

Assuring her of his sanity, Glassford explained how Gilfillan, gaining an influence over the grandfather in his decadence, by false statements, had induced the old man to will everything away from Walter Brentwood's grandchildren.

"But how could he do that without good reason? I was always told he was a just man."

"So he was," and Gregory proceeded to unfold the iniquitous workings of Gilfillan's tortuous policy, and his final concealment of the will.

"So that was the mystery concerning Walter Brentwood, of which I used to hear the Critchleys and others speak," she said, in answer to it all. "But what a fool my grandfather must have been, an arrant, doddering fool!"

"Eloise!" cried Gregory, shocked at her words and the violence of her manner, "remember he was an aged man, with mind and body both enfeebled."

"But to believe that wretched, slimy

creature in preference to his own son, and a Brentwood at that! Surely, he must have known by that time the things of which men of the name were incapable."

"Gilfillan had worked adroitly upon his failing powers," Gregory replied; "but he must have discovered certain things for himself, or else his visits to the House at the Cross Roads and its occupants, together with Larry's defence of his father, induced him to break through that net of meanness and treachery. He made another will and left the old house to Walter's children."

"And what is to become of me?"

"You are provided for in other ways."

To Gregory's consternation, the girl burst into a passion of sobs and tears, so that he turned the car into a quiet lane in an endeavor to pacify her.

"My heart is broken," she sobbed; "I would rather have that house, which it was cruel to pretend was mine, than anything in the world. I always wanted a house of my own."

"But I thought you said—" Gregory was beginning in bewilderment.

She interrupted him, indignantly:

"How dare you take my words literally! Can't you see that since I have been here, I love to think of that other house, with its ghosts and its dreariness. I hate its shabbiness; but that can be changed. It pleases me to frighten myself with its eeriness."

"You are a strange child!"

"Everybody is strange and hateful—except Reggie Hubbard."

She added the last words with deliberate malice; but the dart fell harmlessly upon her sorely perturbed guardian. He sat silent during the fit of sobbing. When its violence was over, Eloise goaded herself into another outburst of rage:

"Gilfillan, I suppose, brought out this pretended, later will, because I was rude to him that day at the old house. The

toad! the viper! I didn't see how Marcia could tolerate his presence for an instant."

"He brought out what you call the pretended will," remarked Gregory, "as an act of reparation on his deathbed."

Momentarily, Eloise was silenced by the solemnity of the man's tone; but her anger was far from being exhausted, and she was determined to give it full vent.

"You," she said, turning upon Gregory, with flashing eyes, "were carried away by a false pity for Marcia, who, more than any one I have ever known, is capable of taking care of herself. You have treacherously conspired against the daughter of the man you pretended to love. So I brand you as a traitor!"

Gregory turned very pale. The shock to his whole nature was the greater, because, never having had sisters, and his mother having died when he was very young, he had known women chiefly in their hours of ease, when they were bent on pleasing. So he could make but little allowance for an anger that was partly hysterical.

His silence and the expression of his face, in which her quick mind read something of his thoughts, lashed the girl to greater fury:

"I can understand," she continued, "why you lent yourself to this odious conspiracy."

Curious to know what new solution of the problem had presented itself to her mind, Gregory turned his eyes upon her, remarking very quietly:

"Perhaps, it is better to wait till you are calmer before telling me anything further. You may regret all this afterwards."

"I shall regret nothing, and I want you to know what is in my mind. Like Gilfillan, you wanted to be revenged; and you have lent yourself to this scheme, because you are insanely jealous

of my love—yes, I tell you, my love for Reggie Hubbard."

So great was Gregory's amazement that he stared at her, wondering if she had actually lost her mind. It struck him, suddenly, as so preposterous, when he remembered that moonlight night, and how he had hung on Marcia's words, that, without an instant's consideration, he burst into a laugh. The sound increased the girl's rage to such a pitch, that her voice became a shrill scream.

"You can laugh," she exclaimed, "you base traitor! Turn the motor and take me home as quick as possible, or I shall get out and walk, rather than sit here beside you."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, you senseless child," Gregory insisted, sternly, though he did turn the car round and began to speed homeward.

"I apologize for laughing," he said, after a long silence, in a cold quiet voice, that somewhat calmed his companion's rage; "but your assertion that I could be jealous of the man you mention struck me as supremely ridiculous. I should quite as soon have paid that compliment to—Gilfillan."

The words stung her to fresh fury, with the added mortification of having placed herself in a foolish position.

"You are showing your true nature!" she exclaimed with great bitterness.

"My nature, whatever it is," Gregory answered, "I have never tried to conceal. However, that there may be no such monstrous misunderstandings of my attitude, it is as well to tell you that I have proposed marriage to your cousin Marcia."

It would be difficult to describe the mingled sensations with which Eloise heard this avowal. Shame, rage, bitter mortification, astonishment, rushed one after another upon her with surprising force. And there was sorrow, too, grief at a loss which now seemed far to out-

weigh that other of the property. Frozen into silence, her eyes really seemed to grow smaller with the contraction of the pupils.

"So you are to be congratulated," she spoke at last with icy coldness.

"Would to God I were!" Gregory said vehemently. But Eloise took no notice, pursuing her train of thought in words, that, by their concentrated bitterness, were more venomous than her later fury:

"How artfully everything has worked into the scheme! Your love for Marcia, which made you want to give her the house, and give you, too, a life interest in that place! I suspect that Marcia has had a hand in arranging this—masterpiece of craft and treachery."

"Eloise," said Gregory, turning upon her, "it is a happiness to remember how incapable Marcia would be of ascribing such motives to any one. But I am sorry to say your congratulations are premature. Marcia has not accepted me."

"She will," said Eloise; "she will, though,—she will never let you go."

"I wish I could believe you a true prophet," Gregory responded.

"You really want to marry her in her dowdy clothes" (Eloise spoke spitefully), "from that ruin of a house!"

"I would marry her with joy, if she lived in a hovel; and, as for her clothes—it is long, long since I noticed anything but her face."

"Would any one have ever believed it of Gregory Glassford!" exclaimed Eloise with an ironical laugh, "and while I have been taking up so much of the romantic gentleman's time. You must surely have thought every moment an hour."

"Whether I did or not is quite immaterial," he flung back at her. "But I am anxious to finish this matter of the will at once, if you will allow me."

"What more can you tell me than that the house belongs to Marcia?"

"And Larry?"

"Oh, poor Larry, he had nothing to do with it!"

"No, indeed, he had not," Gregory assented gravely; and he proceeded to tell her what the lawyers had decided as to the validity of the new will, and how he had engaged an attorney to act in her behalf, and, if there were grounds for so doing, to contest the will. She heard this explanation with a new and very unpalatable sense of shame. He had taken that fighting chance of securing it to her, even when he would be depriving Marcia of what she loved best.

When that miserable drive was over, Gregory assisted his ward to alight.

"The pavement may be slippery," he remarked, "it has begun to rain."

"Even the weather is miserable," said the girl, as they mounted the steps.

"Believe me, Eloise," Gregory spoke earnestly, "I am sorry you take the loss of the house like this. I had hoped you would be relieved."

"You are very kind," she answered.

"And you are not. Still, I forgive everything in a moment like this."

"I do not find it so easy to forgive, as you will find," she flung back, as she passed inside the door; and before it was closed again, he saw her going slowly up the richly-carpeted staircase. His heart smote him, as he remembered her joy when coming to Mrs. Critchley's.

"Everything is at cross purposes," he reflected, sadly, "only time can disentangle these knots."

And thus he left Eloise.

(To be continued.)

Le Rossignol.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

THEY tell me God forgets this lovely earth,

His care for men a dim, romantic tale;

Yet have these listened to the epic mirth—

Those songs God taught unto the night-
ingale.

The Fall of De Lamennais.

IT is profitable to read the lives of the saints; for the story of their great penances and heroic virtues is calculated to strengthen us to bear our lighter crosses and begin to mount the heights of sanctification which they have reached. It is useful also to look back on the careers of those who have fallen by the wayside, in order that we may avoid the dangerous places that were the occasion of their ruin.

One of the saddest life histories of modern times is the record of the Abbé de Lamennais, who, after a pious childhood and youth, was ordained priest and for a long time edified all who knew him by the practice of sacerdotal virtues; then fell, proud, disobedient, defiant; lived for twenty-two years away from the altar and stripped of his priestly vestments; died unshriven, and was buried, at his own request, in unconsecrated ground.

The Rev. Félicité Robert de Lamennais was at one time, according to the testimony of M. de Montalembert, "the most celebrated and the most venerated priest in France." His philosophical system attracted to him a school of disciples. His "Essay on Indifference" moved his admirers to proclaim him the last of the Fathers of the Church. His ability was conspicuous in his own country and was recognized abroad. The path to preferment was wide open to him; a glorious prospect of beneficence spread out before him. But his pride shut the gate of duty and barred the road of honor; and his persistence in error wrecked his vocation, ruined his life, and drove him to an unhallowed grave. In 1830 he was at the pinnacle of his popularity; in 1832 he was in the quicksands of darkness, doubt, and disobedience.

In October, 1830, he founded at Paris the *Avenir* newspaper. His chief assist-

ants were the Abbé Lacordaire and M. de Montalembert. The object of the paper was to free the Church of France from all entangling alliances with the State, to advance the interests of the masses of the people, and to put in action the principles of a Christian socialism. It consequently advocated liberty of opinion for the press, as opposed to the government censorship; liberty of education, in hostility to the Napoleonic State monopoly of instruction; liberty of association, in antagonism to the revival of ancient anti-monastic laws; independence of the clergy from State support, and war on the Budget of Public Worship; laws for the protection of labor, for a more equitable distribution of wealth.

The radical ideas and the intemperate language of the new journal raised a storm of ill-will against it and its conductors, not only in secular official circles but also in the Catholic ranks. Every issue was a firebrand of discord. The laity were distracted by it; a majority of the clergy opposed it; enemies sprang up on all sides of it. Still it went on hammering against the established order, denouncing its critics, defying the civil authorities, and demanding the adoption of its programme. Advice privately given in the interest of moderation was unheeded; public censure was resented. The editors protested that they were loyal to the Church, and were ready to submit their teachings to its judgment, and to abide by its decision.

Finally, the whisper that the teachings of the *Avenir* were unorthodox, which for some months had been passing from mouth to mouth, grew until it became a loud cry. It was echoed by a hundred journals; it was heard by De Lamennais and his friends, and they were indignant. They denied the impeachment of their soundness in the Faith. To make manifest and incon-

trovertible the correctness of their position, they determined to appeal to Rome. Yes, they would go in person to the Pope and place their cause in his hands. This would afford them the opportunity, said Lacordaire, 'of justifying their intentions to the Holy See, of submitting all their ideas to its decision, and of thus giving a striking proof of their sincerity and orthodoxy, which, happen what might, would always bring a blessing on them, and would be, as it were, a weapon snatched out of the hands of their enemies.'

Accordingly, they suspended the publication of the *Avenir* and set out for the Eternal City in December, 1831. They expected to be welcomed with effusion, to have judgment passed immediately on their doubts, to return home in triumph. They had a cool reception. Their request for an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff was met with a demand for a written statement of their views and purposes. When this was furnished, they had to wait two months before learning what disposition was to be made of it. At length Cardinal Pacca informed them that the Holy See would examine their doctrines, and that meanwhile they might return to France and quietly await the result. Then they were admitted to an audience with Gregory XVI., who received them affably, led the conversation to subjects of general interest, but dismissed them without referring to the *Avenir* or the object of their visit to Rome.

"This conduct on the part of the Roman Court," says Father Chocarne, "which so deeply wounded the pride of M. de Lamennais, opened the eyes of the Abbé Lacordaire. Removed at a distance from Paris, the field of battle, restored to himself, enlightened and purified by that calm and luminous atmosphere which one breathes at Rome, the dawn arose in his soul and he understood the truth. He saw that, not

being able to give its approbation, the Holy See could do nothing kinder or more favorable than to keep silence and say, 'We will examine.' And, above all, he understood Rome. Paris is to Rome, in a religious point of view, what a frontier constantly harassed by the enemy is to a great capital standing in tranquillity behind her lofty walls; or what the crew of a ship is to the pilot who directs her. When the head has grown gray and we look back at the distance of thirty years over our own history, which of us can not detect himself smiling at the resemblance of those many infallible systems which he was constantly constructing in his younger years, and at that simple conviction which he had that the world was going to let itself be transformed according to his ideas?

"A journey from Paris to Rome often produces the same effect and dispels the same illusions. We leave a capital where all is youth, ardor, and eagerness; and we enter the city of old men and sages,—the city which is astonished at nothing because she has watched all human greatness pass away like the stream which bathes the foot of her hills; where Truth alone remains immutable, impassible, eternal. The Abbé Lacordaire went through this salutary disenchantment. He had come from Paris with a man who had made himself a name as vast as Europe. This man was possessed of genius, an eloquent pen, and had a following of disciples who looked on him as the only one who could save the Church in her struggle with society. How was the Church about to receive him? She was going to take scarcely the smallest notice of him. But he brings a system which contains her salvation. A system! The Church has seen them all in their turn, but salvation has never come to her from them. But this man possesses the secrets of the future, and he comes to tell the

Church how she is to speak to kings and to nations. The Church has received from on high the Gift of Counsel, as she has received the Spirit of Truth. Society draws its life from her, and no man can teach her what she owes to nations or to kings."

But the Abbé de Lamennais would not rest content with being put off and having the answers to his questions deferred. He resolved to provoke a decision; he exerted all his powers to force an explanation from the Holy See. But his efforts were futile. The Roman Court remained silent. Finally he lost patience; he publicly announced that he would not concern himself about Rome's opinions: he would return to France and revive the *Avenir*. This was in flagrant contravention of the direction given by Cardinal Pacca.

Accordingly, in a bitter and defiant mood, the Abbé quitted Rome. On his way he sojourned at Munich. While there the authors and artists of the city tendered him a banquet. In the midst of the feast the guest of the evening was called aside. An envoy from the Apostolic Nuncio handed him a sealed packet. He opened it. It was the famous Encyclical Letter *Mirari*, dated August 15, 1832, which condemned his vagaries. He returned to the company of his entertainers in a doleful frame of mind; but with an effort he forced himself to be genial, and escaped as soon as he could from the conviviality that now mocked the desolation of his soul. The next day, however, he drew up an act of submission and sent it to Rome.

He then proceeded on his way; but turned aside from Paris and sought his ancestral home of La Chesnaie in Brittany. There he sank into a profound melancholy. Pride and passion turned his blood into gall. He raved in his impotent wrath and his wounded vanity. His soul grew darker as the days went by. Peace abandoned him.

One of his associates, Lacordaire, abandoned him to his obstinacy, accepted the correction administered by the Papal Encyclical, and returned to his sacerdotal functions,—at first subject to suspicion, but eventually welcomed to the pulpit of Notre Dame, and acclaimed one of the glories of the Church of France as the restorer of the Order of St. Dominic. His other editorial confrère still stood by De Lamennais.

For two years De Lamennais brooded over the Church's condemnation of his plans for social reform. Then in the Spring of 1834 he published a book, "The Words of a Believer," which electrified his enemies, shocked his friends, and threw a lurid light on the declivitous path he had entered. In it he reiterated his objectionable theses, and endeavored to justify them. The Abbé Lacordaire's comment on this volume was: "I can not rejoice at the abyss which obstinacy has dug under the feet of a man who has rendered great services to the Church. I hope that in His own time God may yet stop him in his course; but I do rejoice that the Sovereign Pontiff, the father of not merely one Christian soul but of all, has at last by his sacred authority decided the questions which were tearing to pieces the Church of France, and turning out of the right way a crowd of souls deceived in all sincerity, and to whose dangerous fascinations I myself had yielded."

When these "Paroles d'un Croyant" appeared, the tie that had bound M. de Montalembert to De Lamennais was severed. Long afterward the former wrote: "With the vain hope of sheltering myself from the troubles of so trying a crisis, I had taken refuge in Germany, where I was pursued by the appeals of M. de Lamennais. Whilst believing himself bound as a priest to sign formularies of retraction, the un-

happy man replied to my fears and filial representations by congratulating me on the independence I enjoyed as a layman, exhorting me to maintain it at all costs. 'This Voice,' he wrote to me, 'which in old times shook the whole world, will not now so much as terrify a class of schoolboys.' " And Lacordaire wrote to M. de Montalembert: "You are astonished at what the Holy See requires from M. de Lamennais. It is certainly harder to submit when we have spoken out before men than when all has passed between our own hearts and God. This is the special trial reserved for genius. The great men of the Church have had to snap their lives in twain; and, in a certain sense, this is the history of every conversion."

But the unhappy De Lamennais went from bad to worse. In 1836 he startled the world with a new work, "*Les Affaires de Rome*," which was a labored attack on his judges. The famous Madame Swetchine said of its author: "No one but an angel or a priest could have fallen so low." Père Lacordaire published a reply, and in his "Letter on the Holy See" vindicated the rulers of the Church from the aspersions cast on them by the suspended priest. Here are his concluding passages:

"When time shall have done justice to all those miserable theories which, by enslaving the Church, have deprived her of a great part of her influence on human society, it will be easy to know what remedy to apply. It will then be clear to all that the art of governing men does not consist in giving free reins to the power of evil, and in putting good under watch and ward. Good will be set free; and men, wearied with the policy of the world, will be told at last: You wish to devote yourselves to God? Devote yourselves. You wish to retire from a world which is too full and in which intellects superabound? Well, then, retire. You wish to consecrate

your fortune to the relief of your suffering brethren? Consecrate it. You desire to spend your life teaching the poor and the young? Then teach them. You bear a name loaded with three centuries of hatred because your virtues have appeared late in a world which is no longer worthy of them, and you are not ashamed still to bear that name? Then bear it. All you who desire good, under whatever form,—all who would wage war on pride and revolted sense, come and do what you will!

"We have exhausted ourselves in framing new combinations of social forms, and the elixir of life has never yet flowed out of our broken crucibles. He who has life, alone gives it; he who has love diffuses it abroad; he who possesses the secret can alone reveal it to others. Then will begin a new age, over which new treasures of riches will be poured out; and this wealth will consist neither of gold nor of silver, nor vessels brought from the uttermost parts of the earth, and containing precious and costly things; it will neither be steam nor railways, nor all that the genius of man shall be able to tear out of the bosom of nature. There is but one thing that we can truly call wealth, and that is love. Love alone unites all things and fills all things; it knits together God and man, earth and heaven; it is the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things."

After that publication, the Abbé de Lamennais drifted with the current that was bearing him to the rapids and the falls. On the 27th of February, 1848, he began a daily paper, *Le Peuple Constituant*, which was suppressed by General Cavaignac in the early days of the June insurrection, on account of its advocacy of the workingmen's uprising. The unfortunate Abbé was then sixty-six years of age, having been born at St. Malo, in Brittany, in 1782. He sank deeper and deeper. He drove off all his

old friends. He lived alone in a garret. Toward the end of his days he had a struggle for bread. Poor, sad, solitary, he was an object of pity when in February, 1854, he died.

Wretched De Lamennais! His face, as it appears on the bass-relief made by the sculptor David, shows a noble countenance, with refined features and an exceptionally sensitive mouth. His eyes were large and lustrous; his nose was prominent, aquiline, finely chiselled; the head, well-shaped and proudly poised on a strong neck and broad shoulders. Altogether a striking personality.

Mrs. Martin's Mistake.

BY MARY CROSS.

MRS. MARTIN withdrew her attention from the constructing of a gorgeous lamp shade, to say, with the air of one who challenges adverse criticism:

"I think I shall call on the Garnetts." And, as the expected happened—Alice's stare of astonished disapproval,—she added an explanatory note: "They might give me something for the bazaar, you know."

"If you do call, mamma, make it perfectly clear that it is only on business," commanded Alice. "For mercy's sake don't begin any sort of social intercourse with them!"

"Why not, good cousin?" asked Frank, who at mention of the name Garnett had begun to be interested.

"Nobody calls on them; they know nobody; nobody knows anything about them, except that they appear to belong to the have-seen-better-days class, and have probably come to a strange place to live cheaply."

"All excellent reasons why Aunt Martha should show them some little kindness," he opined.

"Oh, if the girl wasn't rather pretty, you wouldn't care two pins one way or the other!"

"What a monstrous accusation! But what is the connection between my caring or not caring and Aunt's intended call?"

"You can be very dense when you like," said Alice, tartly; "but if Mr. Garnett turns out to be a ticket-of-leave man, don't blame me."

"Certainly not. It would be most unreasonable to blame you for the past misdeeds of a man you never knew," said Frank; at which Alice tossed her head, finding no other retort ready.

Mrs. Martin was a manufacturer's wealthy widow, who liked to lead "her set," not only in dress and entertainments but in philanthropy, and she was generally to be found at the head of any social or charitable movements in Moffat. At present her energies were absorbed in the promotion of a bazaar; and she was so anxious to secure the triumph of her own stall thereat that she was disposed to extend patronage even to "the strangers in our midst," the Garnetts, who, without credentials, or introduction, had ventured to take up their unassuming abode in a select part of the place.

Who they were, what they were—that fragile-looking gentleman and his blue-eyed daughter—the most inquisitive of gossips had failed to ascertain. The simplicity of their mode of life and adjuncts did not commend itself to the "stylish"; nevertheless, all was fish that came to the bazaar net, and Mrs. Martin determined to try to obtain at least "a sprat" from Mr. Garnett for the good of the cause. So she stepped from her pedestal of severe exclusiveness, and deigned a visit to the outsiders.

They seemed on the whole fairly well-bred persons, she confided to Alice afterward; the girl was shy and quiet, but the man was rather agreeable. The

liberality of his donation had greatly surprised as well as favorably impressed the good lady.

"I should have conscientious objections about using the money," said Alice, severely. "For anything we know, it may have been dishonestly acquired."

"Let us hang out a sign, 'Mangling done here,'" Frank suggested. "Everyone will understand that we apply the process to character, not clothing."

"You are always excessively touchy about those Garnetts," said his aunt. "What do you know about them?"

"Nothing," he replied, after a pause.

What, indeed, did he know, except that the girl's eyes were deep and blue, that her smile was "all that's best of sweet and bright," that her personality haunted him, though he had never exchanged a word with her?

Some weeks later, an acquaintance of Mrs. Martin's found it her duty as a Christian to inform the lady that her nephew was "getting entangled with that Miss Garnett"; he had been seen walking with her; he had been observed going to or from her father's house,—a piece of news which set Mrs. Martin quivering with indignation. That that girl—a nobody, a nonentity of doubtful antecedents,—should seek to entrap Frank was not to be tolerated for an instant. To remonstrate with him might do more harm than good. From the first he had been disposed to take Miss Garnett's part; and if told that he must not associate with her, he might, with masculine perversity, regard her as all the more desirable because of that very prohibition.

So Mrs. Martin resolved upon the somewhat extreme step of remonstrating with the girl herself. Probably when she knew that Frank was, to all intents and purposes, dependent upon his aunt, from whom he should not receive a shilling unless he married as she desired and approved, Miss Garnett

would retire from the campaign, and spread her snares elsewhere. Thus Mrs. Martin reasoned.

On the day of her second visit to the Garnetts, Mr. Garnett was confined to his room with a cold. The sweetness and kindness of Miss Garnett's reception of her made the worldly-minded matron a trifle ashamed of her errand, and she went about it more delicately and less bluntly than she had intended.

"Perhaps, my dear," she said, "you will permit me to give you a word of warning. You are a young girl, and my nephew is a very handsome and attractive young man. But he is not in a position to marry. For your own sake, you must not encourage him to come here."

Aideen rose, a trifle pale.

"Your nephew has not asked me to marry him," she said quietly. "As we are leaving Moffat almost immediately, I will take this opportunity of wishing you good-bye."

"W-won't you be here for the b-bazaar?" the elder lady stammered.

She had much difficulty in getting off the scene with grace, feeling that she had received a rebuke, all the more effective because administered without heat or temper.

On her homeward way, however, she decided that it had been less of a rebuke than an evasion. The girl had not promised to discourage Frank, nor, indeed, had she committed herself to any definite statement at all beyond that she was leaving Moffat. If that were true, Frank was still accessible by means of the post-office. Mrs. Martin decided that, after all, there was nothing for it but to speak to Frank himself; and as soon as might be she opened fire on the unsuspecting young man.

"Why didn't you tell me you visited those Garnetts, Frank?" she asked; and he pleaded guilty with:

"Well, you don't like them, and Alice

would 'rather hear a dry wheel grate on the axle' than their name; so, in the interests of domestic peace, I said nothing."

"But how did you come to know them at all?"

"I met Mr. Garnett on the hill one morning. Walking toward home with him, he turned faint, and I escorted him to his door, and—"

"Yes, yes! And you were invited in; and next day, as in courtesy bound, you called to inquire about him, and he wasn't able to appear, but his daughter received you. O my dear boy, I know how such people manœuvre! You are getting yourself talked about, allow me to tell you."

"I am a comfort to the local gossips, no doubt. They might easily have a more unpleasant subject of discussion, mightn't they?"

"Be serious, Frank. You can't marry that girl."

"Can't I? Why not?"

"Because I will not allow you,—that is, if you marry without my consent, you shan't have a penny of my money."

"So much the better for Alice," he said good-humoredly; "and maybe so much the better for me. A man may do a worse thing than work to win a wife. Come, Aunt Martha! If you only knew Aileen Garnett, you would like her, and wish me good luck in my wooing. For certainly I'll win her if I can."

"I hope you will make your position perfectly clear to her, then," answered Aunt Martha, angrily. "Think the matter over well before you commit yourself. When you have done so, I think you will abandon the idea of marrying a penniless nobody rather than give up your home, your expectations, and the affection of your relatives. You know very well on which side your bread is buttered."

She would have felt less secure in her belief had she been able to see him only

a few mornings later in the little garden where Miss Garnett was gathering roses.

Aileen colored when the young man approached, partly because of an embarrassing recollection of his aunt's mission to her, partly because—well, she could not have explained satisfactorily her tendency to blush whenever Frank was near her.

"Father will be glad to see you," she said. "He is in the sitting-room, reading."

"I don't want to see him just yet: I want to see you, if you will spare me a few moments," the young man replied. "Have you time, patience, interest sufficient to listen to a statement of my position and affairs? All I have in the way of money is a hundred a year that my father left me. I have been brought up to regard myself as co-heir with my cousin Alice to my Uncle Herbert's money; but his widow has absolute control over it, and can leave it to whom she pleases. She will not allow me any of it if I oppose her wishes. Some time ago I saw that our wills would come into collision, and that within myself deliverance lay. With a view to gaining my independence, I applied for the post of secretary to our M. P., Sir Arthur Allison. I have not yet received a reply; influence is wanted to secure a post like that, and for lack of it I may be rejected. But there are other openings."

"We know Sir Arthur," she said reflectively; but Frank went on:

"I am trying to show you that I have nothing in the world to offer you but my love. If you will give me a word of hope, I'll work for you with all my strength and energy, and make a home for you. For indeed, Aileen, I love you dearly."

A smile, tender almost to tears, trembled on her lips.

"I shall never leave my father," she

said. "He is ailing and delicate, and needs me."

"What then? I can make a home for both of you. I can help you to take care of him. It will be a great happiness to try; what it will be to succeed I haven't words to express."

"You are very courageous," she said, still smiling.

"Courageous, with you to win! Aideen darling, will you wait for me?"

"I will," she whispered; and Frank felt that the gates of an earthly paradise had opened.

"When may I see Mr. Garnett?" he asked at length.

"Write to him. We are going away to-morrow, and there is not much time for an interview. But don't write until I give you permission. Let me tell father in my own way and my own time."

"I fear he won't think me good enough, Aideen."

"He has other views for me," she admitted candidly. "But he likes you; and when it comes to a question of my happiness, you can easily guess what he will do. And now I want you to promise me something, and it is that I shall always be to you just Aideen Garnett, the girl you love; that you will not let anything come between us."

"Why, it is as easy as breathing to promise that!" he exclaimed; and they parted betrothed lovers.

"The danger is over, mamma: the Garnetts have gone," Alice announced a few days later. "I passed the house yesterday, and it was closed. Frank seems to have been left behind in more senses than one."

"I was sure the girl would have nothing to say to him when she knew his position was not what it seemed. But we must not be too hard on the poor boy. He is no match for a pair of adventurers. All's well that ends well."

Sir Arthur Allison had consented to

open the bazaar on the first day, and in due course arrived to fulfil his duty; delivering himself of his speech with one leg twisting round the other, after his uneasy habit. Surviving the effort, he set forth on a tour of purchase, and was speedily captured by Mrs. Martin, who presented her daughter and her nephew to him. He buttonholed the latter, as if struck by a sudden happy thought, and dropped his voice to the key confidential.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry, don't you know, for having neglected to answer your letter!" he murmured. "Do you mind if I go into the matter here for a minute? I wasn't quite sure of your efficiency, and so delayed replying to your application. But Lord Carlavrock assured me that you were just the man I wanted. He's an old friend, and I am delighted to take you on his recommendation."

"I am afraid there is a mistake," said Frank, blankly. "I haven't the pleasure of knowing his Lordship."

"Oh, I think you have, don't you know! He seemed, at any rate, to think you had been kind to him during his stay here. Perhaps Lady Aideen is at the bottom of it; for she is always doing something for somebody in her quiet way. Of course he was here incognito. His health had broken down, and the doctors ordered him absolute quiet and seclusion. There are snobs everywhere, even in Moffat; and probably he would have been pestered with attentions if he had been known as the Earl of Carlavrock. So used his family name. Possibly you remember him as Mr. Garnett."

"Yes, I remember," answered Frank, rather faintly.

It was a little while before he recovered sufficiently to remember his promise to Aideen, and understood why she had asked it: no difference of rank or position was to come between them.

That the girl they had slighted and deemed unworthy of their notice was the only child of a wealthy nobleman was truly a bitter pill for Mrs. Martin and Alice. At a later date they were able to "take the taste away" by allusions to "Lady Aideen, my niece," "Lady Aideen, my cousin," because, to the surprise of the fashionable world, her ladyship married the secretary of an M. P., with her father's full approval.

The Spirit of St. Francis.

THERE is nothing more noticeable in the character of the Saint of Assisi than his exquisite tenderness regarding the temporal needs of his brethren, the wise temperateness with which he ordered and arranged everything pertaining to their physical well-being, or the simplicity of his directions in the matter of each individual requirement. He even went so far as to say that mortification, when carried to that excess which incapacitated a man from performing his duties with exactness, was really self-indulgence. His general teaching is to the effect that, as the body is to be used only as an instrument of the spirit, it should be guided in such manner that it will be as useful and perfect an instrument as possible; inasmuch as if a servant does not nourish himself, or is not given, by his master, sufficient nourishment and care to render him capable of always performing his duty, he can be neither a good nor a faithful servant.

We have in the beautiful "Fioretti" a vivid picture of the manner in which the Seraph of Assisi made a practical application of this eminently wise and most prudent doctrine.

"Once on a time," writes Brother Leo, that quaint and delightful chronicler, "when blessed Francis began to have Brothers, and was staying with them at Rivo Torto, near Assisi, it happened

one night, when all the Brothers were asleep, about midnight, one of them called out and said: 'I am dying,—I am dying!' And all the Brothers woke up in horror and fear. And blessed Francis got up and said: 'Arise, Brothers, and kindle a light.' And when the light was kindled, he said: 'Who is he that said, "I am dying"?' The Brother replied: 'It is I.' And he said to him: 'What is wrong with you, Brother?' And he said: 'I am dying of hunger.' Then blessed Francis had a meal prepared at once; and, as a man full of love and discernment, ate with him, *lest he might be ashamed to eat alone; and at his desire, all the other Brothers ate also.*"

Could anything have been more exquisitely kind, courteously discreet, and at the same time more winningly simple than this action on the part of St. Francis, through love and care for the Brother, who might have been "ashamed to eat alone"? And when all was finished, he made them a little discourse, which he thus concluded: "My will is, and I enjoin it upon you, that each of the Brothers, as our poverty allows, satisfy his body according to his need."

An incident quite as touching, and bearing upon the same subject, occurred also at Rivo Torto. We read:

"Another time, when blessed Francis was at the same place, a Brother, who was very spiritual, was ill there, and very feeble. And blessed Francis, taking note of him, was moved with pity for him; but because at that time Brothers in health and sickness treated poverty as abundance, with great joyousness, and used no medicines in their infirmities, and even felt no need of them, but rather preferred to take things harmful to the body, blessed Francis said within himself: 'If the Brother were to eat some ripe grapes in the very early morning, I believe it would do him good.' So blessed Francis reflected and acted accordingly.

"For he got up one day in the very early morning, and called that Brother secretly, and took him to a vineyard which was near the colony. And he chose a vine on which there were good grapes for eating; and, sitting with the Brother near the vine, he began to eat some grapes, for fear that the Brother should be ashamed to eat alone. And while they were eating, the Brother was set free [meaning that his ailment departed]; and together they praised the Lord."

Incidents such as these, recorded by an eye-witness, never lose their flavor, but come down to us through the centuries that have elapsed since the son of Pietro Bernadone cast aside his raiment in the streets of his native city, and, in the sight of his former frivolous companions, went forth to enter upon the mission of love and labor he was never to lay down till he cast aside the body which had hampered him, and went forth to Paradise, singing psalms and praising God.

The Orthodox Way.

A Mexican lady tells of a feeble-minded peon cook she once had, who could neither read nor write, nor even tell the hour by the clock, but who was able to boil eggs with perfect accuracy. When asked one day: "But how do you know when they are ready, Resa [Teresa]?" she answered with a smile which showed all her fine teeth, "I boil them by the *Credo*."

She had learned the Apostles' Creed, like other unfortunates of her class; but although she did not know quite well what all the words meant, she had found that they did nicely to boil eggs with. "She put the eggs in the pot (in the coffee pot with the coffee, but that is a mere detail), and then began to recite the Creed. At *Amen* the eggs were ready."

In Heaven We Shall Know Our Own.

THE elect contemplate God, admire His infinite perfections, and rejoice in His ineffable goodness. Therein lies their supreme happiness, which fully satisfies all their desires and aspirations. But divine Goodness goes still further. Besides these joys of pure love, the blessed in heaven have the happiness of knowing and loving their brethren in that abode of joy.

The Church has always favored this belief, and her Doctors in every age have proclaimed it in their writings. Some of them teach that souls, after death, retain the memory and knowledge of what they had done here below; others declare that they see their friends who await them in heaven; that others again express their ardent desire to break the ties which bind them, in order that they may fly to a friend or brother whom they have lost, and whom they are confident they will meet and be reunited with forever in the enjoyment of perfect happiness.

But there is no need to multiply testimonies on this point; for all are based upon the words of the Gospel. In the Parable of the Rich Man condemned to torments, Our Lord declares that the just and the wicked know one another in the future life. Abraham knows the rich man numbered among the damned, and the lost soul sees Lazarus among the elect. Thus the blessed recognize not only those whom they knew in this life, but also those who had been strangers to them here upon earth. This is evident from the fact that when Our Lord was transfigured on Mount Thabor, the three disciples who witnessed the great miracle recognized Moses and Elias in the two glorified personages with Him, and called them by their names.

From this we may conclude that, on the day of the Resurrection, every soul

will recognize the body with which it was united in the present life. It will also recognize those whom it knew on earth. The brother will know his brother, the father his children, and the friend his friend. But in heaven knowledge is forever associated with love, and that love is far greater than any which unites hearts in this world. In that abode of bliss the heart expands and is made more exquisitely tender. Just as the sun, as it ascends in the firmament, increases in brilliancy and the warmth of its radiance, so the just soul on entering eternity experiences a wondrous increase in love, not only for God but for its neighbor.

Then, too, we shall love the elect in proportion to their merit. But, after our parents, brothers and sisters, there are others whom we shall love in a special manner. They are those with whom we have been united in holy friendship; whose counsels, example and prayers have detached us from the vanities of this world, and have brought us to taste the delights of divine love. For when souls have thus mutually edified one another upon earth, and have shared their joys and sorrows, it is but natural to believe that they will know and love one another in heaven. God could not wish it to be otherwise.

Paradise is the realization of all our highest aspirations, and the most imperative desire of our human nature is to know and love forever those whom we have known and loved in time. As the poet Whittier sings:

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas for him who never sees

The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,

Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble play;

Who has not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,

That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Notes and Remarks.

Our long cherished hopes for the submission to the Church of Lord Halifax, the most influential member of the Establishment—more influential than even the Archbishop of Canterbury—have been revived by what his Lordship said at a recent meeting of the English Church Union at Sheffield. After pointing out the condition of non-Catholic Christendom—the prevailing abeyance of discipline, the neglect of Sunday observance, the loosening of the principles on which Christian society depends, etc.,—he solemnly asked how the dangers involved in such a state of things were to be met; and impressively added: “a head in the late war was essential for success and to avoid defeat. May not a head for the Churches of Christendom be as essential for the success of the warfare of the Church against sin and unbelief? Might we not do well to welcome Pius XI. as our armies welcomed Marshal Foch? Are there not sufficient grounds, without sacrifice of principles, to accept the Roman position of a Primacy by divine appointment having been conferred on St. Peter, or at least to enter into negotiations which may pave the way for some definite terms of reunion?”

These words of Lord Halifax are all the more noteworthy from the fact that for fifty years he has presided over the English Church Union. Now, more than ever before, our Anglican brethren seem disposed to consider the conditions on which they may become Catholics. What those conditions are can always be easily ascertained.

One passage in particular of President Harding's Thanksgiving Day proclamation should not be unheeded. It reads: “For the bounteous yield which has come to us from the resources of our soil and our industry, we owe our

tribute of gratitude, and with it our acknowledgment of the duty and obligation to our own people and to the unfortunate, the suffering, the distracted of other lands."

The Holy Father has already appealed to American Catholics in behalf of the starving peoples of Russia, Austria, parts of Germany and the Near East; and Mgr. Bonzano, his Delegate in our country, declares: "No work is more deserving of immediate support than this, and I am sure that those who heed the call will receive from God the blessing which the Holy Father invokes in advance on their behalf."

A New York journal said recently of the Governor of Kansas: "Henry J. Allen is the kind of man, strong in character, strong in sense of responsibility and strong in performance of duty, that puts power into public office, commands respect for public service, and sheds luster on American leadership." We should like to believe that the executive in question measures up to this high standard—but he doesn't. Just about the time the Eastern editor was writing his eulogy, Gov. Allen was addressing a public meeting at Great Bend, Kansas. Here is a brief quotation from his speech:

You are both to blame. You Catholics who go out and say "I don't vote for a man who is not a Catholic. I am going to put my political activity behind my religion." You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, and you men who join the Ku-Klux Klan say: "Here is an Order that exists for the protection of white supremacy and to save us from the Catholic Church." You ought to be ashamed, honestly, you ought to be ashamed!

We don't know whether his charge against Kansas Catholics is true or false, though we believe it to be generally false; but, even if it be true, there is no parity whatever between religious narrowness, bigotry if you will, that confines its operations to the disposal

of its ballots, and the anti-Catholic, anti-Negro, and anti-Jew fanaticism that gives outward expression of its creed, not in ballots, but in bullets,—in murder and rapine, and defiance of all properly constituted law and order. In placing the two classes on a level, Mr. Allen, if correctly reported, was saying "the thing which is not," was deliberately maligning his Catholic fellow-citizens, was—in the guise of a broad-minded leader—truckling like the veriest ward politician to anti-Catholic prejudice. An equally "unfair parallel was suggested in a later alleged utterance on the same occasion: "I am not a Catholic. I am a Methodist and a thirty-second degree Mason and a Knight Templar. I belong to everything, except the Knights of Columbus and Ku-Klux Klan, and I wouldn't join either of them."

Unless the Governor of Kansas apologizes to his Catholic fellow-citizens in general, and to the Knights of Columbus in particular for this implied slur, there will be many to believe that one other society to which he does not belong is that of—cultured gentlemen.

We had thought that the necessity of one day of rest each week was long ago almost universally recognized by economists and industrial leaders, as well as by religious teachers. It seems, however, that it is still a question of "practical politics," of present interest. Such being the case, it is not less gratifying than significant to find so outstanding an American as Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—a man of broad mind and large heart,—discoursing in this wise:

I believe that, generally speaking, the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week should no longer be tolerated in industry, either from the viewpoint of public policy or of industrial efficiency; I believe that both have been proven to be unnecessary, uneconomic and unjustifiable. As a matter of general policy, subject only to the demands of occasional emergency, modern industry is justified in accepting the eight-hour day and

the six-day week, as a labor standard toward which all the parties interested should steadily press. Even in those industries where the continuous process is an inevitable feature, the routine should be so adjusted that the employees can have at least one day's rest in seven, and can obtain that share of leisure for self-development which accompanies the work-day of approximately eight hours.

It must of course be supposed that before issuing their joint Pastoral to the priests and people of Ireland, the Irish bishops took pains to inform themselves thoroughly as to the actual state of the country, and were careful to weigh well the words in which they were going to express themselves. Indeed, they declare: "We issue this pastoral letter under the grievous sense of our responsibility, mindful of the charges laid upon us by our divine Master to preach His doctrine and safeguard His sacred rule of faith and morals at any cost. We must 'Obey God rather than man.'" It is a very stern document, to say the least. Referring to the demoralization and destruction occasioned by the civil war, the bishops write:

Our country, that but yesterday was so glorious, is now a byword before the nations for a domestic strife as disgraceful as it is criminal and suicidal. A section of the community, refusing to acknowledge the Government set up by the nation, have chosen to attack their own country as if she were a foreign Power. Forgetting, apparently, that a dead nation can not be free, they have deliberately set out to make our motherland, as far as they could, a heap of ruins. They have wrecked Ireland from end to end, burning and destroying national property of enormous value, breaking roads, bridges, and railways, seeking by this insensate blockade to starve the people, or bury them in social stagnation. They have caused more damage to Ireland in three months than could be laid to the charge of British rule in so many decades. They carry on what they call a war, but which, in the absence of any legitimate authority to justify it, is morally only a system of murder and assassination of the national forces—for it must not be forgotten that killing in an unjust war is as much murder before God as if there were no war. They ambush military

lorries in the crowded streets, thereby killing and wounding not only the soldiers of the nation, but peaceful citizens. They have, to our horror, shot bands of these troops on their way to Mass on Sunday; and set mine-traps in the public roads, and blown to fragments some of the bravest Irishmen that ever lived. Side by side with this woeful destruction of life and property, there is running a campaign of plunder, raiding banks and private houses, seizing the lands and property of others, burning mansions and country houses, destroying demesnes, and slaying cattle.

"A section of the community." We are wondering exactly what percentage of the population that section represents, and just how guilty are those comprising it of the crimes laid to their charge. If the bishops' words are to be taken precisely as they read, the situation in Ireland is far more deplorable than some persons who lately visited the country are willing to admit. The present disposition on the part of Irish-Americans to refrain from unqualified condemnation of the Irish Republicans is general and, in our opinion, wise. To regard idealists as outlaws and to treat refractory patriots as rebels, has sometimes resulted in driving them to desperation. Those on this side of the ocean who have reason to love Ireland best seem most disposed to refer to the lamentable conflict there in terms of greatest moderation.

Writing from the Rhineland, a correspondent of our High Church contemporary, the *Church Times*, refers in glowing terms to the evidences of faith and piety which he witnessed everywhere. "Of course, Catholicism flourishes, and is at its noblest in the Rhineland. . . . A wonderful sight on a Sunday is Cologne Cathedral, with the whole nave filled with worshippers."

Readers who stop to reflect will wonder how, if the Germans were "Huns" during the War, that any section of them could have been so suddenly and thoroughly converted since

the Armistice. American soldiers of the Army of Occupation, on becoming acquainted with inhabitants of the Rhineland, were often heard to exclaim: "Can this be the people we were fighting against, and whom we regarded as barbarians and called 'Huns'!"

The elections just held presented several features which would have been regarded, half a century ago, as utterly preposterous. The fact that Catholic women were candidates for State and Federal offices would have been sufficiently surprising to our grandparents; but the additional fact that Catholic Sisters should be found going to the voting booths and depositing their ballots, would, in an earlier day, have seemed simply scandalous. We have changed all that—and changed it for the better. The performance of their duties as citizens in no way detracts from the sanctity and modesty of our nuns. They are merely rendering unto Cæsar, occasionally, the things that are Cæsar's, just as they render unto God, habitually, the things that are God's. Nor does the ambition of some of our Catholic women to hold political offices lessen in any way their worth and worthiness.

It is possible, of course, and indeed probable, that in the reaction from the old-time disabilities under which they labored, some women may become unduly engrossed in politics, to the detriment of more intimate and binding duties; and hence the words of Pius XI. to the Union of the Catholic Women of Italy are worth the attentive perusal of women of all lands, and of all creeds as well. On the occasion of its second national congress in Rome, a few weeks ago, the Union was congratulated by His Holiness, who said:

"Your President-General says that your particular aim is the defence of the family in every contingency in which danger presents itself—religious,

moral, cultural, economic defence, and defence in every other respect in which it is needed; a defence which does not limit itself merely to the prevention of evil, but, above all, seeks to encourage and multiply what is good. Truly, the protection of the family, which is the first root of society, the source of all the good and the peril of all the evil that may befall a people, the shrine of all the virtues, religious and civic, private, public and political, is worthy of your efforts. O women, young girls, university students, mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, the family is your kingdom and in it you are really queens! God grant that no woman may ever be tempted to renounce that sovereignty, so deeply rooted in nature itself, in order to aspire to other ephemeral kingdoms and vain triumphs!"

The ponderously oracular presidents of the British Association are subjected to a somewhat disconcerting parallel by the editor of the *Catholic Herald of India*. Sir S. C. Sherrington's statement, in his recent presidential address to the Association, that "the human being is merely a cleverly devised animal machine," and "The mind, as hitherto regarded, is non-existent," moves the irreverent East Indian editor to quote from the contradictory statements of successive presidents of the Association, with this result:

1912. "The problem of the origin of life is on the point of solution." 1914. "The problem of life still stands outside the range of scientific investigation." 1922. "Life is not more than working mechanism." 1912. "Everything...is reducible to matter." 1914. "Memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now." 1914. "Personality persists beyond bodily death." 1922. "The mind is non-existent."

"This," says our bright contemporary, in playful mood, "is Science with its perennial variations."

A Notable Contribution to Catholic Criticism.

Prof. Shuster's book* is indeed a notable contribution to Catholic criticism. It will be easy to find fault with it here and there, and justly to appraise its limitations; but the fact that such a book has been written at all, that its intelligence and information are very much needed by the general public, are sufficient recommendations. He began his book with a right idea of the modern situation. To quote his own words: "We all feel that the older English letters were concerned with an established point of view; that, while Spenser was an Anglican and Milton a Puritan, their human creed, their idea of man, was substantially the same. But the pressure of these latter days has lain heavily on every kind of art; and literature has been forced to voice the protest or the defence of a multitude of individuals deriving their strength from sources which have very little in common. In many ways, the influence of this state of affairs has been evil, and has led to recklessness and perversity in the statement of opinion, as well as to the abandonment by a large portion of the reading public of anything like standards, not only of judgment, but even of taste." There one finds a precise and accurate description of present conditions among writers and readers. Prof. Shuster wrote his book to help change the conditions, and it will do that very thing.

The author begins with a good review of the conditions in England leading to the Catholic revival, discusses Kenelm Digby as the discoverer of the Catholic past in England, devotes three chapters to Cardinal Newman, gives a chapter to the leaders of his time, reviews the characteristics of Patmore, Hopkins and Aubrey de Vere, lauds Francis Thompson as the master-poet, in a very brilliant chapter, does justice to Alice Meynell, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Louise Imogen Guiney and others; discusses Ruskin, Pater and the Pre-Raphaelites with much discrimination, presents a good account of the chroniclers of Christendom (which means the essayists and journalists), allots enthusiastic chapters to Msgr. Benson, Chesterton and Belloc, pays merited compliments to some lesser lights, permits Ireland a meagre chapter and America another, still more meagre, and closes with a review of the entire book and of the Catholic spirit, as forcible as it is charming. The style

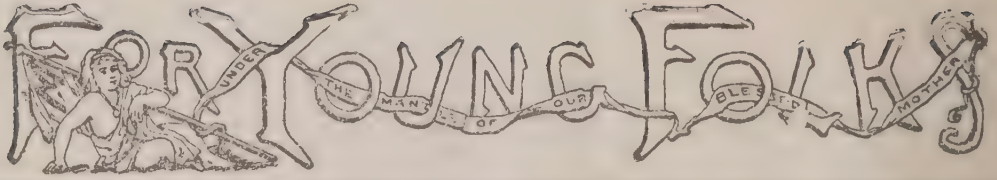
is good, the plan harmonious and well carried out, and the workmanship excellent; so that the book is entitled from every point of view to a place in all working libraries.

It is interesting to observe how the peculiarities and fashions of the time weave themselves, quite unconsciously often, into the texture of a book. Prof. Shuster has not escaped himself and his time in his manner of writing. Hence the faults of the book, neither few nor inconsiderable. They are mentioned here only to bring about correction and change in future editions; because the work is bound to be read, to exercise a healthful influence, and to lead to other books on the same subject. A single chapter on Irish authors, a single chapter on American authors, a complete absorption of the book on English writers of the Faith, is a blunder in proportion; it is followed up in the essays on Benson, Chesterton, Belloc, and becomes somewhat irritating in the notes on Christian Reid, Brownson, Longfellow, and the appreciation of oddities like J. G. Hunecker. Brother Azarias' name does not appear at all in the book, though he wrote, without doubt, the most finished essay in our modern tongue on "The Culture of the Spiritual Sense"; and his five volumes are as purely literary as any critic could desire. Brownson was the most powerful intellect this Republic has so far produced, and he suffered obscurity, not because his essays were lacking, but because the American public, then as now, wished to know nothing of Catholicity in any form.

Probably Prof. Shuster lost his courage as his book grew, tried to give everybody a becoming notice, and thus fell a victim to untoward circumstances. One may venture to suggest in the next edition the necessary changes: more space and thought to the American, Irish and Irish-American writers; removal of the lesser writers; more attention to Longfellow and less to Walter Pater; omission of Hunecker, who died as he lived, without practical expression of the faith in which he was born; introduction of Brother Azarias, some notice of Tennyson; and a truer appreciation of Newman's poetry. These recommendations are in line with the thesis of the book. The author's style is now and then marred by signs of haste. On the whole, the work is admirable, has earned a distinctive place in criticism, and should be the handbook of students, readers and experts, for a long time. Its faults were, perhaps, inevitable, but can easily be remedied; and as the only book of its kind, full of good things, well written, moderate in its judgments, sprightly in its tone, it should receive a hearty welcome.

J. T. S.

* "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature."
By George N. Shuster. The Macmillan Co. Price, \$2.



The Month of the Poor Souls.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

PRAY for them, little children,
When you hear the wild winds sigh:
Some under seas are sleeping,
Some in lone graveyards lie.
To-day, with light feet bounding
Where once, perhaps, they trod,
Whisper your *Requiescant*
Close to the ear of God.
Murmur it over and over—
“O may they rest in peace!”
Be sure that the Lord will listen,
And grant them swift release,
Whether in tombs long mouldered,
Or under the fresh-turned sod;
For the prayers of the little children
Are keys to the Heart of God.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

VI.

FROM the dark corner in which he was kneeling, Camille soon distinguished two dark shadows on the opposite side of the field: they were men going toward the fruit-trees.

Camille's first impulse, it must be confessed, was one of fear. Then he remembered that he had the horn near him. Picking it up, he blew a long, shrill blast; and, protected by the shadow of his little house, he awaited the result.

Much frightened, the trespassers started on the run to the low place in the wall. Suddenly Camille heard the step of the patrol and the cry:

“Who goes there?”

A moment later the same voice called out, “We have them!”

Camille then ventured out into the road, and saw, not far from him, a group of National Guards surrounding two wicked-looking men. He went nearer: the light carried by one of the Guards fell full on the prisoners' faces, and Camille was amazed.

“Why, those are the strangers I met the other night!” he exclaimed.

This remark attracted the attention of the corporal commanding the Guards, and he began to question the boy.

“In the first place,” replied Camille, “it was I who blew the horn.”

“What! Are you the boy Uncle Raimond told me about?”

“Yes, sir; I suppose I am the one.”

“Do you know those men?” he asked, pointing to the prisoners, who were being led off to jail.

“I do,” said Camille,—“that is, they hailed me as I was coming up the Champs-Élysées from the suburbs night before last. The larger one asked me to show him the way to the Rue d'Orleans; he talked like a foreigner.”

He then related the circumstances of his adventure. The corporal, who was a nephew of Mr. Raimond, completed the story by telling his companions of Camille's noble and generous conduct on the occasion.

“Well, you would have done the same, sir, wouldn't you, if you had known how to play on the violin? Then, too, the ten francs have brought me a good profit. Would you like to see my house?” concluded Camille.

“Your house!” said the corporal. “If you have a tree to perch on in my uncle's field, you ought to feel happy.”

The patrol, headed by the corporal, followed Camille.

“Is this where you sleep?” they asked,

when they saw the four walls and the grass-strewn boards.

"Yes," was the reply. Then, shaking his head, Camille added with a sorrowful expression: "Only just a month ago, when my uncle was alive, I should have thought myself very unfortunate with only a home like this. But now, after the fear I have had of sleeping in the street and of being taken up by the police, I thank Heaven for so nice a shelter."

"Poor boy!" said the man, touched by the sadness of Camille's voice. "Comrades, we must do something for him."

"I'm not very rich," said one, "but I'm a shoemaker by trade. I'll take it upon myself to see that he gets a pair of new shoes: he needs them. And here are five francs, corporal."

"I'll send him a bed and mattress," said another.

"Here is a little offering of money, corporal," said yet another.

The corporal took the money and offered it to Camille.

The boy drew back, blushing, and exclaimed:

"I don't want it, sir! I don't need it!"

"Take it, my boy!"

"I don't want to accept money until I have earned it, sir," said Camille.

"What do you know how to do?" asked the corporal. "Can you read and write well?"

"Yes, sir, pretty well, they say."

"Well, I'm a printer and one of my proof-readers needs an assistant. Come to-morrow morning early to this address (handing Camille a card), and you will find work. In the meantime accept the money; take it as a loan, if you don't want it as a gift. You can return it at your convenience."

"I'll gladly do that, sir," said Camille; "but I shall return it, you may be sure."

The men now took leave of our hero and went away.

"Upon my word," said Camille to

himself, weighing the money in his hand, "it pays well to do right. To-morrow, I shall ask Marie to buy me some shirts and socks."

VII.

Camille rose early the following morning. The idea of being employed in a printing-office had run through his mind all night, and kept him from sleeping. After eating his scanty breakfast and giving some crumbs to his pigeons, he set off, accompanied by Fox.

He had gone but a short distance when he met the corporal of the Guard, who was now off duty and who was about to get into a buggy.

"You're just in time!" he called out to Camille. "Jump in, and I will take you to the office and get you settled there for your work."

The boy did not need a second invitation: he took his place beside his new patron, and the horse started off at a gallop. Fox trotted along behind. In a quarter of an hour Camille found himself at his destination.

"Mr. Germain," said the printer, presenting Camille to an old gentleman, who wore a green eye-shade that half covered his face, "here is a boy who can hold copy for you, I think. You can report to me if he is able to do that kind of work."

"You shall know before an hour's time," replied the other. "Come right in here, my boy," he added, leading the way to a little office partitioned off in the middle of the large room. You are to follow me in this manuscript. You must be watchful and stop me if you notice the slightest omission. Do you understand?"

"I do, sir!"

"Now come sit down beside me, and we will begin."

Camille was so obedient and so considerate for Mr. Germain that before the end of the day the two were the best of friends. Camille had told his story,

and the old proof-reader had offered to take him to board with him.

"But I have only a little money to pay for it," objected Camille.

"You may expect to earn thirty sous a day," replied Mr. Germain.

Upon hearing this, Camille opened his eyes wide and exclaimed:

"Thirty sous!"

"Thirty sous a day make nine francs a week. You can give my wife twenty sous a day, and she will furnish you with breakfast and dinner. Does that arrangement suit you?"

"I should think so, sir!" replied Camille, in tones of gratitude.

As the old man had promised, Camille was employed to work at thirty sous a day. Mr. Germain took him home and introduced him to his wife. That kind woman found it difficult to decide which one to pet the more, the boy or the dog.

Late in the afternoon Camille took leave of his new friends. With a happy heart and a light step, he hurried along the street on his way to his home, followed by Fox.

As he approached the orchard he met Marie, who seemed to be waiting for him. In her hand she held a handkerchief folded like a bandage.

"Let me tie this over your eyes, Camille," she said gaily.

Without making any explanation, the girl tied the handkerchief firmly around his head; then, taking his hand, she led him forward.

VIII.

Camille realized that he was in his field. Although he could see nothing, he could hear suppressed laughter, whispering, and a confused sound, as if several people were walking stealthily about. Soon he felt the floor of his cabin under his feet, and then the bandage was removed.

He looked around, and great was his surprise at what he saw. The bare, uneven walls of the room were covered

with pretty yellow and blue paper; it was no longer a large, empty space, but a cosy chamber, containing all that was needed for comfort.

On one side was an iron bed, made up ready for occupancy; on the other stood a wardrobe, through whose half-open door one could see clothing on the shelves. At the foot of the bed was a small buffet, from which escaped an odor that proved that this piece of furniture was not the least useful. Besides these, there were two cane-seated chairs and a pine table.

One can readily understand Camille's astonishment at sight of this transformation; he hardly knew whether he was awake or asleep.

A burst of boisterous laughter, and a pinch slyly given him by Marie to rouse him from his stupor, proved that he was not dreaming. Then for the first time he saw that there was quite a crowd of people present. There were the masons, the blind man and his daughter, among them he saw his patron, the printer, and some others who were strangers.

"Well, what do you think of all this?" said the printer, going up to Camille. "Do you think that the ten francs given to the blind man have brought you enough profit? Everything here belongs to you. Bed, wardrobe, buffet, table and chairs were given you by these gentlemen. You do not recognize them, I see. They are the Guards who came to your rescue last night. You will find somewhere, too, a basket of good things to eat and drink. I took it upon myself to invite the men who built the house for you, and the blind man and his daughter to take supper with you. Now good-bye, my boy! Be ready for work to-morrow."

The printer and his friends took their leave; and Marie, who had been anxious to open the buffet, now did so. Inside she found a large meat-pie, a roast fowl,

two loaves of fresh white bread, and several other things.

Camille watched her and called out cheerily:

"There's enough for all of us! Let's have our supper at once."

"The evening is pleasant, so let us set the table outside," suggested Marie. "We can put some of those boards across the large stones for seats."

"Oh, good!—good!" exclaimed the masons, hastening to execute the girl's orders.

At ten o'clock the guests departed. Camille went alone into his little room; and, after putting things in order, he fell on his knees at his bedside and thanked God from the depths of his heart for all the blessings he had received. For the first time since he had come to Paris, he had a real bed to sleep on.

"How comfortable it feels!" he kept saying to himself. "After one has been without a bed as long as I have, he appreciates the luxury."

Soon, the soft bed aiding, he fell fast asleep.

We shall now pass on in our narrative to the month of February, 1838, when an event took place which was greatly to affect the fortunes of our little Robinson Crusoe.

IX.

It was Sunday, a day of rest at the printing-office. Camille went out early to buy some food; afterward he went to Mass at St. Roch's. The service over, he lingered on the steps of the church, watching the carriages drive up for their owners.

Fox did not content himself with merely watching them: he ran out among them, sniffing about and getting under the feet of the horses. He received more than one blow from the coachmen, which sent him back in shame to his master.

"That serves you right," said Camille.

"What do you want to go out there for?"

The dog did not heed his master's reproof nor the harsh treatment he received: he kept on running out. He had evidently a large curiosity to satisfy.

Nearly everyone had now left the church, and Camille decided to go home and read a book which Mr. Germain had lent him. Suddenly he heard a call: "Fox! Fox!"

The boy looked around just in time to see his dog jump into a carriage in which a lady was seated. The door was closed at once and the horses started off on a brisk trot.

Camille's first impulse was to follow the vehicle, but it soon disappeared from view.

"I've lost my dog!—I've lost my dog!" he cried out in such genuine distress that several persons turned around to look at him.

But he cried in vain. Fox had disappeared, perhaps forever.

Sorrowfully, the poor boy turned his steps homeward. On reaching his enclosure, everything seemed lonely and deserted; his well-filled room even looked bare and cold. What was to become of him without his dog?

"Oh, Fox was more than a dog to me!" he exclaimed, sobbing. "He was a companion and a friend."

The next morning the boy's grief was still more bitter. What had become of his affectionate dog, that at the least movement on the part of his master would bark and leap about with joy?

He rose from his bed and tears filled his eyes. He ate his solitary breakfast, fed his birds, and started off for the printing-office. As he passed before the fruit-store where Marie was employed, instead of the cheerful greeting he was wont to give her, he stopped and, putting out his hands, exclaimed:

"I've lost my dog, Marie!"

"What a misfortune!" said the girl, who felt very sorry to hear this news.

On reaching the office, Camille replied to all who greeted him with the words, "I've lost my dog!"

"Don't think too much of your trouble now," said Mr. Germain. "Work comes first, my boy."

Alas, it must be confessed that Camille was not very attentive that day! The proofs were badly read.

"I'll have to find you another dog, I think," said his kind patron.

"Oh, no, no!" answered Camille. "I should only have to lose him again."

(To be continued.)

A Witty Pair.

As Dean Swift and his servant, Tom, were once upon a long journey they put up at a wayside inn, where they lodged all night. In the morning the Dean called for his boots. The servant immediately took them to him. When the Dean saw them, he said, "How is this, Tom? My boots are not cleaned."—"No, sir," replied Tom; "as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again."—"Very well," said the Dean; "go and get the horses ready."

In the meantime, the Dean took breakfast, but ordered the landlord not to let Tom have any. When he returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready. "Yes, sir," answered Tom.—"Go and bring them out, then."—"I have not had my breakfast yet, sir."—"Oh, no matter for that," said the Dean; "if you had, you would soon be hungry again."

As they rode off in silence, the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket, and began to read. A gentleman met them, and, seeing the Dean reading, was not willing to disturb him, but he said to Tom: "Where are you going?"—"We are going to heaven, sir."—"How do you know that?"—"Because I am fasting and my master is praying."

How Paganini Triumphed.

OF the jealousy which is so sadly common to all mankind, musicians sometimes seem to have more than their due share. When Paganini's fame as a violinist began to spread abroad there was great excitement in the musical circles of Europe, and many of his professional brethren went so far as to arrange conspiracies which were intended to drive this new star from the firmament of sweet sounds.

When he first visited Paris for the purpose of displaying his wondrous gift, the great violinist found the members of the orchestra which was to accompany him acting with indifference,—in fact, playing so wretchedly, on purpose to confuse him, that at a rehearsal he deliberately stopped and laid down his violin. "Gentlemen," he said, "why was I not furnished with an orchestra of some merit? You do not know how to read music or to keep time. I advise you to go to practising scales; and if the director can provide me with suitable accompanists, I will continue this rehearsal; otherwise there will be no concerts in Paris."

These remarks, delivered in the most quiet tones, had their effect, and the musicians begged leave to try again. So they started a second time, when all went smoothly until one rude fellow, who beat the bass drum, wishing to show that although the others had been conquered he had not, began to pound in such a manner that everything was wrong again. Then Paganini rushed toward the drummer declaring that he would beat him over the head with one of his own drumsticks. The man was thoroughly scared and ran away; the other performers laughed, and the practice proceeded.

After one concert in Paris jealousy vanished; for Paganini became the idol of all the musicians.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne announce for publication early in the new year a translation of "Charles de Foucauld" ("The Hermit of the Sahara"), the latest work of M. René Bazin.

—"More Beetles," by J. Henri Fabre, translated by the late Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, the fourth and last volume on beetles in the collected English edition of Fabre's entomological works, is now ready.

—"The Religious Vows and Virtues," edited by James Harrison, O. P., with a preface by Vincent McNabb, O. P., is a translation from the Latin of Bl. Humbert de Romanis, O. P., a scholar of the Thirteenth Century. The book contains what the preface aptly styles a characteristic fragment of Thirteenth-Century asceticism. The translation is notably good, and the little work will be welcomed by all those whom it especially addresses. Benziger Brothers; price, 75 cents.

—"The Seven-Fold Gift," by William F. Robison, S. J., Ph. D. (B. Herder Book Co.), consists of a series of seven Lenten lectures on the Sacraments. They constitute a co-ordinated and valuable treatise on a subject which, like the Church itself, however old, is ever new. This is the fourth volume with which Father Robison has enriched our apologetic and devotional literature, and it is likely to prove quite as popular as its excellent predecessors. A twelvemo of 225 pages; price, \$1.50.

—"The Divine Counsellor," by Martin J. Scott, S. J., an exceptionally neat twelvemo of 155 embroidered pages, comes to us from P. J. Kenedy & Sons. In this volume, Father Scott departs from the style of his former books, and takes up the form of the old-time spiritual writers,—a dialogue between Our Lord and the reader on the following subjects: "Life's Hardships," "Trust in God," "Eternal Punishment," "Temptation," "Confession to a Priest," and "Scruples of Conscience." As usual, the author is distinctly practical and eminently readable.

—A new volume of the "Household of God Series," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., contains three biographical sketches, the first being that of "Marie Thérèse Couderc," foundress of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Cenacle (1805-1885); the second tells the story of "Marie Thérèse de Soubiran," foundress

of the Society of Marie Auxiliatrice (1834-1889); and the third deals with another member of the same society, "Mère Marie Elisabeth de Luppé." The last-mentioned is the shortest of the three narratives, but by no means the least readable; and all three, indeed, will interest the lay as well as the religious reader considerably more than may seem probable from their titles. Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.75.

—"Discourses and Essays," by John Ayscough (B. Herder Book Co.), is a collection of papers, short and long, on a variety of subjects with no particular indication as to which are essays and which discourses. In a second edition, it might be well to mention the occasion on which this or that discourse was given, especially as the book is not equipped with an index. "On this side of the Atlantic" would in that case be less ambiguous than it is at present, on page 211. That the volume is enjoyable goes without saying; it would be difficult for John Ayscough to be otherwise than entertaining. That many of its pages contain excellent material for serious thought on the part of Catholics and non-Catholics alike is evident from a mere cursory examination of this collection. It forms a 12mo of 220 pages. Price, \$1.75.

—The theory of Demosthenes, that the three parts of oratory are "action, action, action," has evidently been applied to fiction by Mark S. Gross, S. J., whose "To the Dark Tower" has just been published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The author sees to it that his "adventure-romance of breathless intensity and charming vividness," as it is modestly styled on its "jacket," shall escape the criticism of being lacking in incidents. The adventurous small boy will find that there is "something doing" on every page,—so many things appealing to his breathless intensity that he is in danger of being surfeited therewith. As the small boy's capacity for "thrills" is, however, practically unlimited, he will doubtless enjoy the story more than his more sophisticated elders. The narrative is a thoroughly Catholic one, with the religious note not unduly stressed. Price, \$1.90.

—In none of the numerous novels by Miss Isabel Clarke is there more masterful character drawing than in her new story, "Average Cabins." The plot is an intensely interesting one, and it is developed with the skill and dis-

inction of style to which the author has accustomed us. It is a sad story, however, for the most part. The least sympathetic of readers will pity the much-suffering heroine, and, while admiring her brother, will regret that he did not show as much prudence as charity in his dealings with the one whose sins were so strangely punished. A fine piece of work is the description of the meeting of the Ponsford clan (chapter XXXI.). Particularly good, too, is the portrayal of Pamela, who, though a "flapper," proves herself a "brick." "Average Cabins," like all of Miss Clarke's books, belongs to the class of novels of which there can not be too many. Benziger Brothers; price, \$2.15.

—Almanacs and calendars for 1923 continue to make their appearance. German readers will welcome *Der Wanderer Kalender*, which is one of the best of our annuals. It contains the usual amount of good reading and numerous illustrations, two of them being colored.—From the Frederick Pustet Co. comes *Regensburger Marien-Kalender*, with its attractive cover, in keeping with which are the reading matter and pictures.—The loose-leaf "Calendar of the Blessed Sacrament," issued by the Sentinel Press, New York city, is well calculated to foster devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and will be preferred to ordinary calendars by many Catholics.—The Salve Regina Society offers a series of twelve Christmas and New Year cards, which are enclosed in white envelopes and put up in neat boxes. Some of these cards, we must say, would be more desirable without the verses that are printed on them.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.

"What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.

"Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.

"Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.

"The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.

"Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

"Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

"Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.

"The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.

"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John J. Lilly, of the diocese of Kansas City; and Rev. Henry F. Hyland, diocese of Syracuse.

Sister Ann, of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

Mr. William H. Drain, Mr. George Ashwell, Mr. Cornelius Burke, Mrs. Nora McGrath, Miss Melanie Carles, Mr. H. G. Hener, Mr. Frank Kutz, Mr. Joseph McKnight, Mr. William McKnight, Mr. Edward McKnight, Mr. Edward Primeau, Mr. John Stuve, Mr. Lawrence Banville, Mr. David Johnston, Mrs. John Haley, Mr. Patrick O'Donnell, Miss Helen M. Larkin, Mrs. J. J. Love, Mrs. D. B. Brainard, Mr. William Hale, and Mrs. Alex Smith.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thou Father, who seest in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: A. E. O'T., \$1; A. W., \$100; Moline, Ill., \$5; Letitia D., \$1; John, \$5; J. B. L., \$8; Ella M., \$130; Emily Bull, \$2; K. M. M., \$30. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: in honor of St. Anthony, \$2.50; Mrs. M. E. W., \$5; Mary Boste, \$5; J. M. K., in honor of the B. V. M., \$10. For the famine sufferers in Russia and Armenia: Mrs. M. E. W., \$5; E. J. P. R., \$10; K. M. M., \$30. For the Foreign Missions: Baker, Oregon, 25 cents; Marie Drury, \$2.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 25.—St. Catherine, V. M.	WEDNESDAY, 29.—St. Saturninus, M. Bl.
SUNDAY, 26.—TWENTY-FIFTH AFTER PENTECOST.—St. John Berchmans, C. St. Sylvester, Ab. St. Peter of Alexandria, B. M.	Cuthbert Mayne, M. Vigil.
MONDAY, 27.—SS. Barlaam and Josaphat. St. Cumgar, Ab.	THURSDAY, 30.—St. Andrew, Ap.
TUESDAY, 28.—St. James la Marca, C. St. Gregory III., P. C.	DECEMBER.
	FRIDAY, 1.—Bl. Edmund Campion and Comp's, MM. St. Deinol, B.
	SATURDAY, 2.—St. Bibiana, V.

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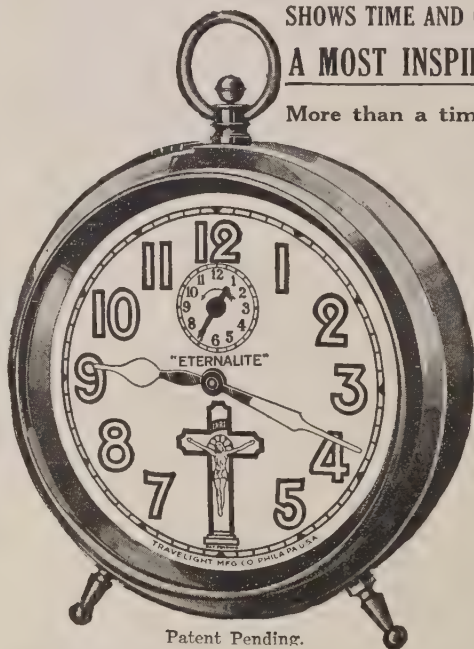
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VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 25, 1922.

NO. 22

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The Wings of Sound.

(Written after hearing a rendition of Gounod's
"Ave Maria.")

BY SYDNEY SNELL.

SOFTLY the light falls on a field of faces,
A field of serried ovals, dimly pale,
Like some strange growth in parched and
desert places,
That waits athirst the healing of the rain.
Winds in the forest trees; the silvern falling
Of rain on leaves new-opened in the Spring;
Bird-song, and waters unto waters calling—
Earth-music throbbing from the violins.
Then through that muted sweetness, in gradation
Voices of organ, flute, and 'cello break,
Bearing the theme to some high consummation,
Beauty ineffable and ultimate.
Ah, the vast seas of sound that break and
thunder!
Grandeur unbearable of chord on chord,
Until the soul from flesh is rent asunder,
And carried to the very feet of God.

LET us frankly admit that the spirituality of many people is merely a cloak for laziness. Their goodness is negative. Everyone knows this type of gentle "good" person wrapped up in spiritual selfishness. They are very sweet-tempered, yet unbendingly obstinate. The convenience of others, obvious duties, the plain call of charity, must all give way to their own spiritual comfort.

—J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P.

A New Movement for the Conversion of England.

BY MRS. REGINALD BALFOUR.

Since the War, Englishmen are impressed with a new sense of the reality of religion. They observed its effectiveness in the face of danger; its power to heal, tranquillize and uplift in the face of death. They have observed the definiteness of Catholic teaching. In Protestant England, many have adopted Catholic emblems which before would have repelled them. The message of War-shrines, crucifixes and rosaries awoke stirrings, maybe, of the old Catholic tradition never wholly obliterated. Belief in the efficacy of prayers for the dead is becoming more frequent. It is dawning on many that their choice must be between the Catholic religion or no religion at all.

THESE words were spoken by Cardinal Bourne, to encourage the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild, which he has greatly at heart, and to indicate the first showings of the harvest its members have to cultivate together.

The Evidence Guild is a band of zealous Catholics, both men and women, whose mission is to preach Catholic doctrine to the "crowd" out-of-doors, in the parks and open spaces of our towns, at the street-corners, in the highways and byways,—anywhere that they can get a hearing. Though the English are not an eloquent nation, they love to listen to oratory; stump speeches and outdoor sermons have always played a large part in English life. Anybody may have his say in the open air, if he can get anyone to listen to him, and is tolerated and unmolested by the police and the public so long as he controls his audience and causes no disturbance.

On Sundays, Hyde Park is the scene of such open-air oratory. Many thousands of Londoners, weary of the monotonous English "Sabbath," and its enforced idleness, parade for hours around the hundred and one speakers who offer their panaceas, religious and political, for the ills of the world. Individual Catholic preachers have spoken to this moving, fluctuating mass for many years, and the Guild of Ransom has kept a small band of men thus employed, in combination with their special and more effective work of organizing processions through the streets of London in honor of the English Martyrs, of Our Lady, and certain great festivals of the Church. The Catholic Evidence Guild has, for the last four years, taken its place amongst these outdoor preachers. It aims at sending, into this mission field, a highly trained and organized band of workers, thoroughly equipped with knowledge of the soil in which they have to work, with their theology "at their fingers' ends," ready and alert to withstand attack, to foster inquiry and to allay prejudice. Like all great movements, it sprang from a small individual effort, blessed and fertilized by Almighty God.

One of the isolated preachers of whom we have spoken, an Australian, the nephew of Archbishop Redwood of Melbourne, seeing the harvest and the fewness of the laborers, obtained the Cardinal's leave to join others to his efforts. Their new feature was to preach beneath the crucifix, a thing not done since the Reformation in England. With the Cardinal's earnest encouragement, the work has grown, till, at the present day, the Guild has a membership of 800 men and women, and is a practical working organization to train, test and equip them as preachers to this drifting, unshepherded, ignorant mass of the English people.

Let us look at the material upon

which they work. England may be said now to be pagan. Though her Government is nominally Christian, and she has an established Protestant Church, secularism in education and social legislation has secretly eaten her heart out. The Church of England has long since lost its hold on the great majority of the people. True, the old prejudice against "Popery" in the masses hardly exists; it has vanished with the remnants of faith, and is relegated to the thinning ranks of the Protestant League. So, in a way, there is a clear field in which to labor.

But the uneducated classes are hard to reach. If they have any life of ideas, it is reached by politics and communist propaganda. In them, a curiosity and a personal need for religion has to be created, as in a regular missionary country. "Most of the people in the crowds to whom we speak," writes a member of the Guild, "are indifferent to the whole subject of religion. Sometimes it seems as if they stood and listened because it is too much trouble to move away. Others there are who have vague notions of God and the future life, who admire Jesus Christ as the highest human example, but are not in any sense Christians. Then there are Protestants of every denomination, from Salvation Army to Church of England. Scattered among the crowd and causing the main opposition are a few atheists, secularists, and others whose only tenet seems to be merely negative hatred of the Church."

It is the vast middle class of England that will be the first to be educated by the Catholic Evidence Guild (it is largely from this class that the speakers are drawn). This class, if it has any religion, is Non-Conformist, that is, they maintain a Protestant attitude towards the Established Church of England. Theistic and Protestant in the essence, and hating ritual and

sacramental doctrine, the Non-Conformist sects preach a social creed, based on politics, internationalism, humanitarianism, modernism, etc.

Each sect is divided and subdivided into varieties and shades of opinion, depending largely on their pastor's or leader's cast of mind. The one uniting element is that all deny the Incarnation in the Catholic sense; all explain away the divinity of Jesus Christ, each in his own fashion, and regard Him merely as man. Hence supernatural religion is dead in the great mass of Englishmen, and it must all be re-taught to them. This is what the Catholic Evidence Guild is doing.

With a small portable rostrum and a tall crucifix, to be planted upon it like a landmark, a "squad" of the Catholic Evidence Guild speakers establish themselves at their "pitch." A "squad," in the phraseology of the League, is a detachment of several members of various degrees of training under the direction of a "squad leader." This may be either a man or a woman; but he or she must have passed all the tests of the training committee as a speaker, a theologian and a debater, and also be experienced in the handling of the crowd.

Some of the members of the squad may have passed their tests in one subject only; they have one set address they are safe to deliver, and one subject they are safe to handle. They give this address, and, if questions are asked, or the "heckling" is more than they can deal with, the squad leader puts some one else in their place, or mounts the platform himself to face the crowd. Thus movement and variety are ensured, and speakers succeed each other, allowing for rest to voice and mind for the preacher and continuity for the audience.

Often the preacher begins to speak to the empty air. Gradually, a group collects round him, individuals, detaching

themselves from other preachers, or arrested as they stroll by. The preacher holds their attention and more gather to hear him. He is interrupted by a voice in the crowd—some one challenges his statement. This may be a *bona-fide* inquirer, or it may be the professional "heckler," paid and trained by the Protestant League to refute the Catholic doctrine that is being preached.

This is what the lay preacher welcomes. In the give and take of question and answer, he can gain the confidence of his hearers, stimulate their curiosity to more inquiry, allay their suspicions, and establish a personal relationship which will often bear fruit. But it is precisely for this business of question and answer that the lay preachers must be trained. It is easy to get up one's doctrine for even an extempore address that follows a set line of thought; but it needs a ready memory and a nimble mind to follow and answer the objections and questions of a heterogeneous crowd, to distinguish between the genuine inquirer and the cynical scoffer, to deal with the blasphemer, and to answer all with courtesy, and give them true doctrine on all points.

At most of the "pitches" on Sundays, a priest takes his turn at preaching. Certain Dominicans (who wear their habit in defiance of the law forbidding it), Jesuits and Redemptorists, are devoting themselves to the work. These are all well-known preachers. Without the Guild, their message would be confined to Catholics in the churches, where the "crowd" would never come to hear them. Associated with the Guild and uniting their labors to the laymen's, the support is mutual. Anti-clericalism, as it is known in Continental countries, does not exist in England. The Church is too much of a "beleaguered city" for it to exist within its walls; and, to the outsider, a priest in his habit is either

an object of idle curiosity, or he is accorded a certain rough approval from the fact that he has embraced a life of poverty and labor.

Across the great noisy street, from where the lay preacher holds his audience in Hyde Park, the same work for the conversion of England is going on in a different form. In one of the great houses overlooking the Park is established a community of nuns, who, in perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament in their small chapel, pray night and day for the restoration of the Faith to England, and for the success of those who are laboring to this end. The house is unsuitable and restricted for this growing community, but it was chosen for its position on the site of the gallows where the English Martyrs died for their Faith in the reign of Elizabeth. To be hung, drawn and quartered at "Tyburn Tree" was the glorious fate of hundreds of priests and religious, in the Sixteenth Century.

These, our English Martyrs, were beatified by Leo XIII. in 1886. Their blood is offered day and night in the prayers of the nuns of Tyburn Convent for the country for which they died. Before the altar two candles burn perpetually, on one of which is written "For England," on the other, "For the King." It is the practice of one or more of the speakers in the Park to slip across to Tyburn Convent, whilst his companions address the crowd, and spend his free half hour in prayer and adoration. Other laymen and women, unable to preach themselves, have made it their practice to spend the hours at which the preaching takes place, in prayer in their own parish churches, or elsewhere, thus sharing in the great work.

But Hyde Park is now only one of many "pitches." At the dinner hour on Tower Hill the preachers are busy. "Pitches" have been established in

Regent's Park, in the suburbs, and in the provincial and industrial towns of the Midlands and the North. They are growing rapidly in number. The preachers are recruited from every class, and are of all ages and conditions. Professional men are devoting all their leisure to the work; others have resigned lucrative professions to live on small, private means, that they may give their time altogether. Young men beginning life as clerks, journalists, civil servants, men and women of the leisured class, some converts, some from the old Catholic families,—all are throwing their energy and enthusiasm into the work.

After four years' activity, the Guild is now in thorough working order. It is about to publish its year-book, with constitution, rules, counsels and special devotions to the Holy Spirit. Great stress is laid on prayer, and stringent rules are formulated for the training of the speakers. Twice a week, a short lecture is given to an audience of say forty or fifty aspiring preachers and other associates of the Guild. The lecturer takes some subject, for instance, Miracles, and explains it very concisely and fully from the point of view of the crowd. As we have seen, this point of view is so varied that great knowledge and skill are needed to present a question so that all aspects are represented.

The lecture over, the class divides into three or four groups which collect round other teachers, who then summarize the lecture, and call upon one or more of his group to speak on it for five or ten minutes; questions are put; the teacher, or another, plays the part of *advocatus diaboli*, proposing difficult objections, such as are likely to be put by the crowd.

A syllabus of the lecture is handed round for study, books recommended and lent; and the students are expected to perfect themselves in the subject and be ready to give a "test lecture" in it

during the week. The tests are severe, being always conducted by a priest, who seeks to catch his pupil in weak theology, or careless reasoning. A very high standard of efficiency is finally reached.

Since the very early days of what opponents call the "Anti-Roman Campaign," when there were one or two disturbances on account of its presence, the crucifix has been unmolested. But the Anti-Roman Campaigners are not so tolerant. Formerly, it was necessary for a bodyguard of young Catholics to go out with the preacher to defend the crucifix. If the opposition revives, this may be necessary again. But though it taxes the preachers individually, the Guild welcomes evidence of bitter sectarian opposition, for, they say, wherever it becomes aggressive, the crowd come round to their side. The listeners watch the battle of words, and show their sympathies to the one who, coolly and steadily, can hold his own, and give positive doctrine for empty and bitter criticism or abuse.

They are full of hope and confidence, this band of missionaries. They do not look for a quick crop of individual conversions, though very many are wrought incidentally; but are ready to dig, to plough, to harrow and sow the seed, for future generations to harvest. It must be a slow, patient labor theirs; a work of destruction of prejudice and of re-construction and re-education of the ignorant in the rudiments of the Christian faith. Some day, England will return to the Church, how or when who can say? Will it be after much tribulation and chastening? It is thus God deals with individuals. It is in the hour of our need we learn to call upon His mercy.

LIFE is only a day passed quickly and gone; but the merit of it, the glory given to God, will remain forever.

—Fr. Doyle, S. J.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXIV.

UPSTAIRS, Eloise paced her room in an anger, which, at first, absorbed all other feelings. With it was mingled a bitter mortification. She remembered with annoyance, how arrogantly she had asserted her claim to the house; and that arrogance had been part of the pleasure she took in her new possession. She recalled every detail of the place as she had seen it first. She would have liked to remember something which Marcia had said or done to provoke her. Eloise knew that she had deliberately striven to provoke Marcia; and it was Marcia, who, without the slightest effort on her part, had won Gregory,—had won him by her half-amused, almost disdainful holding aloof on the occasion of his visits; an avoidance to be replaced later by a frank friendliness, because of the man's interest in Larry.

"If I could only remember one effort she made, one look or one word, it would be a comfort," Eloise reflected desperately. "I hate to think of her winning him without using a single weapon."

The realization of her own loss, which so far outweighed that of the property, suddenly put all other thoughts to flight. Once more she gave herself up to uncontrollable weeping:

"My heart is broken, Gregory!" she exclaimed. "You can never be mine again."

She pleaded a headache, and excused herself from dinner. Yet later in the evening, following upon a pencilled note from Reggie Hubbard, she dressed herself with great care, and went down to spend an hour with him in the conservatory. She told him nothing of her sorrow, but he, seeing that she was out of spirits, and aware that she had spent

the afternoon with Gregory Glassford, made an unwonted effort; and his presence was more efficacious than anything else could have been in soothing her heartache.

Larry Brentwood, busy in his office, had a surprise which was not altogether pleasant. He heard the voice of his cousin asking to see him. He sprang up and went forward hastily to meet her, bringing her away from a group of loungers who were waiting for Glassford.

"Larry," Eloise said, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Consider it granted," Larry said, "if it is in my power."

"I want you to come with me to that lawyer's office. I mean my grandfather's lawyer. His name, I think, is Perkins."

"Of course, I'll be glad to do so."

"Well, let us go at once. I want to see a copy of the will."

Larry bent his head. He felt that this was possibly a sore subject, and a very difficult one to discuss with his cousin.

"I mean, of course, the will that Ambrose Gilfillan found."

She was going to say, "pretended to find"; but, out of consideration for Larry, omitted that qualifying phrase. Larry reached for his hat.

"You do not mind?" the girl said, hesitating an instant, and looking up into his face.

"Not at all. It is most natural you should want to see it. Only I wonder you did not ask Gregory to get you a copy."

"I preferred to ask you," Eloise responded; "my guardian is occupied with other matters."

"Oh, he would find time for that!" Larry assured her, quite innocently.

"I shall not put him to the trouble," she replied.

"Then, there is the lawyer, Alfred Higgins, who is acting for you."

"I want to see Mr. Perkins and get the will from him," declared Eloise, decidedly; "and if you do not care to come, I shall go alone."

"Just give me time to lock my desk," Larry said; and, leaving word with the office boy that he would be back in half an hour, he followed Eloise to the street. One of the loungers—it was old Tompkins—had risen to open the door for her with a bow that belonged to another century.

"What are all those men doing there?"

Larry laughed.

"Chiefly nothing," he answered; "some are waiting for Glassford, who has been out of town since yesterday; others are hoping to pick up some information, or are simply killing time."

Eloise stood and looked around her at the narrow street with its high offices that almost shut out the sunlight, and in some of which the destinies of at least half the world seemed determined. The bustle and the stir, the suppressed excitement in the air, appealed to the girl's present mood.

"I should like to be down here," she exclaimed. "Oh, why are we women condemned to such narrow lives!"

Larry did not attempt a reply to that conundrum.

"Let us see," he said, "Mr. Perkins' office is on Broadway, just round the corner. I suppose it's scarcely worth calling a taxi?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, "I want to see everything. I have hardly ever been down here."

Larry pointed out as they went this place or that of special interest. Eloise was trying hard to forget all that was vexatious in the recent turn of affairs. Her resentment against Glassford was still strong. In him she saw a chief factor in all her misfortunes. Nor did

she pause to reflect that he could not possibly have acted otherwise. He had been forced by the confidence which Gilfillan, on his deathbed, had reposed in him to take cognizance of the man's disclosures and of the will which he had for so long concealed.

She would probably have regarded the matter in a more reasonable light but for the avowal which Glassford had made of his love for Marcia and his desire to marry her. She tried to picture the scene, wondering in what words Gregory had made his offer, and in what manner, precisely, Marcia had made her refusal. She wondered if Larry knew. She would have liked to ask him; but there was something in that quiet young man, for all his genial kindness and winning courtesy of manner, that made Eloise hesitate to question him about his sister's affairs.

Nor did the interview with the stately old lawyer tend to soothe the girl's wounded feelings. Mr. Perkins was plainly surprised to see her.

"My dear young lady," he told her, "I have been acting in this matter with the young attorney, Mr. Higgins, whom your guardian very properly engaged to represent you."

"But is there no possibility of—mistake?" Eloise asked.

"None, whatever—in so far as I have been able to ascertain."

"Or treachery on the part of Ambrose Gilfillan?"

"Treachery there certainly was in abundance, atoned for by the production of that later will and the man's confession, both verbal and written."

"But how could he ever have managed to deceive anybody?"

"Oh, my dear Miss Brentwood! that is one of the problems with which we lawyers have frequently to deal. Why my late client was so unduly influenced by the man in question into believing the most improbable allegations against his

son; and finally, when he had reason to change his mind, making his latest will without informing us, and in such a fashion, that it enabled Gilfillan to carry out his nefarious purposes,—all this is, indeed, a mystery."

Nor would he permit any further discussion of the subject, declaring that every step had been taken and every possible effort made to test the validity of the latest will. He even gave signs of resentment at the attitude of doubt which Eloise had assumed, and suggested that Perkins and Co., to say nothing of Mr. Glassford and his attorney, were not accustomed to have suspicion cast on their proceedings. He promised, however, to send her a copy of the will.

Before leaving the office, he shook hands warmly with Larry, who had remained an embarrassed spectator.

"I understand you are the son of the late Mr. Walter Brentwood," he said, "for whom I had the highest esteem."

"Of course, everyone had, except his foolish, old father," commented Eloise, in an audible aside.

But Mr. Perkins took no notice of her, except to give her a ceremonious bow as he held the door open for her.

"Would you like to see Mr. Higgins?" Larry ventured to ask, when they were downstairs.

"No, I would not. He was probably browbeaten by that detestable old man, and afraid to ask a single question."

"You are unjust," said Larry, firmly. "Gregory Glassford and he, not only thrashed the whole matter out, but Mr. Perkins himself took every possible step to be certain that no forgery had been attempted."

"Let it go, then," said Eloise, "and, at least, I am glad that you will benefit by the transaction."

"It would be absurd to say that I am not glad, in one way," admitted Larry, "especially on account of mother and

Marcia. But, believe me, I am sorry that you should be the loser, especially as you seem, after all, to value the old place."

"I did value it," Eloise said, with tears in her eyes, "but there is no use in talking any more about it; and, I suppose, with the money I can get another house—but it will not have any ghosts. Do you remember when we talked about the ghosts, and I tried to make you believe I was really afraid?"

"I remember very well," Larry laughed. "You were trying hard to persuade yourself that we really had a ghost or two."

"Walk as far as the Subway with me, Larry," she suggested. "I know you are dying to get back to the office."

He could not help admiring her poise and self-possession in the face of that adverse decision. He went down the steps with her, since she refused a taxi, and waited till the local should come thundering by.

"Larry," Eloise said, "I know you are sorry for me, and I want to thank you."

"Eloise, till you get your new house, since that is your desire, all of us want you to consider the old house home. It does belong, you know, to all the Brentwoods."

"I do not think it will ever be my home again, Larry, as you shall know, one of these days."

She did not explain her enigmatical words. The train came, and the girl was soon lost to sight.

When Larry returned to the office he found Glassford there, who had arrived in time to arrest a flow of eloquence on the part of old Tompkins. He was elaborately explaining who the feminine visitor to the office had been, her precise relationship to Larry and to the late Mr. James Brentwood.

Glassford did not ask Larry any questions; but he, disliking the appearance of secrecy, volunteered the statement

that, at her request, he had accompanied Eloise to Mr. Perkins' office.

"Ah!" exclaimed Glassford, with a slight compression of the lips. Then he added, cordially, "I am glad you did."

He made no further allusion to the subject, and Larry did not feel called upon to mention any details of the interview with Mr. Perkins.

XXV.

Since the evening of the walk in the moonlight, Marcia had been in an unusual mood, as Larry was quick to perceive, and as even Mrs. Brentwood remarked. She went light-heartedly about her work, singing, at times, an old song:

What makes the day sae bright?
What makes my heart sae light?
Robin Adair.

Or she stood at the window and looked out, mentally tracing such portions of the path that she and Gregory had walked together. The lane and that stretch of lawn outside the house would always, after this, be associated with one who, hitherto, had but touched the surface of her life. Now, he belonged to it, whatever might be the final result of the words he had spoken.

"Gregory Glassford!" Only the other day, as it seemed, she had heard his name and had looked forward to his arrival with the idle curiosity of a monotonous life, and had presumed him to be merely the sort of man who would shine in the Critchleys' set, and attach himself to some one, young and immature, like Eloise. Now, he had come into her life, and stood resolutely there, with many of the attributes she most admired in a man, and had asked her to readjust all her ideas; had begged, in fact, for the one great gift she had to give, herself.

Sometimes, as the others noted, she was unusually irritable, annoyed by trifles, which she was accustomed smilingly to disregard. Her nature was in conflict with itself.

"Why should I desire another existence?" she mentally exclaimed, as though some opposing voice was questioning her, "since I am satisfied with this, and *he* must,—he must marry Eloise, when she tires of other men!"

It is true that a chill desolation crept over her at the very thought; and she was glad when that second voice seemed to argue, that, speaking as he had done out there, under the moon-swept sky, feeling, as he evidently did, that it would be impossible for Gregory to marry any one else. It was altogether a puzzling question, which deprived her of peace of mind. Now the house was hers and Larry's, and she had Gregory Glassford besides, if she cared to accept the gift he had unreservedly offered. Surely, he would not ask her to go away, and she told herself, it would be impossible to leave her stepmother.

"No, no! I can't leave her, Gregory, not even for you."

That was usually the sum and substance of her meditations.

"You mustn't mind, Larry, if I have been cranky," she once said, laughing. "I have been very busy of late."

"House cleaning?" inquired the brother. "I thought it was done in September."

"So it was; but I have been doing a sort of mental house cleaning, turning my mind inside out."

"I should judge it would be less fatiguing than the other kind."

"No, it is more fatiguing."

She did not think it necessary to add, that, on mature consideration, it was really her heart she was trying to put in order.

To Mrs. Brentwood, Marcia merely said:

"If Gregory Glassford should come here—"

"He scarcely ever does, Marcia, as is quite natural, since Eloise is gone."

"Still he may come again. He has

spoken to Larry about driving out some afternoon."

"I'm sure I hope he will, my dear. I am always glad to see him, and no doubt, you are too, Marcia. He is so nice a man, and your dear father and uncle thought very highly of him."

"I was going to say, mother, it might be better not to mention Eloise to him."

"Not mention Eloise? Why, it seems the most natural thing in the world to couple their names together. Most men are pleased with such little jests, as link them with those they admire."

Mrs. Brentwood remained silent a moment, knitting a row or two as she pondered.

"Of course, Mr. Glassford may not be just that kind of a man."

"So, mother, since we don't exactly know which kind of a man he is, it may be better not to say anything about my cousin."

"I dare say you are right, my dear, you generally are; and I won't mention the subject."

Curiously enough, Mrs. Brentwood was to receive another jar to her tranquil acceptance of facts, before that day was ended. Marcia had gone out, and, as was customary, some one of the household was left on guard, in case the old lady should require anything. Very often Minna was employed for the service; but on this particular afternoon, Eliza came to keep "the mistress" company. Mrs. Brentwood was glad, for she always enjoyed a chat with this faithful servant.

In the course of their confidential chat, Mrs. Brentwood remarked, in her kindly fashion, upon their late visitor, and the attraction which she seemed to possess for Mr. Glassford.

"Mrs. Brentwood, ma'am," exclaimed Eliza, "if you'll excuse me saying so, it is no flibbertigibbet like Miss Eloise that such a fine young man as Mr. Glassford is looking after."

Mrs. Brentwood stared at her in surprise, as the cook continued her oracular discourse:

"I have seen a good bit in my time, and although the ways of men, and of women too, for that matter, is past findin' out, why, ma'am dear, you may take my word for it, he has his mind set on Miss Marcia ever since he laid eyes on her."

"Oh, Eliza!" remonstrated Mrs. Brentwood, "I'm sure you are mistaken; and though it would be delightful in one sense of the word, why, as matters are, it would be distressing."

"Distressing or not, I seen it comin' ever since the gentleman began his visits here; and now it's come. I'm goin' to tell you, what I wouldn't breathe to any one else, seein' that Miss Marcia wouldn't like it."

The poor lady in the chair, devoured by curiosity and interest, in which was curiously blended hope and dismay, sat quite erect and looked with troubled eyes at Eliza.

"You see, Mrs. Brentwood, ma'am, I had been over at my sister's, and comin' home, that last fine night, when the moon was full, what should I see but Mr. Glassford and Miss Marcia sweet-heartin' in the moonlight. By that, I mean, he was talkin', pleadin' like, and she lookin' up in his face, with those blue eyes, the very ditto of Mr. Walter's, God rest his soul! You mind, ma'am, how he used to look?"

Mrs. Brentwood, taking out her handkerchief, began to weep silently.

"You and I, ma'am," continued Eliza, "knew what it was to set our hearts on some one that the Lord took away very soon. I was just three years and six weeks married—I was married out of this house, though it was long before your time,—and when the great blow fell on me, and the best husband that a woman ever had was took, and buried in the one grave with our fine boy of

two, why, I just came back here, and here I've been ever since; and I've seen courtin' and marryin' and the like, year in, year out; but I never seen anything plainer than what it was Mr. Glassford had in his mind, nor what he was tellin' Miss Marcia out there in the moonlight."

Eliza paused, exhausted by her own eloquence, while Mrs. Brentwood feebly murmured:

"Dear, dear, this will be very unpleasant news for Eloise."

"Don't waste any sympathy on her, ma'am. But as I was sayin', there they was, and Miss Marcia very pale and listenin' to him with trouble in her eyes, I suppose, because of her cousin; and neither o' them noticin' myself any more than if I had been one of the trees by the roadside."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Brentwood, "they must have been very much engrossed to mistake you for a tree."

She glanced, as she spoke, at the portly form of the cook, who instantly responded:

"That was only a manner of speaking, for I stood behind a tree, till they had passed on, and God be with all those that are gone, whom I had seen, walking up the lane, or over the lawn, busy with their own love-makin'; but I never seen a finer couple than the young mistress and Mr. Glassford; a grand gentleman he is, and if she listens to him, that's a match will have been made in heaven."

"Oh, it hasn't gone that far yet," said Mrs. Brentwood, "and there is no telling about Miss Marcia; but I don't know how we shall ever face Miss Eloise."

"Miss Marcia has spirit enough for anything, and she can up and say to her: 'If a gentleman came here, and seen us both, and set his heart on me, without so much as my finger bein' raised, there's no one to blame.'"

Into the room at that very moment

came the young lady under discussion, and her quick eyes saw that there was something unusual in the situation. After her fashion, however, she asked no questions, but gave Eliza time to recover from her evident perturbation; for the cook was afraid that she had heard, and might be displeased at the liberty taken of discussing her affairs.

Sitting down, she began to tell Eliza of purchases she had made.

"You know, good people," she said, "I went all the way to Harlem. It's the noisiest, most crowded place. But I love the water, and there was an old man at the market who began to tell me, he 'minded the time when the Sylvan Wood and the Sylvan Stream were plying up and down the River, and everything was so quiet.'"

"Why, I remember that time myself, Miss Marcia," said Eliza.

"So do I, my dear," put in Mrs. Brentwood, "though I was quite young then. But how did you get to Harlem?"

"I walked over and took the Subway."

"That must have been a dreadfully long walk."

"Oh, no, mother, and I got a cross-town car down there."

Her cheeks were glowing; her eyes were sparkling after the exercise, and Eliza was prompt to remark how happy she looked.

"The walk did me good," Marcia agreed. Eliza, declaring that she would be late with her cooking, and having an uncomfortable feeling of being caught in an indiscretion, returned to the kitchen. There she snubbed Sarah, the housemaid, who, during the course of the evening meal, made a casual reference to "Miss Eloise's beau."

"He's no more her beau than he's yours," snapped the presiding genius of the kitchen, which silenced the girl, and left her in profound astonishment.

Meanwhile, Marcia was saying:

"I am writing to Eloise."

"Are you, indeed?" asked the elder woman, a pucker of anxiety between her brows.

"I am asking her to consider this house her home. Do you approve?"

"I do most heartily. It is a kindly thought, and a proper course of action."

"I shall show you the letter when it is written."

As she went towards the desk, which stood in an alcove, she added:

"I should particularly like to have her here just now."

"Should you?" inquired Mrs. Brentwood, wondering if this desire had any connection with what Eliza had been saying.

"Yes," said the girl, "she would help me in something I am trying to do,—at least, I think so; and—it would settle one or two matters."

Mrs. Brentwood sighed.

"You know best, and if it would help you in any way, of course it would be well to have her here; though you mustn't be shocked at my saying, that it was a great relief when she went away."

Marcia burst out laughing.

"Nevertheless," she said, "Larry tells me she feels the loss of the house dreadfully, and I want to assure her that, as a Brentwood, she has her share in it."

Mrs. Brentwood nodded.

"That is right, of course, Marcia."

As the girl sat down at the desk, she thought:

"Of course, I have my private reasons, though I should have done the same in any case. But now I want to keep Mr. Gregory Glassford at bay; and I would like Eloise to be here and to have as much of his society as possible. Down there, she scarcely sees him at all, while here, I can keep out of the way and things will settle themselves in whatever way is best."

The letter which she presently read to her stepmother was as follows:

"MY DEAR COUSIN:—Ever since the unexpected turn* of affairs that followed Ambrose Gilfillan's death, I have wanted to say, that I hope you will always regard the House at the Cross Roads as your real home; not where you may come on a visit, but where you will always find your rooms undisturbed. They are the best we have to offer, and mother, Larry and I unite in offering them with love and the hope that you will soon occupy them. I should be glad if you came now, if it would not interrupt your season at Dolly's.

"Affectionately yours,

"MARCIA."

She put into that epistle, which was written with much care, all the warmth and sincerity of a kindly, generous heart; and she did not know that destiny was, even then, preparing an unexpected answer to her letter.

(To be continued.)

The King's Feast.

BY EUGENE P. BURKE, C. S. C.

THIS morn a great King called me
 To His palace hall to dine;
 I heard no word the great King spoke,
 But I ate the Bread the good King broke,
 And supped His royal Wine.
 I supped the Wine He held me,
 And my heart grew warm within;
 I felt the sweep of unseen wings,
 And knew the joy of secret things,
 And the open shame of sin.
 I walked into the city
 Where the buzzing highways are;
 And men in a fog groped all about,
 But deep from my heart a Light shone out,
 Clear as a single star.
 And some men's hearts were starving,
 And some men could not see;
 But I had known a glorious thing:
 The Bread and Wine of the holy King
 Were Food and Light to me.

Apparitions of a Soul from Purgatory.*

IN the month of September, 1870, Sister Mary Seraphine, of the Redemptorist Convent in Mechlin, Belgium, suddenly experienced an indescribable pain of soul, as oppressive as it was inexplicable. Hitherto she had been light-hearted and joyous—a true Frenchwoman by nature as by birth. Unconscious of any cause to which this unusual sadness might be attributed, she endeavored to overcome, or at least to disregard it; but all her efforts were quite futile.

Far from conquering her depression, a few days after her first attack of melancholy, Sister Seraphine found herself besieged as it were by an invincible power, which surrounded and followed her everywhere, leaving her no rest or peace, night or day. She felt herself frequently drawn, for instance, by her Scapular; again a heavy weight seemed to press upon her right shoulder. "It is just like a load of lead," she explained to her superioress.

On September 29, there arrived from France a letter, which, owing to the disturbed condition of the country at the time, had been delayed two weeks. It announced the death of Sister Seraphine's father on the 17th of the month. This gave the key to the mystery. Henceforth the poor Sister's trouble became intensified, and she often heard groans which resembled the ejaculations her father used to utter when in pain. A distinctly audible voice now began to repeat in her ear: "My dear daughter, have pity on me, have pity on me!"

On October 4 the Sister experienced new mental pains, and became physically ill. Her head was the chief seat of this additional suffering, which was so intense as to be scarcely tolerable. These

* This narrative, the truth of which was vouched for by the venerable Abbé Curieque, is perhaps one of the most remarkable of its kind ever recorded. Some details of minor importance are omitted.

attacks lasted until the middle of the month. On the evening of October 14, when she had retired at the usual hour, she saw approaching her, between the wall of the room and her bed, her poor father, all enveloped in flames, and seemingly a prey to extreme sadness. So pitiful was the spectacle that the Sister could not help raising plaintive cries. At the same time it seemed to her that she, too, was being burned.

The next evening, about the same hour, just as she was reciting, at the foot of her bed, the *Salve Regina*, she again saw her father in the same position as before, and still in the midst of flames. At that hour she was henceforward to see him during the frequent apparitions that were to precede his deliverance from Purgatory. On this occasion Sister Seraphine asked herself interiorly whether her father had not perhaps been guilty of some injustice in his business affairs. Answering her thought, he said to her: "No, I have committed no injustice; but I suffer on account of my continual impatience, and for other faults which I am not permitted to tell you."

She then asked him if he did not receive solace from the Masses that were being celebrated in his behalf. "Oh, yes!" was the reply; "I feel every morning a refreshing dew that eases my soul. But I need the Stations of the Cross, the Stations of the Cross!"

The next time that the apparition occurred the Sister, following a recommendation that had been made to her, exclaimed: *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum*—"Let every spirit praise the Lord!" As her father did not reply, she said to herself: "May it not be the evil one?" But, reading her thought, the father protested: "No, no! I am not the demon."—"In that case," she answered, "say with me: 'Praised be Jesus and Mary!'" He repeated the ejaculation twice, and added these

words from the Gospel of St. John: "And the Word was made flesh."

"Alas!" he continued, with deep moans, "I have been more than a year in Purgatory, and you have no pity on me!"—"But, my poor father," replied the Sister, "it is hardly a month since you died." To this he answered: "Oh, how foolish I was to oppose your entering religion! It is only through you that I can obtain any relief. My other children think me as being in heaven." As a matter of fact, his other children did think him already in heaven, as may be seen by this extract from a letter written by one of them to Sister Seraphine: "Father died like a saint. He is certainly in heaven."

On the following evening Sister Seraphine saw her father overwhelmed with sadness, but not surrounded as before with flames. He complained, however, that he had not been relieved from his torments so notably on that day as on the day before.—"But, my dear father," said the Sister, "don't you understand that we can not be praying all day?"—"I don't ask," was the reply, "that you should be always on your knees; but that your work may be done for my intention, and the indulgences you gain be applied to me....O my dear daughter, remember that you offered yourself as a victim on the day of your profession!...Ah! if people only knew what Purgatory is, they would suffer everything to escape it, and to help the poor prisoners who are detained therein. You, my daughter, ought to become a holy religious, and observe faithfully the smallest details of your rule. The Purgatory of religious is terrible."

The permission enjoyed by this holy soul to appear to his daughter and appeal to her for help was due, the Sister learned, to the many good works he had performed during his lifetime. He was especially devoted to Our Lady, in whose honor he approached the Sacraments on

each of her feasts; he was very compassionate toward the unfortunate, and did not stint his charitable offerings; he had even once begged from house to house in aid of a convent for the Little Sisters of the Poor.

At different times Sister Seraphine put various questions to her father, but it was not always permitted him to answer them. On one occasion she begged him to leave upon her a visible mark. "You see, dear father," she urged, "how much I suffer from my uncertainty as to whether I am not the victim of an illusion, and whether your apparition may not be simply the work of my imagination. I beg you, then, to leave upon my hand a mark by which I may know that it is really you whom I see."—"No," was the reply, "I will not leave any mark. The pain you suffer is willed of God, and the uncertainty that torments you is destined to hasten my deliverance." Later on, however, the apparition touched Sister Seraphine on two different occasions. She felt as if badly burned; and her skin was blackened by the touch, although her habit showed no trace of fire.

On All Souls' evening he seemed to smile, and said: "We have been greatly comforted to-day, and many souls have gone to heaven."

On one occasion Sister Seraphine asked her father: "Do the souls in Purgatory know those who pray for them, and can they pray for the faithful still on earth?" The answer was in the affirmative. He further informed the Sister that he had seen (probably at the moment of judgment) God in all His beauty, as well as the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; that the sight had enraptured him, and that ever since then his desire to possess God had been growing more and more ardent. He added that his Guardian Angel came often to comfort him.

Toward the end of November, Sister Seraphine saw her father as usual one evening; but he seemed closer to her than before,—a circumstance that caused her excruciating pains. She appeared to herself to be all on fire, so real was the sensation of being burned, especially about the ears. Her father told her on this occasion that, if the community continued to pray for him, he would be delivered from his fiery prison during the Christmas festivals. It is noteworthy that this soul was immediately solaced by even the most secret prayers or good works offered to God for his intention, and that he had knowledge of such acts.

Acting always on the instructions of her confessor and superioress, Sister Seraphine in the meanwhile continued to seek information from her father. She once asked him whether it is true that all the torments of the martyrs were less painful than the sufferings of Purgatory. He replied that it was strictly true. To the question whether the members of the Confraternity of Mount Carmel who wear the Scapular are delivered from Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death, he replied: "Yes, if they have faithfully fulfilled their obligations to this end."

On November 30 the Sister heard her father exclaim, with a dolorous sigh: "It appears to me an eternity since I entered Purgatory! My most acute pain at present is the unquenchable thirst to see God and possess Him. I am continually darting upward to reach Him, and feel myself thrust back into the flames. Sometimes I am about to escape by a supreme effort; but I feel divine justice detaining me, because I have not yet completed my satisfaction."

The Sister reiterated the prayer which she had for some time been addressing to her father, that he would obtain for her from God the moral strength necessary to preserve herself

in the state of grace amidst the excessive bodily sufferings and the painful interior struggles which she had continually to endure. "I have prayed for you," he said to her, "and will continue to do so; but in return you must make up your mind to suffer still more until I am delivered."

On December 3 her father, although still sad, appeared resplendent to Sister Seraphine. On that occasion, he said: "My dear daughter, you will endure great sufferings from now until Christmas Day, when I shall be delivered."

From that evening, December 3, until the 12th, the apparition no longer visited Sister Seraphine; but on the 12th, 13th, and 14th it recurred at the usual hour, radiant with additional splendor at each successive visit. From the 14th until the 25th it again ceased to appear. In the meantime the Sister's sufferings became intensified, and on Christmas Eve she was so prostrated that it seemed almost impossible for her to drag herself to the chapel. However, she attended the Midnight Mass. Her father appeared to her for the last time between the two Elevations, resplendent as the sun at noon.

So brilliant and luminous was the apparition during this farewell visit that Sister Seraphine could only catch a glimpse of his face; the rest of his figure was lost in a blaze of effulgence. From that hour she experienced an ineffable peace of soul, together with an invincible conviction that she had not been a prey to the illusion of her senses or to the machination of the demon.

Little remains to be told. On that same Christmas Day Sister Seraphine was attacked by the disease which six months later crowned her aspirations to behold the glories enjoyed by her beatified father. Her sufferings were long and agonizing, but she bore them all with the greatest patience, and died like a saint.

The Old Homestead.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

IT was only a cottage homestead, builded of the gray rubble of the district, but, with its thatched roof, beneath whose deep eaves the swallows nested, its diamond-paned windows, and its wide porch, it is pictured in the pages of Memory's Book. When I think of them, I am young again.

My father, who was a landscape gardener in a part of East Anglia, which I will style Westerham, built this rural home himself, and when he wedded bonnie Jean, a country beauty, he brought her to it. In course of time, merry children peeped out of the windows, or played on the porch, or in the big, green garden.

What a garden it was, to be sure! When I recall it, I think of the lines:

I have a garden of mine own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness.

There was an orchard thickly planted with cherry trees, yellow plums, called bullace, pearmain, and other fruits. There was a bower, too, and a large grassplot.

Flower beds, orchard, grassplot,—all were square. "An honest man should be square in his dealings, so I'll have my garden square," was my father's dictum.

I seem to see him as he said it. A little man in gray homespun, with merry blue eyes and curly brown hair. Our mother was a complete contrast, tall, stately, dark-eyed, and dark-haired. On one side our father's forbears were Flemish, our mother's came of old English and Southern stock.

A sweet story of true love was handed down in her family. During the Napoleonic wars, one of her ancestors owned much land in the neighborhood; but

when he was fighting on the Continent his bailiff or steward proved unfaithful to his trust, and decamped with a large sum in gold. The faithful wife went to meet her husband on his return, and broke the ill tidings as gently as might be to him.

He dismounted from his horse, and, putting his arm round her, said: "Don't fret, sweetheart, we have each other, and no one can rob us of our love."

Grandmother had wedded Pat, the thatcher. She had been a belle, and when he died, the old suitors came round her like flies round a honey pot. One of them, a well-to-do man, who had Esquire after his name, waited for her as long as Jacob served for Rachel, and made a yearly offer of marriage; but the thatcher's fair widow had always the one reply: "I thank you for the honor you would do me, but I have wedded once and that is enough. I shall live for my children till the good God calls me."

She had a little cottage next door to our homestead. Grannie and her spinning wheel and knitting pins are amongst my earliest remembrances.

When my wee sister, Jean, slept in the village—God's acre—I was the youngest girl of our household, and, as such, had certain privileges. One was to sit on a three-legged stool next to mother at breakfast, and be "Q" in the Corner, which means Quiet; the other was to kneel near father at prayer time. How often, when I've been tired or lonely, have I seemed to feel his arm round me!

Going to market was a weekly event of some importance, and my father sometimes took me along with him. It was early to bed and early to rise, and we two shared the front seat in the square cart behind gray Dobbin. I can recollect my dear companion pointing to the rising sun with his whip, saying: "Look, my child, there is one of the

most beautiful works of our Heavenly Father." In many respects he reminded me of St. Wulstan, the saintly ploughman or hind, to whom so many of the churches in East Anglia are dedicated.

Father's charity was great. All that he had he shared with others. Once when the weather was bitter, he filled the large cart with his best potatoes, and when he reached a small, outlying hamlet, in which there was want of food, he let down the back board, and the potatoes rolled out as the cart rattled on.

"Pick 'em up and cook and eat 'em!" shouted father, and the hungry people blessed him.

The old Bluecoat School at Birmingham had a most quaint frontage. On either side of the doorway, high above the street, were the colored effigies of two children, a little boy and a little maid in Georgian costume, and beneath them in golden letters were the words: "We can not recompense you, but you will be recompensed at the Resurrection of the just." And on the massive door were the apostolic words, "Charity is kind."

All these golden words could have been applied to my father. Seldom was the chamber over his porch without an occupant. Once, as I well remember, he brought home a young lad whom he had found wandering through the woods on his way to East Dereham workhouse. The boy was in a wet and dazed state, and could give but a scanty account of himself; name, place of residence, belongings,—all had been erased from his mind by some terrible shock. Had he a mother? No, she was dead. Had he a father? No! He had been found hanging from a hock like that, and he pointed to an iron hook in the ceiling.

There was much crime about, and it may well have been that the little wanderer's mind had been shocked by

some grim tragedy. Our mother cared for him and sat up till dawn mending his clothes with only pussie and the grandfather's clock to keep her company. Then she would rise extra soon in the morning to boil the milk and prepare breakfast for the wanderer and her little flock. I often dressed and ran down the sanded stairs and helped her, swept the floor, and put the little wooden bowls round the table. Then I took my place on a small three-legged stool next to mother.

Our living-room was both quaint and cosy. Its walls were adorned with paintings on glass, representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Behind the door was the grandfather's clock. There was a corner cupboard for the homemade cake and sweet wine, and a carved bureau, which was the family bank. It was kept locked, and mother was the custodian of the key, guarding it in her hanging pocket.

The Old Homestead Garden was fairyland to my little sister and me. I remember how slowly the train seemed to go when journeying to it. Grandfather always met us at the Station, and we climbed into the square cart, behind gray Dobbin, and jolted along through lanes sweet with flowers, or white with snow. I can especially recall one Spring arrival. The hedges were white with Maybloom, the fruit trees in the orchard were in flower; beside the purling river grew in abundance wild mint and the blue forget-me-nots.

The cart drew up at the front garden gate with a jerk, and Grannie came forward from the porch, a tall, slight, white-haired, dark-eyed figure, in a gray homespun gown and black satin shoulder cape. "Bless you, my dearies," said the kind voice; and we were gathered into her arms, drawn to the breast on which so many aching heads had rested.

We went into the living-room, heard once more the slow, familiar ticking of the big clock, had sweet tea from the equally familiar dark-blue, willow-patterned cups, and then ran into the orchard, just to have a look round. It was like a peep into fairyland. Overhead was a canopy of pink and white blossoms; there were primroses at our feet, and all was very still. Hand in hand, we re-entered the house, said our bedtime prayers, kissed our grandparents, and went up the sanded stairs to bed—happy.

The mantel-shelf in the homestead living-room was the pride of grandmother's heart. It had a china statuette of the Little Corporal in a dark blue coat and tricorn hat; a model of a cottage, at whose door Darby appeared for rainy weather and Joan for fine. A china cow and two Chelsea china figures, a shepherd with his flute, and a shepherdess with roses.

I admired these figures, wished to handle them, to dust them, and wasn't allowed. But one luckless morning I climbed up and moved them, and broke the shepherdess. Colin was left without Colinette.

Regret and swift repentance came, as I looked at the broken figure, and I felt that the disgrace in which I lived for a day was deserved. But my heart was very sore, and even my sweet grandmother's kiss, "and you won't do it again, dearie," failed to heal it. Bedtime came, and I kissed grandfather and began to climb up to bed.

Half way up a voice hailed me, "Look on each stair, my dear, and tell me what you see."

Wondering, I obeyed, and there on a sanded step before me shone a new silver shilling.

"Grandfather, I've found a shilling."

"It's for you, because you mean to be a good girl."

I ran down the staircase two stairs at a time, put my arms round the dear old man and kissed him. He drew me tenderly to him, and murmured, "My little lamb, my own little lamb!"

When I found myself in the little white bedroom, I repeated the closing lines of my bedtime hymn over again:

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there, with Thee to dwell.

When I think of the old homestead, I think of love and forgiveness, of merry eyes in peaceful faces.

Peace amid Stormy Seas.

BY E. M. WALKER.

IT is largely to the Benedictine Order that we owe the European civilization which the Old and New World inherit. It was the peaceful, patient and hard-working monk who cleared the forests and drained the marshes, and tamed and taught the savage, warring tribes, so that from them, in course of centuries, sprang the great Mediæval scholars and craftsmen and the builders of the Gothic cathedrals. A monastery meant skilled agriculture and shelter and food for the poor, as well as school and library, and right of sanctuary for a hunted man. The sons of St. Benedict were the builders of civilization as well as of churches. Gradually, out of the chaos, a settled order of things evolved and all the glories of the arts of peace. Wars there still were; but there were principles held in common by those in conflict, and there was the sense of Europe's unity.

Looking out over the menacing turmoil of Europe to-day, we can well understand that people are to be found despondent enough to tell us that civilization, as we know it, is going under. The few years since the Armistice have been disappointing, and fresh storm-

clouds are massing on the horizon. And everywhere there is a loosening of morals, a callousness as to human suffering, and a mad snatching at any possible short-cut to wealth and luxury. It does really sometimes look as if Europe might be called upon to start and build up her civilization all over again. The thought almost tempts one to sin against hope.

The remedy, of course, is for each individual to Christianize and civilize himself, to have no truck with modern paganism. Only so will the mass be leavened. Meanwhile, the man of good will can stay himself upon the thought that the arm of God is not shortened, and that the means by which the Goths and Huns of old were conquered and transformed are still available to-day.

Quietness, confidence, prayer, work—they bide their time; and how strong they are in the end! This was powerfully brought home to me when reading the account of the opening, in the southwest of England, of Buckfast Abbey's monastic church. Built on the old Twelfth-Century foundations, it is 240 feet in length and 62 in width. Already it has a tower high enough to carry fourteen bells, which are rung from a gallery round the lantern. But the remarkable point about it is that it has all been built by the monks themselves.

This Summer, newspaper men flocked down to Hayes in Middlesex because it got about that a monk there (a Spaniard this time, a missionary of the Immaculate Heart of Mary) had built a parish hall unaided. Yes, unaided, this monk had raised a hall 60 feet long by 20 wide and 16 high, panelling it to three-quarters of its height, and lighting it by four small windows and a large oriel. He had laid parquet flooring too—thousands of blocks; and this in addition to numerous religious and domestic duties. He himself did not think that it was anything really re-

markable, this Spanish monk; but all the journalists did.

A very charming non-Catholic writer, Mr. Edward Hutton, told in the *Nineteenth Century* how deeply the building of Buckfast had impressed and moved him. He, too, had felt the pressure of the age-long forces of confusion and evil; and in a descriptive article on Dartmoor—that wonderful high stretch of moor and rock towering above the fertile land of Devon,—he took comfort in the monastery nestling at the foot of “that monstrous, untamed thing above, whose darkness may be discerned from the village street or the meadows by the stream.” What to others was but an exhilarating holiday ground, became for him the symbol of evil, and as of old the men of God were there grappling with it. He writes:

Some forty years ago French monks came hither, bought the ruins of Buckfast and some six acres about them, and settled there. A little chapel arose mid the ruins of 400 years before; and among the novices presently to be found in the place was the present Abbot Vonier. He tells us the story that one Christmas night as he made his meditation before the Night Office of the vigil of the Feast of the Nativity, he saw, as in a vision, Buckfast new made, all towered and splendid, and the monks, as of old, singing in a noble choir.... And this strange dream—dream or vision, was it?—he confided to the abbot of that time, who replied, as the old, in kindly mood, will do to the young, that all things were possible with God. Well, the very thing has come to pass. With their own hands the monks have built the great church of the novice's dream. ... And the novice who had that Christmas vision not so long ago is now abbot of Our Lady of Buckfast. His dream has come true. And so once more the old Faith, which came up the long roads from Rome so long ago, faces what it faced and outfaced before—all that the Moor stands for, and perhaps not only as we see it in its desolation there in Devon, but in the hearts of men.

Such a history may well increase our confidence, even if the world seems to rock. It reassures. It evidently reassured Mr. Hutton; and if we want more

reassurance still, we can go to Abbot Vonier himself, and turn to the concluding sentences of his very beautiful and thoughtful little book, “The Divine Motherhood”: “There was a time when the world's evil did frighten my soul, when I looked upon it with scared eyes and an anguished heart, as if there were something mighty with power and substance in it. But from the day when I began to understand thy Motherhood more clearly, and to love it more ardently, my soul has ever made merry over the idle efforts of the princes of darkness to cow men's spirits into timidity through their idle attempts at establishing a mendacious sovereignty of gloom. The Creator of the starry skies smiles at thee, O fairest of all women, and thou returnest His smile in triumphant peace; and I know that with God smiling at His sweet Mother the grim powers of evil are already defeated.”

Returning a Compliment.

ABOUT five o'clock one December evening in the year 1700, the young Duke of Anjou arrived in Chartres, on his way to Spain, where he was to reign under the name of Philip V. The youthful monarch was the guest of an ex-chamberlain of the French King for the night; and his numerous retinue found quarters elsewhere in the town. On the following morning all were to proceed to the parish church to hear Mass. The Duke would be received at the church door by the pastor, and the etiquette of the time demanded that the latter should deliver an address.

Like a good many other eminent personages before and since his day, the Duke dreaded the ordeal of a long harangue, however eulogistic it might be; and he faced Father Le Gastellier with an air of resignation rather than of pleasurable anticipation.

The priest, however, had probably heard of the Prince's apprehension, and accordingly treated him to a surprise. "Sire," said he, "I have heard that long speeches are often a nuisance and a bore; so your Majesty will allow me to make a very short one." He then began to sing the first stanza of an old carol of the locality, adapting it to the occasion:

All the folk in Chartres who live,
And in fair Montlhéry too,
Haste their grateful thanks to give
For the joy of meeting you.
God go with you on your way,
Kindly Prince, and let you reign
Years a hundred and a day
O'er the lovely land of Spain!

The young King and his courtiers, delighted with the delicacy of the compliment that was sung with such gusto, cried out, *Bis!* (twice),—the early equivalent for the present *encore*. The priest complied with their request and repeated the stanza; whereupon the Prince handed him ten pounds for his parish charities. Father Le Gastellier accepted the money with a few words of cordial and graceful thanks; and then, a merry twinkle in his eye, he stretched out his hand again. "*Bis*, your Majesty!" said he in his turn; and, amid the laughter of the assembly, Spain's new King gave the quick-witted priest a second ten pounds.

Father Le Gastellier was a most worthy priest, even more distinguished for piety, charity, and learning than for native wit and drollery, of which he possessed an unusual fund.

OUR Heavenly Father knows what we stand in need of before we bend the knee or lift the heart. But He wishes us to pray—He has made us so that it is our duty to pray,—because it is more essential that our being should be kept in touch with Him and His kingdom than that we should obtain what we seem to want.—*Bishop Hedley.*

Early Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

WHILE devotion to the Blessed Virgin is as old as Christianity itself, there is no doubt that it received a great impetus at the time of the Nestorian heresy. It would be difficult to maintain that there is the same *amount* of devotion to Our Lady on the surface of the earliest ecclesiastical history as there is in our own time,—at least in the technical sense in which the term is generally used. In other words, though the faith of the Church on the subject could not vary, other objects seemed at first to call forth a greater share of the attention and sensible affection of Christians.

It is beyond doubt that this devotion existed. St. Irenæus, so closely connected with St. John, brought it to France, and in his writings gives Mary the name of patroness. Tertullian declares that "by her faith she destroyed the fault which Eve had committed by her credulity." Open the works of St. Ephrem: you will imagine you have made a mistake, and hold those of St. Bernard instead of an Oriental monk of the Fifth Century.

Still, the writings of the Saints alone do not suffice to prove the existence of, any more than to create, a popular devotion. While doctrine in the shape of a dogma issues from the head of the Church, in the shape of devotion, it starts from below: it must influence the mass before it is worthy of the name. As an illustration, place yourself in imagination in a vast city of the East in the Fifth Century.

Ephesus, the capital of Asia Minor, is all in commotion. A Council is to be held there, and bishops are flocking thither from all parts of the world. There is anxiety painted on every face, so that you may easily see that the assembly is one of general interest. Most unwarrantably have the Nes-

lorians taken the matter out of the terms of theology, and asked not only whether Our Lord had a double personality, but whether Mary was the Mother of God. Most injudiciously have they allowed the Council to be held at Ephesus, the old See of Mary's adopted son—the Beloved St. John.

But perhaps they did not know the love of the people for the Mother of Christ, of whose sojourn there, real or supposed, many a tradition still lingered; perhaps the Ephesians themselves were not conscious how well they loved her. But now the fact is plain. They crowd around the old cathedral of St. Mary, and watch with anxious faces each bishop as he enters.

Well might they be anxious; for it is a fact that Nestorius has won the Court over to his side, and it is rumored that many bishops are disposed to vote with him. He himself is the Patriarch of Constantinople—the rival of Rome, the imperial city of the East. John of Antioch is also expected with his quota of votes; and he, the patriarch of the See next in influence to Nestorius, is, if not a heretic, at least of that wretched party which, in ecclesiastical disputes, ever hovers between the camp of the devil and the camp of God.

The day wears on, and still nothing issues from the church. It proves at least that there is a difference of opinion; and, as the shades of evening close around them, the weary watchers grow more anxious still. At length the great gates of the basilica are thrown open, and, oh, what a cry of joy bursts from the multitude as it is announced that Mary has been proclaimed to be, what everyone with a true Catholic heart knew that she was, the Mother of God.

As the news greeted their ears, men, women, and children, the nobly and lowly born,—all crowded around the bishops with loud acclamations. They

accompanied them to their homes with a long procession of lighted torches.

There was but little sleep in Ephesus that night; for very joy all remained awake. The whole town was one blaze of light; for every window was illuminated. During many days after, the most celebrated prelates of Christendom preached on Mary's praises in her own cathedral; and the people flocked especially to hear St. Cyril deliver, in his majestic Greek, a sermon such as one might now hear in Rome.

Here we have the exemplification of a devotion still and deep until now; not loudly exploited until circumstances caused it to seize a sensible hold upon the minds and hearts of men. A life-and-death struggle with heresy has brought it out. Henceforward it will be outwardly manifested by all peoples as a living flame, never to be extinguished, but always growing in fervor while the world shall last.

Edifying and Stimulating.

Our leading article this week is the thoroughly attractive as well as edifying story of the out-of-doors Catholic preachers of England. A graphic account of the organization, training, and practical working of these Twentieth-Century lay missionaries, it will not only elicit praise for our devoted co-religionists on the other side of the Atlantic, but will stimulate missionary endeavor in our own country. "England may be said now to be pagan," writes the author of the article; and in much the same sense, a similar assertion would be true of the United States. We are not minimizing the excellent missionary work that is being done by lay Catholics here; but we can not help wishing that the practices of England's Catholic Evidence Guild were as prevalent in many of our larger cities as they are in London.

Notes and Remarks.

How many there are who have learned the discipline of faith because they were taught, first, to abhor it! In the opening instalment of the account of his conversion, Mr. Chesterton stresses this point well. "There has been," he says, "a happy increase in the number of Catholics; but there has also been, if I may so express it, a happy increase in the number of non-Catholics, in the sense of conscious non-Catholics. The world has become conscious that it is not Catholic. Only lately it would have been about as likely to brood on the fact that it was not Confucian."

Here in America this hectic outcropping of intellectual opposition to the Church is a particularly noteworthy and, all things considered, a welcome phenomenon. Ten years ago, one got the impression that Catholicity has never been mentioned in cultivated society since the "Mayflower" sailed. To-day, the life and work of the Church are growled at by the intellectuals with more and more ferocity. Another decade, and the publication of (we hope) a constant series of strong Catholic books will induce a veritable intellectual revival. Let us look forward hopefully.

Readers of *THE AVE MARIA* will rejoice to learn what a great number of things were accomplished through a comparatively modest donation lately sent to stricken Austria. An orphan asylum housing sixty children and under the supervision of Benedictine nuns was rescued from dire need and enabled to "carry on" for some time to come; ten families, most of them blessed with numerous children, obtained long-needed food and clothing; three charitable institutions were benefited; and a number of priests received Mass stipends enabling them to continue their work. In each and every instance those

who profited sent glowing personal letters of thanksgiving, which we should like to reproduce if space permitted. And yet the amount forwarded, in American money, was only a little more than one hundred dollars! It is difficult to understand concretely the value of the "cup of cold water" in Austria to-day: to get either an impression of what the cup will do, or of the multitude of fervently grateful prayers it calls down upon the benefactors. Surely here is a splendid opportunity to put a little of our surplus money out at interest that can be reaped daily and eternally in the bank of God.

Bishop William Manning, of New York (Protestant Episcopal), does not agree with those who declare that since the War our country has fallen completely from high ideals. He holds that spiritual progress has been made since the Armistice. His Lordship—if that is what they call him—must admit, however, that, in the case of the Armenians, our ideals did not show up very well. In fact, he himself has said: "The treatment of the Armenians by the nations that are called Christian, our own among them, can not be defended. These brave people were our allies during the War. They rendered important military service, and again and again they were promised that after the War they should have freedom, national existence and protection from the Turk. They have been massacred, outraged, in large part exterminated. To-day, betrayed by those who should be their staunch friends, their situation is desperate indeed."

While it is probably true that, in the country as a whole, there was less anti-Catholic prejudice displayed—at least openly displayed—in the late elections than was the case in other days when the "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion"

argument, or its equivalent, played a conspicuous rôle at the polling booths, we can not flatter ourselves that the prejudice has more than partially died out. Oregon's election was distinctively anti-Catholic, and, in more than one other State, the bugbear of Papal antagonism to American liberties was cleverly manipulated by astute politicians wherever it was thought to be safe. Occasionally, however, the bugbear proved to be a boomerang. Says the *Catholic News*, of New York:

Despite the fact that a State-wide underground attack was made upon the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, because he is a Catholic, Alfred E. Smith was elected by an overwhelming majority. He defeated his Republican opponent by a plurality of more than 400,000 throughout the State. No candidate for Governor in the history of New York ever before rolled up such a vote. The triumph of Mr. Smith is a stinging rebuke to the anti-Catholic fanatics, not a few of whom were ministers, who, the Sunday before election day, advised their congregations to vote against Smith. His tremendous vote shows that American Protestants are not largely influenced at the ballot box these days by appeals to religious prejudice. To the credit of Governor Miller be it said that he was not a party to the proscriptive campaign conducted against Mr. Smith.

The following was the result of an effort on the part of a certain Sunday school-teacher to test the knowledge of some little boys—ages not stated—regarding the Litany of Loreto:

Teacher: "What is the meaning of 'Mystical Rose'?"—Dead silence for a few moments, and then Small Boy, with uplifted hand: "I know!"—Teacher: "Well, what does 'Mystical Rose' mean?"—Small Boy: "He lives in Essex Street."—Teacher: "What! 'Lives in Essex Street'?"—Small Boy: "It's a grocery store—Mr. Kilroe's."

A capital illustration of the necessity of explaining things to children; and of the folly of trying to convey any idea to their minds by the employment of words not in their own vocabulary. Much of children's learning is mere

parrot work. It is a thousand times better that they should "know by heart," as they express it, and fully understand the few necessary prayers than be able to "rattle off" any number of devout formulas. In view of the fact that many of the "fallen away" are found to have forgotten their plain English prayers, and the lessons of the Little Catechism, it would seem to be the wiser plan to stick to the vernacular and to the simple essentials in teaching religion to children. Their minds are like their slates. Of all that is impressed upon them only what has been scratched in, so to speak, will endure.

Standing aloof from the political strife in the Ireland of to-day, a farmer rather than fighter, George W. Russell—better known to the reading world as "AE"—looks upon the condition of his native land with intelligible optimism. "I think with no despondency of our future," he writes. "I believe that in fifteen or twenty years' time the state of Ireland will be such that it will justify to the world the long struggle for self-government and the sacrifices made to attain it. The Irish Free State depends largely on agriculture. It is closer than any other country to the greatest market in the Old World for food stuffs. Whatever happens, men must be fed, and, as Great Britain can not feed itself, a neighbor with a surplus of butter, meat, eggs, poultry and potatoes is certain of a market."

This seems like good sense as well as sound economics. Of Mr. Russell's hopes for the future form of distinctively Irish civilization and culture, one may get a glimpse in this extract from a recent paper of his:

The Chinese sage Laotze said: "If I had a little nation, and my people could hear the cocks crow and the dogs bark in the neighboring State, my people would be so contented they would never wish to go across the river to explore." Something of this deep content-

ment in rural life Irish reformers hope to create. It is truly a noble ambition, for the concentration of vast populations in great cities threatens the beauty and health of humanity. Those who would create a rural civilization and bring men back to natural life, to sunlight and sweet air, may finally serve cosmic purpose more than those who build up the mightiest cities and the most heaven-assailing towers. Who can say over what the Earth Spirit broods with most delight, her proud children who forget her in their own creations, or the inhabitants of some quiet valley who can listen to her whispers and be bathed in her peace?

During the Summer a violent typhoon, gathering steadily its force with the darkness of the night, wrought havoc in the city of Swatow, China. Dwellings, public buildings and systems of communication were wrecked by the wind, and, later, the sea rose and poured a flood of water and débris into the stricken town. Giving an account of the disaster and appealing for aid, Mgr. Rayssac, Vicar Apostolic, can not refrain from telling the readers of *Les Missions Catholiques* a little story of adventure and heroism. Three Ursuline Sisters had recently arrived in Swatow, and had set up a modest establishment at some distance from the Bishop's residence. Seeing that they were in danger, the Sisters resolved to take refuge under the episcopal roof, but were caught up in the storm and swept into a great pool of water, where they spent the rest of the night, clinging to a beam and trying to avoid pieces of tile and wood cast about by the wind. They turned up in the morning quite undaunted. "They thought," says the Bishop, "that the misfortune was a promise of divine benediction upon the arduous work they are to undertake here." So, indeed, it was, if devotion and heroism obtain the usual reward.

There is such a thing, no doubt, as the unnecessary "parading" of one's

religion, the ostentatious proclamation by word or deed that one is a Catholic; but it is a far less common evil than is the constructive denial of Christ to which human respect so often leads Catholic men and women. How many there are who refrain from acting according to their convictions simply through fear of being laughed at! How many who compromise their religious beliefs lest they be assailed by scoff and sneer! What impels the Catholic, who at home blesses himself before and after meals, to omit the Sign of the Cross when dining abroad? What prevents the Catholic matron from checking the flow of calumny and detraction, indulged in by younger people whom it is her right and her duty to admonish and rebuke? What keeps the respectable father of a family from discountenancing, instead of applauding, the profane jest and immodest story recounted in his presence? What leads the Catholic youth or maiden to accompany non-Catholic friends to sectarian religious services? What urges the Catholic of any age and either sex to eat meat on a Friday, or miss Mass on a Sunday for the sake of an outing? Nothing else than moral cowardice, truckling to that "world" which Our Lord reprobates as His foe. Christ, we should never forget, may be denied in little things as well as in great; and it is He Himself who assures us: "Those who deny Me before men, I also will deny before my Father who is in heaven."

If there be any truth in the proverb that misery loves company, then a great number—by no means great enough—of American Catholic parents, distressed over the detestable machinations of those mysterious persons who seek to destroy our parochial schools, may find a modicum of comfort in the thought that their coreligionists in Germany are experiencing the same anxiety and dis-

tress over a similar danger. For the German Hamiltonians have a Bill before the Reichstag which so menaces the liberty of religious education as to cause the utmost concern to the Catholic population of the "Reich." "But," says the German correspondent of *La Revue Catholique des Idees et des Faits* (Belgium), "the bishops have not failed to point out repeatedly and in divers ways what are the legitimate claims of Catholics in the matter of education. They have exhorted their people to bring united and energetic action upon the Reichstag with regard to these claims. Happily, their appeal has been heard. Numerous gatherings have considered the school question, especially the Congress of the Catholics of the 'Reich' held during the Summer in Munich. A monster petition has been organized, under the auspices of the hierarchy of Bavaria. It is not yet completed, but as many as 3,324,057 signatures have been obtained; in other Provinces, 1,130,000 more."

The writer concludes his report by citing the resolution of the petitioners. In answer to the clause in the new Bill which would make the "neutral school" "the rule in every commune," they declare defiantly: "We shall not suffer the denominational school, no matter where, to be at a disadvantage. Catholic schools for Catholic children! In no circumstance will we yield to a diminution of our parental rights."

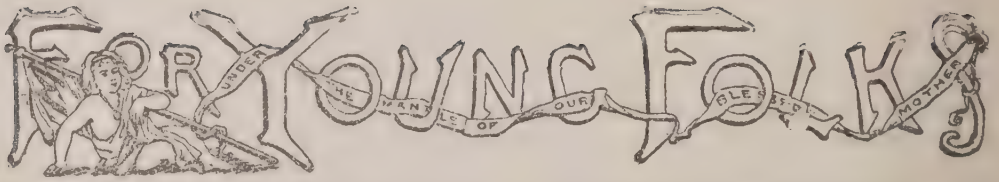
There would be decidedly more comfort in the fact of the Catholic laity of this country thus organized and thus militantly defending their rights, than in the remembrance of company in a similar persecution.

As was to be expected, the press notices of the death, on the 13th inst., in Paris, of the Hon. Bellamy Storer, at one time American Minister to Belgium and to Spain, and later Ambassador to

Austria-Hungary, revived the memory of the unpleasantness which led to his summary removal from Vienna by President Roosevelt, who charged that he and Mrs. Storer had made unwarranted use of some of his letters. It is a sad story, the whole truth of which has never been made public. Mr. Storer was a gentleman of the highest character, and President Roosevelt was under great obligations to him. We have never read a more glowingly grateful letter than one in which these obligations were acknowledged by the President. But he was in dread of losing his popularity at the time, and at no time did he allow the best of friends to be in his way.

Before entering the diplomatic service, Mr. Storer was a Member of Congress from Ohio. He was an intimate friend of President McKinley and President Taft, and was held in the highest esteem by many other distinguished men at home and abroad. All who knew him admired his patriotism, unselfishness, honesty and urbanity. A model American citizen in every respect was Bellamy Storer. He had been a convert to the Church for many years. Peace to his soul!

It is hard, in the present temper of our people, to speak out against new forms of un-Americanism without incurring the suspicion of reactionism; yet an honest citizen can not well keep silence when so many prominent citizens are preaching new and strange doctrines, and the nation seems to be apostatizing from the creed of the Founders. At a time when the majority of voters seem to have forgotten—if they ever knew—that politics is the science of government, and every large city affords proof of the difficulty of thoroughly assimilating immigrants, it behooves us to have "a middlin' tight grip" on our wondrously wise Constitution.



When the Birds Come Back.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

COVERED with their Winter wrapping
Are the violet and rose,
It will be a dreary waiting
Till the early crocus blows;
But the blossoms only slumber,
For the sun is on their track:
There will be a glad awakening
When the birds come back!
Hasten, bobolink and robin!
Hasten, oriole and wren!
We will love you more than ever
When you visit us again.
For you are Our Father's singers,
And what bounty can we lack
As we listen to the music
When the birds come back!

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

PART IV.

I.



IT was seven o'clock in the evening. The moon shone bright, and its light served to make the snow covering the ground seem colder still. Camille was walking sadly homeward; and on passing the Café des Ambassadeurs, he noticed a pale, thin young man, without a hat, shivering under an old coat. The strange part of it was that he strongly resembled Gustave.

Camille was interested at once; in spite of the nipping cold, he stood still and stared at this almost perfect image of his cousin. Just then a gentleman crossed the street in front of them. Camille saw the tramp go up to the passer-by and put out his hand.

"I have nothing for you," said the other sharply.

"I must have some money! I'm dying of starvation!" answered the beggar.

Encouraged, doubtless, by the desertion of the street, the tramp boldly seized the gentleman's arm and held it fast.

Camille had at once recognized the voice as that of his cousin. There was no longer any doubt in his mind; so, rushing up to the beggar, he grasped his arm, exclaiming:

"Gustave! what are you going to do?"

"Who told you my name?" said the tramp, trembling with fear. "Where did you know me?"

In his agitation he dropped the gentleman's arm; and the latter hastened away, glad to escape further annoyance.

"What are you going to do, Gustave?" repeated Camille, in a tone of sorrow and reproach, looking at his cousin with an expression of surprise and fear.

Recovering himself, the young man stared hard at the boy,—without recognizing him, however.

"Who are you? What do you want with me?" he asked harshly.

"Don't you know me, Gustave?"

"No: I never saw you before," replied the tramp, turning to go away.

"I am Camille."

"Camille!"

"Yes: the nephew of Mr. Thomas,—Camille, your cousin,—the boy you abandoned in the gardens of the Tuileries. Do you live in Paris? What are you doing here?"

Gustave—for it was indeed he—remained silent; shame kept him from replying.

"It's too cold here to talk," said Camille. "Let us go to your house, or

to mine, if you prefer; then we can be more comfortable."

"To *my* house! I have no house," said Gustave, in a choking voice. "If I had a shelter, do you think I should be prowling around here at this time on such a cold night? Do you think I would beg if I had had anything to eat to-day?"

"Don't talk so loud, Gustave," said Camille. Then, with gentle words, he persuaded his cousin to go home with him.

The latter followed in silence; but when he was inside the cabin, he could not restrain a cry of surprise.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"In my home," was the reply. "I'll make a fire in my little stove and you can warm yourself," Camille added, bustling about. "Since you're so hungry, open that cupboard. You won't find a great deal in it—only the supper and breakfast of a poor apprentice: some bread and jam and a little wine."

"Whose house is this?" inquired Gustave again, eating with avidity.

"Mine, or the same as mine."

"How's that? Does this land belong to you, and the house and furniture?" asked Gustave, in surprise.

"The land does not: I am only the guardian of it; the house was built for me by some friends. I suppose it is not really mine either; though the furniture is my property. But, cousin, how does it happen that you who were so rich—"

"Oh, it's a sorry enough story!"

"Tell it to me," said Camille, sympathetically.

"Well, I will."

Gustave sat down close to the stove after finishing his supper, and he and Camille held the following conversation.

"My story is not a long one," began Gustave, affecting a careless demeanor. "I've been unfortunate, that's all."

"And I've been *fortunate*," answered Camille. "But as there was a reason

for my good fortune, there must have been one for your misfortune."

"How did so much good luck happen to come to you?" asked Gustave.

Camille then related, in the simplest way, what our young readers already know.

"Now it's your turn to tell me about your misfortunes," added the boy.

"Well, after leaving you asleep at the Tuileries, I went back to Bordeaux. I began by discharging all the old servants."

"What, Gustave! Do you mean to say that you dismissed Jacques and his family, and Jeanneton and old Bouilé and little Lignac, all of whom were born in my uncle's house?"

Gustave continued without paying any attention to this remark:

"You must not be astonished at hearing that a man can waste a fortune in six months, for nothing is easier. I hired new servants and they robbed me; friends borrowed my money; I gave no end of parties and dinners; I made bad investments, and one fine day I found myself with no property and with only ten thousand francs in my purse."

"Ten thousand francs!" exclaimed his listener. "Why, if I had that much I'd think I was rich. So you have ten thousand francs left?"

"Listen to all of my story. I knew that the gaming-houses of Paris were closed; but I had often heard my father say that there were places called stock exchanges where one could win enormous sums. So I came up to Paris, risked my ten thousand francs, and lost the whole. Being now reduced to poverty, I sold off my belongings, piece by piece. Finally, yesterday, as I wasn't able to pay the rent for a little furnished room I occupied, my landlord turned me into the street, keeping what was left of my wardrobe. When you met me, I had had nothing to eat for fourteen hours."

"What a good thing it was that I met you!" said Camille.

"Don't you bear me any ill-will?" asked Gustave, in surprise.

"I did, so long as I thought you were rich; now that you are poor, I pity you and hold no grudge against you. Remember what your father used to say, Gustave: 'Whoever does evil, finds evil; who does good, finds good.' Each of us has found his just reward."

"Have you any place for me to sleep here?" asked Gustave, trying to conceal under a yawn the annoyance Camille's last remark caused him.

"I have only one bed," said Camille; "you may have half of that."

"I'll try to content myself with it," returned Gustave, beginning at once to get ready to retire.

Camille followed his example; he had just finished his night prayers when he heard a well-known bark.

"Gustave! Gustave!" he cried, his voice choked with emotion. "I prayed to God to send my dog back to me, and here he is."

II.

The next morning Camille invited his cousin to go with him to the printing-office. When they reached the Place de la Concorde, they noticed a fresh poster opposite them, before which several persons were standing. They went up to it, and Gustave read the following advertisement:

"Dog lost. Fifty Francs' Reward.—A small black spaniel, with long, drooping ears, marked with tan spots on his face and paws, was lost in the garden of the Tuileries two years ago. Last Sunday this spaniel was found on the steps of Saint Roch's Church, but disappeared again last night. He answers to the name of Fox. The finder is requested to bring him to the residence of Madame Marbœuf, No. 37 Rue Lafitte, and receive reward."

"Madame Marbœuf!" ejaculated

Gustave mentally. "That's strange!—very strange!"

"It's *you* they want, my poor dog!" said Camille. "But they shall not have you," he continued, looking at the animal affectionately.

Much preoccupied, Gustave asked to be excused from accompanying his cousin any farther, promising to meet him again in the evening.

On reaching the office, Camille at once told Mr. Germain of the advertisement for the lost dog and asked his advice in the matter.

"My advice is this, my boy," was the answer. "Since this dog doesn't belong to you, you must give him up."

"I shall never give him up, sir," said Camille, determinedly.

"But—but—you might be accused of stealing him."

"Stealing him!" exclaimed Camille, blushing,—*"stealing him!"*

"But it would be the same as theft to keep anything that doesn't belong to you when you know the owner."

"Then, I suppose I'll have to give him up," sighed Camille, disconsolately.

Camille picked up his dog and was about to start off with him. Before doing so, however, he turned to the workmen, who were watching him with sympathetic faces, and said:

"Do you think I might ask the lady to sell me her dog?"

"You have the right to do so," answered one of the men.

"Just as the lady has the right of refusing you," said Mr. Germain not unkindly.

Camille set out, his heart full of sorrow. The poor animal kept his eyes fixed on his young master, as if begging not to be abandoned by him.

(To be continued.)

THOSE who do not know the value of time have been well called the greatest of spendthrifts.

The Author of "Little Women."

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

IN beautiful Concord, Massachusetts, so closely associated with some of our greatest American writers, and distinguished further as the scene of the first battle of the Revolutionary War, stands the old "Orchard House," where Louisa May Alcott wrote "Little Women," a book over which children everywhere have laughed and cried for two generations and more.

The Alcott family lived in many different homes, but none was quite so much beloved as "Orchard House," the gabled building on one of Concord's elm-shaded streets. This was the home where was lived the joys, sorrows, and adventures that have made "Little Women" so famous—the home where hard trials were borne with love and courage, and where, in spite of the scanty fare, they always had something to share with the less fortunate; for, in the opening chapters of this much-read book, which is a true chronicle of the happy childhood passed at "Orchard House," we are told how cheerfully, willingly, the little Alcott girls ate a breakfast of bread and milk that a poor woman, with six children, might enjoy their own share of a good meal.

"There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help the right way." This sentence in "Little Women" beautifully describes the life of Louisa M. Alcott, who, as Jo of the story, laughed away the household trials, and whose defeats only made an incentive to greater efforts. Meg, Amy and Beth are true portraits of her three sisters, who take an important part in the famous book; while her mother, as Mrs. March, is well represented, and reference is made to the father as "the quiet man sitting among his books."

Kindness and tenderness were among the strongest traits of Louisa M. Alcott's character, and it would be hard to find a duplicate of her earnest solicitude for the frail invalid mother and the quiet father. As soon as she was old enough to realize the poverty of the family, she began to shift the burdens of the parents to her own shoulders, and to help with the support of the family; for, with all her father's learning, he was a very unpractical man.

As a child, she had written stories for the amusement of her playmates, but now she began to pursue this work earnestly, and great was the joy and excitement when her first little story was accepted and, better still, paid for. When, several years later, she received a check for \$100 for one of her short stories, she says that she went to bed that night a millionaire, to dream of all she could buy for the family.

Her greatest desire in life was to lift the family out of their poverty. The motives which prompted her to action were not love of money or fame, but the means to bring comfort and happiness to those whom she loved so well. When, in 1868, "Little Women" was published, and Louisa May Alcott's fame and fortune were made forever, visions of the frail mother who could have all the comforts of life, with her father's dream of a school of philosophy realized, and May, her talented sister, having a year abroad, brought more happiness to the authoress than any thought of her own fame. These things, together with the knowledge that her book, carrying its own message of life's great intentions, was bringing joy and happiness into the lives of thousands of youngsters, was wonderful to the woman whose own girlhood had been full of burdens and sacrifices.

Her charity did not end at home, but flowed out to many who never even knew its source; and her wonderful in-

fluence was felt by all those with whom she came in contact, for she touched with fingers of sympathy and love the tender chords in all the tired lives about her, and caused them to vibrate in pleasant harmonies.

Time gave her the reward of her years of faithful, self-forgetting service, for the frail mother lived for several years to enjoy the comforts which her daughter had coveted and earned for her. Her father's life-dream was gratified in the school for which he had longed; his library was replenished; and the young sister, who had longed so ardently for a year abroad, was now able to start.

It was at her mother's sick bedside, just before the gentle woman passed away, that Louisa M. Alcott wrote "Under the Lilacs," and as one reads the story, brimming over with humor, it is hard to realize that it was with an aching heart the chapters were written.

Louisa May Alcott was born on her father's birthday, November 29; and, two days after his death, on March 6, 1888, when friends were performing the last sad rites for Mr. Alcott, the news came that the daughter, too, had passed away. Then it was that people began to realize something of the self-sacrifice that had been hers through all the long years until overwork had stilled the tired heart.

At her request she was buried at the feet of her father and mother, guarding in death, as she had so tenderly done in life, the two who were dearest to her.

Louisa May Alcott's books are a real monument to her, for in their pages she has taught thousands of young people the beauty of quiet, homely work, and that character and happiness do not depend upon unusual talents or great fortunes, and that loyalty to duty, in whatever forms it appears, is the highest principle of life.

A Cool-Headed King.

HISTORIANS of Sweden and biographers of Charles XII., who ruled over that country in the Seventeenth Century, relate numerous stories, showing the bravery and presence of mind of that famous monarch. His disregard of danger was greatly admired by his soldiers, who were in dread of proving themselves unworthy of so brave a commander, one who always led them in person. When his horse was killed under him at the battle of Narva, he leaped nimbly upon another, saying jocosely to his bodyguard, "These people will keep me in exercise."

On another occasion when the King was dictating a letter to his secretary, a bomb fell through the roof into the next room in the house where they were sitting. The terrified secretary let the pen drop from his hand. "What is the matter?" said Charles, calmly. The secretary replied, "Ah, sire, it is a bomb!"—"But what has the bomb to do with what I am dictating to you? Go on," said the King, as if nothing had happened, and without stirring from his seat. It is probable, however, that the secretary's handwriting became very shaky after that.

How Spiders Travel.

Some spiders have a peculiar way of travelling. They first spin a fine thread, to which they remain attached, and then wait for the wind to blow. When the current of air arrives, they are transported much as a ship is in a strong breeze. The spiders can regulate their route, in a measure; being able to increase or decrease the length of the thread when they wish either to descend or to alight. A thread which is about a yard long, strange to say, can easily sustain the weight of a fairly good-sized spider.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We welcome new and cheaper editions of "Great Penitents," by the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt; and "The Soul of Ireland," by W. J. Lockington, S. J. They are very neat books. The Macmillan Co., publishers.

—In our notice of "Jock, Jack and the Corporal" and "Mr. Francis Newnes," by Fr. Martindale, it should have been stated that these excellent books are published by Matre & Co. The price of them is \$1.60 each.

—We regret to learn of the death of Miss Frances Noble, the author of "Gertrude Mannering" and other popular novels, and a contributor to Catholic periodicals. She was a native of Manchester, England, and was educated by the Sisters of Loreto. *R. I. P.*

—"The Printed Message," by the Rev. George Thomas Daly, C. SS. R., a new pamphlet issued by the Canadian Catholic Truth Society, is a forceful plea for the spread of Catholic literature generally, and emphasizes the importance at the present time of publication, propagation, and support, in the case of the C. T. S. of Canada.

—Lists of new and forthcoming books from London include "The Life Everlasting," by Bishop Vaughan; another volume of essays by Sir Bertram Windle, the famous Catholic scientist; a Life of Father Charles Plater, S. J., the pioneer of the retreat movement, by Fr. Martindale; and an illustrated Life of the Holy Father, in which his own account of his Alpine-climbing is given.

—The Appleton Co. have just published "From Berlin to Bagdad and Babylon," by the late Fr. John A. Zahm, C. S. C. This work was completed shortly before his recent death. In it he tells of a journey from a great modern city, through the colorful Far East, to the ruins of what was once Asia's proud capital. One never opens a book by Fr. Zahm without the expectation of finding information and entertainment, and one is never disappointed. He always had something interesting to tell, and it was always interestingly told.

—The religious of the Carmelite Monastery, Wheeling, West Virginia, have paid authentic and exquisite tribute to the tercentenary of the canonization of their great foundress in the publication of "Devotions in Honor of St. Teresa of Jesus." Everything about this booklet, the fineness of its spiritual selections, the beauty of the illustrations, etc., is worthy

of the "undaunted daughter of desires," who inspired, and the devoted religious who executed it. In the interest of future editions, a flexible binding is to be recommended, and the correction of a slight repetition. Price, 40 cents, postpaid.

—A careful perusal of "Acute Cases in Moral Medicine," by the Rev. E. F. Burke, M. A., Ph. D. (The Macmillan Co.), enforces assent to the dictum of Bishop Schrembs in the book's preface: "The real value of the present publication lies in its splendid presentation of the fundamental principles of Christian morality bearing on the duties of the trained nurse." That the Bishop cordially recommends the work as a textbook for our schools of nursing is a well-deserved tribute to its author. Apart from the merits of the text, we particularly admire the accessories of the work,—a table of contents, a glossary, a bibliography, and an index. The volume is in sixteenmo form, 136 pages.

—The varied and uniformly fructifying literary work of Canon Sheehan has long since been accorded its rightful place in the story of modern novelists. And yet, the author of "My New Curate," was perhaps more genuinely a philosopher and mystic than an artist in narrative. He saw so many things clearly from the high ground of his own high life that it would have been strange, indeed, not to hear plain, honest speech from him on a multitude of topics. Certain of his lectures and essays have been gathered under the title, "The Literary Life and Other Essays." Although the title paper, an arresting, rather melancholy, talk on the characteristics of an author's life, is widely known, we vote honestly for the shrewd, tender, calmly reminiscent "Moonlight of Memory." There, one gets a view of the Canon's dreaming that leads directly to a second volume of his "Poems." Here are the verses not previously issued in book-form. Some of them are well worth preserving; but admirers of the author may wish, with reason, that the number of inclusions had been curtailed. Both volumes are published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, \$2.35 and \$1.05 respectively.

—How frequently the lover of poetry is brought suddenly to a halt by the irreverent question, "Just what is poetry?" We know, but the heart is too full for speech; or, rather, speech is not full enough for the heart. A

recent writer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* does very well. Approaching the problem from the point of view of Shakespeare, he quotes Bacon's definition, "the poet submits the shadows of things to the desires of the mind," valiantly tackles Shakespeare's revelation of his own personality and "high thought," and concludes with the following effective passage: "Absolute poetry is the direct embodiment, through symbols that are necessarily dark, of a pure, comprehensive and self-satisfying experience, which we may call, if we please, an immediate intuition of the hidden nature of things. The next highest poetry is born of the adjustment of the human soul to the memory of this experience, and it passes from less to greater purity as the poet's instinctive rebellion against holding this world to be a world of appearance only, passes into a profound and serene acceptance. As he approaches this final condition, he is able more and more to see the actual world as a manifestation of the reality he has experienced, or, if we define his work from the creative side, he can more and more powerfully compel the actual world to furnish him with symbols of his deeper experience; thus he 'submits the shadows of things to the desires of the mind.' Probably there are many other kinds of poetry, and of these possibly some have a good title to be called great poetry; but the poetry which moves us most will be found on the path of the process of the adjustment we have tried to describe."

Some Recent Books.

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The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

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"Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.

"Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Henry Granjon, bishop of Tucson, Arizona; Rev. J. A. Kessler, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. Cornelius Leahy, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Carl Rumpelhardt, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Edward Fladung, diocese of Columbus; Rev. John J. McCoy, diocese of Springfield; and Rev. J. R. Rosswinkel, S. J. Mother St. Claude, of the Order of St. Ursula; Sister Dionysia and Sister Gertrude (Chusan, China), Sisters of Charity.

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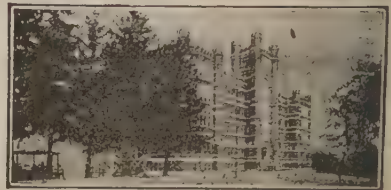
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Remembrance.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. JOVANOVITCH,
BY B. O'B. C.

WHEN the full summit of his life man-
gains,
And views the downward journey that
remains,
Silence and solitude are all around,
Where many a cherished friend before he
found.
Life snatches daily that which once it gave;
Most that was dear has sunk into the grave.
Yet, as the sky after the sun has gone
Is still afire with lucent rays that shone,
So yesterdays have many a happy gleam
To cheer forsaken age's reminiscent dream.
How grateful to the heart this warming
glow!
Swift through the dark its ministrations go.
Now love and joy and youthful hopes are fled,
Gentle remembrances come in their stead,
Only—where stormy rapture once held sway
A placid melancholy reigns to-day.

A MULTITUDE of spiritual exercises, imperfectly done, often superfluous, or not to the purpose, resemble the useless tendrils of a vine, which must be pruned away, if it is to bear good grapes; whereas the real life or root is nourished and strengthened by a few good works very carefully performed; that is to say, done in a spirit of very fervent love of God, wherein all true Christian perfection consists.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Story of a Paris Cemetery.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AT the eastern extremity of Paris, in a quarter little frequented by the idlers and tourists who throng the gay boulevards as well as the bright Champs-Élysées, are two spots around which, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, still linger memories of tragic horror and Christian heroism. One of these spots is the Place de la Nation, formerly called Place du Trône; the other is the cemetery of Picpus, a short distance away.

The Place du Trône was so called because here, in 1660, a temporary throne was erected, where Louis XIV. received the homage of the city of Paris after the treaty of the Pyrenees. It now bears the name of Place de la Nation; and, like the Place de l'Etoile, at the opposite extremity of Paris, it forms a central spot whence more than a dozen streets or avenues branch forth in every direction. But, in spite of its large fountain and two high columns, it has nothing of the bright and aristocratic appearance of the Place de l'Etoile.

As our readers are aware, the public executions during the Reign of Terror were carried on at first on the Place de la Révolution—now called the Place de la Concorde,—situated between the Champs-Élysées and the Tuileries; and the bodies of the victims were con-

veyed to the adjoining cemeteries.

In June, 1794, the inhabitants of the houses situated on or near the Place de la Révolution grew weary of the sickening scenes of horror that daily took place before their eyes; and, yielding to their remonstrances, the authorities consented to transfer the guillotine to a more distant part of Paris. It was, in consequence, erected on the Place du Trône, where it remained standing, and in daily use, from the 14th of June to the 27th of July. During that short space of time more than thirteen hundred persons were executed.

Among these victims were men and women of every age and rank. They were executed usually in groups, after a mock trial that lasted only a few minutes; without being allowed to defend their cause and without a priest to attend them. Many of the souls that winged their flight to heaven from this memorable spot were of rare holiness, and with the horror inspired by their unjust fate mingles the reverence that is excited by a sacrifice nobly and generously offered. Others, less perfect in life, seemed in presence of death to attain a wonderful degree of submission and resignation.

The Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife were executed on the 27th of June. When they left the prison to be taken to the guillotine, a voice in the crowd cried out: "Courage, Monsieur le Maréchal!" The old man stopped and turned round. "My friend," he said, "at the age of seventeen I went to battle for my King; at the age of eighty I go to the scaffold for my God. I am not to be pitied."

Three weeks later, on July 17, sixteen Carmelite nuns ascended the steps of the guillotine, singing the *Laudate*. The chant grew weaker as one by one their heads fell under the knife, and at last the prioress remained alone to finish the glorious hymn ere she joined her mar-

tyred daughters. Five days afterward three ladies, closely related to the brave old Maréchal whose words we have recorded, shared the same fate. Their history is singularly interesting, throwing as it does unexpected light upon the hidden and more intimate life of some of those great ladies of the Old Régime, whom we are perhaps apt to consider as frivolous and worldly.

These noble women were the Duchess de Noailles; her daughter-in-law, the Duchess d'Ayen; and her granddaughter, the Viscountess de Noailles. The first was a widow, and the husbands of the two latter had left France: the one was in Switzerland, the other in America. The Duchess d'Ayen, with her deep, somewhat austere piety, strong sense of duty and utter unworldliness, was a remarkable figure in Paris society during the latter years of the reign of Louis XVI. She brought up her five daughters with grave tenderness and untiring devotion, and they all fully responded to her care. One of them died before the Revolution, but the four surviving sisters—one of whom was the wife of General Lafayette—suffered the untold miseries of those days of terror with rare courage and resignation; and, in exile as in prison, proved worthy of their early training. The Viscountess de Noailles was the eldest of the five, and circumstances made her the inseparable companion of her mother in life and death.

For some months previous to their execution, the three ladies had been kept close prisoners in their own house. They were occasionally visited by an old priest who lived in seclusion, named Père Carrichon; and, foreseeing the fate that awaited them, the Viscountess made him promise that he would assist them if they were led to execution. He gave the promise, saying that he would wear a red and blue coat in order that he might be more easily recognized.

Some months passed by; the measures directed against the ex-nobles became more and more stringent. The three ladies were first transferred to the prison of the Luxembourg, thence to the Conciergerie, where they were to be tried and condemned. Père Carrichon relates that on the 22d of July, 1794, Monsieur Grelet, the brave and devoted tutor to whom the Viscountess de Noailles had entrusted her three children, visited him and exclaimed: "All hope is at an end! They are at the Conciergerie, and I am come to summon you to keep your promise."

The old priest, in a touching account of the tragedy, relates that he put on the red and blue coat which had been agreed upon; and made his way to the Conciergerie, hoping against hope that the news might be false. Alas! toward five in the evening the carts with the victims passed him by. He saw in the first the aged Duchess de Noailles; in the second, the Duchess d'Ayen and her daughter; the latter dressed in white, "looking so young, so pure, so calm!" In vain he followed the carts and strove to attract the prisoners' attention. At last a violent storm broke forth; the spectators fled to escape the rain, the guards relaxed their vigilance, and Père Carrichon was able to approach close to the carts. The Viscountess was the first to see him. A radiant smile illumined her countenance. She spoke to her mother, and both reverently bowed their heads; while under the pouring rain, in the midst of thunder and lightning, the old priest, unnoticed by the guards, gave them absolution.

Arriving at the Place du Trône, Père Carrichon, lost in the crowd, kept his eyes fixed on the three victims. The aged Duchess was calm and resigned; the Duchess d'Ayen looked exactly as she did when about to receive Holy Communion; the Viscountess de Noailles cast earnest glances at the

priest, as if to charge him with unspoken messages for the husband and children she was leaving; then, turning to her companions, she seemed to encourage and exhort them to confidence. It is no wonder that Père Carrichon, on leaving the spot when all was over, felt more admiration than horror. He went home, we are told, "praising God."

When she was called upon to leave the Luxembourg prison for the Conciergerie, the Duchess d'Ayen chanced to be reading a chapter of "The Imitation." She rose to obey the summons, hastily wrote upon a scrap of paper, "My children, courage and prayer!" then placed the paper to mark the chapter; closed the book, kissed it, and gave it to her fellow-prisoner, the Duchess of Orleans, the ill-fated widow of Philippe-Egalité. Her voice quivered and her tears fell fast as she begged the Duchess to convey the book to her daughters.

The fall of Robespierre saved the Duchess of Orleans from a fate similar to that of her friend, and she was able to give the precious book to the daughters of the Duchess d'Ayen. It has been my privilege to see and touch the hallowed volume. The scrap of paper written by the martyred Duchess marks the chapter of the "Royal Road of the Holy Cross," and the yellow pages bear the stains of her tears.

It was full of these tragic memories that I made a pilgrimage to the cemetery of Picpus, where the thirteen hundred victims of the Place du Trône were laid to rest. The account of Père Carrichon, confirmed by that of other eye-witnesses whose best and dearest perished on that fatal spot, tells us that immediately after their execution the bodies and heads of the victims were thrown into carts painted red and dripping with blood. The executions usually took place toward the end of the day, and it was toward dusk when the

hideous carts made their way, along a solitary country road, to a lonely spot called Picpus. Here, close to a ruined church that had belonged to the Augustinians, an immense pit thirty feet square had been dug, and into this the bodies were roughly thrown. Sometimes the relatives or friends of the martyrs followed at a distance, concealed by the gathering twilight, weeping and praying.

When the fall of Robespierre put an end to the Reign of Terror, the guillotine disappeared from the Place du Trône; but times were still too perilous for the survivors to pay any homage to those who lay in their unblessed and unhonored grave. But when the cemetery was put up for sale, with the adjoining fields, toward the end of the century, the Princess of Hohenzollern, whose brother was among the victims, bought it and enclosed it within four walls. She did not venture to do more, and so years passed by. In 1802 the Duchess d'Ayen's daughters, who had returned from exile, were moved to tears on visiting the lonely spot, where no religious emblem, not even a cross, marked the grave of their beloved ones. Under the inspiration of these noble women, a subscription was organized among the families of the victims; and by degrees the united offerings of rich and poor enabled the originators of the work to build, close to the cemetery, a church and a convent, which, with full heart and reverent steps, I have visited.

I first bent my steps toward the Place de la Nation, following the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, along which the carts pursued their *Via Dolorosa* during the fatal Summer of 1794. Some of the tall houses on either side may have been the silent witnesses of many a pathetic scene. They probably stood there when the Carmelites of Compiègne passed by singing the *Te Deum*;

and when, amidst thunder and lightning, Père Carrichon gave a last absolution to the ladies of the house of Noailles. I seemed to see the Carmelites kneeling at the foot of the scaffold as their joyous *Laudate* floated upon the air; or, again, the Viscountess de Noailles' angel countenance as she bade a silent farewell to the old priest, her last friend on earth.

The Rue de Picpus is close to the "Place." Just a few steps bring you to No. 33. You enter; and, accompanied by a guide, cross a quiet court, and finally turn to the right and enter a cemetery. Here, by a special privilege, the relatives and descendants of the victims of 1794 are buried. On the tombs you read some of the noblest names in France: Levis Mirepoix, Talleyrand-Périgord, Duras, Noailles, La Rochefoucauld, Montmorency, Rosambo, Polignac, etc. A handsome monument is that of the Catholic orator and writer, Montalembert.

Another no less striking tomb is that of General Lafayette. Close to him lies his devoted wife, Adrienne de Noailles, whose grandmother, mother and sister were among the victims of the Revolution. Lafayette's tomb is one of the last in the long line of monuments to the right; just beyond it is a high wall enclosing the piece of ground where the victims of 1794 rest in a common grave. Against the wall a large white marble tablet bears the names of the sixteen Carmelite martyrs. A smaller medallion, also of marble, has an inscription in remembrance of the poet André Chénier, another victim of the bloody month of July, 1794. You open a gate and enter the square enclosure, surrounded on all sides by the original wall erected by the Princess of Hohenzollern when, a hundred years ago, she purchased the hallowed ground, to save it from profanation. Her brother, Prince Frederick of Salm Kyrburg, lies among

the victims so ruthlessly cast into a common grave; and members of the same family have chosen to be buried close to the spot.

The surface of the great pit, thirty feet square, extends under the wall at the extremity of the enclosure. "It is here," says the guide, pointing to the spot, "that they were buried." And, moved by the recollections that sweep across your mind, you kneel down and pray *for* and *to* those whose souls, no doubt, are at rest with God.

Absolute stillness reigns all around: no sound from the great city reaches the solitary spot, where you kneel by the silent dead. Slowly and unwillingly you at last retrace your steps. Before leaving you enter the church. Large marble tablets bear inscribed the names and ages of the thirteen hundred victims who perished at the Place du Trône. An impression of peace and pardon seems to prevail in presence of the altar, where the Holy Sacrifice is daily offered for the poor souls, many of whom were hurried into eternity without the assistance and consolations that, in calmer times, our holy mother the Church bestows upon her departing children.

Then you re-enter the noise and turmoil of the city, bearing, perhaps, a bunch of violets from the silent, green enclosure, so fitly called the Champ des Martyrs; and in your heart are the vivid and pathetic memories of a tragic past—memories that remain so closely linked with the story of a Paris cemetery.

EVERY child should be measured by its own standards, trained to its own duty, and rewarded by its just praise. It is the *effort* that deserves praise, not the *success*; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has.—*Ruskin*.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXVI.

IT was what the French call St. Martin's Summer, when Marcia celebrated her twenty-second birthday.

"St. Martin and I have the same feast day," she declared, "only I was born into a troublous world and he into heaven."

Elaborate preparations were carried on in the kitchen: Eliza had prepared a wonderful cake, round which she was determined to light twenty-two candles; Minna had gone off early to procure a floral offering from a neighboring conservatory to be presented on behalf of the servants; Mrs. Brentwood and Larry had held whispered conferences, which resulted in the procuring of a very handsome travelling bag.

Larry had committed the extravagance of a full set of silver for the toilet table, for which offence against the rigid economy that had long been practised in the household, he was later reproached by Marcia. He excused himself by saying that it was the first time he had been able to afford anything worth while.

Early in the forenoon came a most beautiful and carefully selected basket of flowers from Gregory Glassford. It followed close upon the letter which Marcia had put in her pocket, awaiting a quiet moment to look at it. She read it at last with varied emotions.

"MY DEAR MARCIA:—This is your birthday, as I learned from Minna on my last visit to the old house. She told me she was making a pincushion for Miss Marcia. She swore me to secrecy, but since I have no doubt you are now in possession of that gift, I am not violating confidence.

"So, it being your birthday, I ventured to send you the flowers. They will con-

vey my message better than these clumsy words, and laughter is always so near those blue eyes of yours that I have an uncomfortable suspicion you are laughing at me when I try to explain myself. I had to exercise very strong restraint on myself not to follow the flowers. Perhaps, I may yet. I told Mrs. Critchley I had asked you to marry me and had been refused. I did this for a special reason, so do not be annoyed. She was immensely interested, and said she thought there was a proverb somewhere that fitted my case—about faint hearts. I told her if a stout heart was of any use I had one.

"I am writing this at my desk in the office. I catch old Tompkins' eye upon me, and I fancy he suspects I am writing a love letter. Were he to become certain of the facts, why, he would at once conjure up from the past all the love letters that were ever written. So I have to be careful. My birthday wish for you is happiness, and with that wish I dare to unite my own. It is that when another birthday comes round, I shall have the right and privilege of safeguarding that happiness. If it be otherwise, and you persist in your refusal, it will be a sad and lonely man who will still sign himself, with sincerest regard,

"GREGORY."

"I wish Eloise would come," was Marcia's comment, as she folded up the letter and put it away in a tiny cupboard in the corner of her room. "But I am not going to spoil the day by thinking about it."

There was little doubt, however, that both the letter and the flowers added to the general brightness that made the old house take on a festive air. Even the cat seemed to recognize that something unusual was on foot. Decorated with a bow, she came purring about her young mistress, as though she were offering congratulations.

"Yes, I know it all, Pussy; you would

like to be able to speak and to say, 'Happy birthday!'"

"To whom were you speaking, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Brentwood, who had put on her best gown of old-fashioned brocade with a lace cap and fichu.

"Only to the cat," answered Marcia.

"Oh, I thought some one might have come in without my hearing."

"Minna sent her in to show her pretty pink bow; she is dressed up like everyone else."

Mrs. Brentwood gravely regarded the cat.

"One would really think she knew; she has an unusual look in her eyes."

"Perhaps, she has smelt of the good things Eliza is cooking," Marcia suggested, and going over to the window she continued: "This is really a perfect day. Too bad, that it is afternoon already, and soon it will be over."

She gave an exclamation.

"Why, here is Larry!" and Marcia opened the door for him.

"Glassford sent me home to celebrate the birthday. How on earth did he know?"

"Through Minna!"

"He asked me to bring this box, though I had a parcel of my own. Birthdays are sometimes troublesome," said Larry, divesting himself of his hat and coat. Mrs. Brentwood, wishing it was time to make her offering, remarked:

"Now, that Larry is here I may show you a little present I have for you."

She produced the bag which Marcia could truthfully declare was handsome.

"Larry chose it," the stepmother explained, triumphantly.

"I knew you could change it, if it weren't right," the young man said apologetically.

"I will never change that," Marcia declared, "it is just lovely!"

And bending she kissed her gratified stepmother.

"A bag is always useful, I know," she said, "and yours, my dear, was getting very shabby."

"It was like you to think of it; and, Larry, I couldn't have chosen so pretty a one myself."

Larry, then, produced the beautiful set of silver, which was received with tearful gratitude.

"It is too fine for me!" she objected, "I never had anything so handsome in my life. But what a shame to spend so much all at once."

"You had better open Glassford's box," Larry suggested, to cut short her expressions of gratitude and of reproach for his extravagance. It proved to be a work of art, in the shape of a *bonbonnière*, containing the choicest sweets of a celebrated confectioner.

"If this goes on," said Marcia, "I shall be thoroughly spoiled. My beautiful bag, my wonderful silver and my candy!"

"You mustn't forget the flowers," Mrs. Brentwood said, "that exquisite basket also is from Mr. Glassford."

While Larry was admiring the flowers, there came a deputation of three from the kitchen, Eliza carrying a very fine bouquet of flowers from all of them, with a book from herself, "a poetry book," as she called it, which she had heard Marcia mention; handkerchiefs from Sarah with insertions of fillet crochet, made by herself, and lastly Minna's pincushion, embroidered in daisies on a blue ground.

Marcia knew that to the givers there was more joy than even to her, the recipient of those gifts, great and little, which these simple hearts had offered. Eliza's eyes were moist, and tears streamed down her rugged cheeks as she murmured:

"I mind the day you were born, a comfort and a blessing to everyone from that day forward."

Marcia thanked her humble friends

with her gracious tact and sympathy, and added:

"These flowers shall decorate the table to-night for dinner, and I am going to arrange them myself, except a few which I shall keep to wear."

When the others were gone, Marcia and Larry sat down, one on each side of Mrs. Brentwood's chair.

"It is nice to be together, just the three of us," Marcia said, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction; "and to be here still, and likely to remain, in our old home."

"Thanks be to God for that!" Mrs. Brentwood exclaimed.

"It would have seemed so strange to live anywhere else," Larry said, looking around that room, gay now with flowers, the hearth piled high with blazing logs.

"It would indeed be strange," agreed Marcia, "and I, for one, should hate to think of it."

She spoke with a vehemence that seemed unnecessary. Larry stared, and Mrs. Brentwood, remembering the things she had heard, looked at her stepdaughter with troubled eyes.

While they were still speaking, the telephone rang, and Larry, hastening to answer it, came back to summon Marcia.

"Glassford is at the phone," he said, briefly. With a heightened color, Marcia answered the call.

"Larry," whispered Mrs. Brentwood, "what do you think of it all?"

"Of what, mother?"

"Why, is it Eloise, or have we all been mistaken?"

"Aren't the pronouns a little indefinite?" Larry said, stroking the wrinkled hand of his stepmother as he spoke. "What is it about which we have been mistaken?"

"It is really *he*, Mr. Glassford, and our mistake was about his feelings."

Larry laughed merrily.

"I don't think we need be concerned about his *feelings*, dear old mother; and that mistake, if it be one, time will rectify."

"If it weren't for Eloise, I should be delighted, Larry."

"Perhaps, we had better not talk about it," whispered the young man; "but I do think Gregory is very fond of Marcia."

At the telephone, meanwhile, a brisk conversation was being held.

"Marcia." The very pronouncement of her name thrilled the girl, but she responded, steadily:

"Oh, is that you, Gregory? How can I thank you for your gifts! The flowers are exquisite, you must know how I love them."

"I am glad, indeed, if those trifles please you, but I am going to ask a favor."

"It is granted in advance."

"Don't be too hasty, till you hear what I have to ask."

"I know it will be nothing unreasonable."

"This is your birthday, Marcia, and I feel as if I couldn't keep away. May I come?"

"We shall be delighted! Be sure and be in time for dinner. Your coming will complete the day."

"Thank you, Marcia."

"After dinner," the girl resumed, "there will be—no moon. So you may, perhaps, play Patience with mother."

"You are trying to make me play Patience, all right. I am sure of that."

"It is a good game."

"Monotonous! But to be in that dear living-room with you, I will do anything!"

"You see, I want to warn you that it will be very quiet."

He could hear the sound of laughter in her voice as she continued:

"After the Patience, I may, perhaps, sing for you."

"And I will turn the leaves for as long as you like."

"Oh, not very long, that would be too great a trial."

"And after that?"

"Well, after that, in due time, you will wish me many happy returns of the perfect day, which will then be over, and I shall say, how glad I was you came."

"The programme makes me long to get there. But if, before leaving, I should ask you about next birthday?"

"I shall say, that there is no use looking so far ahead. Who can tell that there will be another birthday!"

"You are hopeless!"

"No. In the meantime, I am enjoying this one as much as possible. Good-bye, now, for a little while, when I shall hear Minna announcing that 'the big gentleman is at the door,' and Eliza, who is your fast friend, will put in 'God love him!'"

Marcia, pausing a moment to regain something of the perfect composure she had lost during that conversation, returned to the living-room.

"Gregory has asked if he may come to dinner."

"That will be most agreeable," said Mrs. Brentwood, flushing with pleasure. "It is so kind of him to think of it."

"It will be kind of us to give him a slice of chicken and a piece of birthday cake—for I know Eliza has one, though it is carefully hidden!"

"He will appreciate that; he likes cake," declared Larry; "the thought must have spurred him on to the effort. Then, there is the company—"

He glanced at Marcia and said quizzically:

"He took quite a while, old girl, to proffer his request."

Marcia laughed and said carelessly:

"I was giving him the programme, warning him that he must not expect things to be *à la* Critchley."

"Don't you think, my dear, you ought

to wear some of Mr. Glassford's flowers?" asked Mrs. Brentwood.

"No," said Marcia slowly. "I promised the others downstairs first, and besides, I don't want to spoil that basket."

"It isn't as if Eloise were going to be here."

"Then, I might be tempted to wear them," returned Marcia; "but you won't forget, mother, what I asked you the other day, to leave Eloise at Mrs. Critchley's."

"Oh, I'll do that willingly, my dear," the old woman said with such alacrity, that her children burst into a laugh.

"Now, I didn't mean anything ill-natured," Mrs. Brentwood observed; "I only meant that I should be careful to follow your injunctions."

"Like a good, dutiful mother—I do believe that is the car in the lane."

She hurried out of the room, and Glassford, just alighting and looking up at the door, was disappointed that it was Larry and not Marcia who appeared to bid him welcome. The kindly warmth of Mrs. Brentwood's greeting, however, pleased the young man immensely.

"Marcia has gone to arrange the flowers," she explained; "she will be here in a moment, and as glad as we all are to see you."

"I wish she could truthfully have said, 'a great deal more so,'" he thought.

She appeared at the moment, with face radiant and eyes that smiled at him, till his heart was warmed. He arose and held her hand in his. He spoke in a low tone, that none besides themselves might hear.

"Marcia, how good of you to let me come."

"I couldn't well refuse, could I," Marcia said, "after all your kindness."

"Please do not be adamant, relax a little to-night."

"If you are chilly," she said, "take a chair near the fire and wait as best

you can, for Eliza's banquet. She is outdoing herself to-night."

Gregory sat down, half amused, half provoked, and altogether charmed by her attitude.

"Doesn't Marcia look fine, Larry?" he said; "she should always wear blue to match her eyes, and those flowers—are perfect."

"From my friends in the kitchen," Marcia explained.

"Ah! they knew what to choose."

At the moment Sarah announced dinner, and they proceeded towards the dining room, the young hostess saying cheerfully:

"Wait till you see my birthday cake! I know it will be a marvel."

"Wait till he tastes it!" said Larry.

"Larry has discovered one of my weaknesses."

All eyes were presently fastened on the cake, a marvel of artistic beauty, with its twenty-two candles.

"Here's to the time when I was two and twenty," said Gregory, raising his wineglass to his lips, "many golden years ago; and here," he added, looking at Marcia, "to the lady of the cake! In the words of Rip Van Winkle, 'May she live long and prosper!'"

After dinner, Gregory reminded Marcia of her promise to sing to him.

"But you haven't had your Patience yet!"

"Mrs. Brentwood wouldn't touch a card for anything to-night, I'm sure. Nobody does at a birthday celebration."

"You are going to upset my programme."

"Please, please let us have this one number."

"My voice, remember, is as homely as the House at the Cross Roads."

It was not, having been carefully trained at the convent; but Gregory would have been willing to listen to any sort of music at all for the opportunity of turning the pages.

"I love the old ballads," she said.

"I love to hear you sing them," Gregory returned; "you are a marvel to keep such a gift concealed, and then to spring it on me in this fashion. Why, it would charm the very birds from the bushes."

"Gregory, Gregory," declared Marcia, "you have caught that pernicious habit of flattering in the 'marble halls' you frequent, the mansions—well, if not of the blest, at least, of the great."

"You have the bad habit of playing the hypocrite, and affecting to disbelieve all the good things that are said of you."

"Next thing we shall quarrel, and never speak to each other as long as we live."

"Oh! I shall speak; and, in time, I hope to make you hear."

"Don't talk of me. Like Portia, I am weary of myself. Tell me gossip,—I mean, nice gossip from the Critchleys', and about Eloise. How often do you see her? Very often, I suppose."

"You would be surprised to hear how long it is since I saw your cousin."

"Oh, that is too bad! O Gregory, that is altogether wrong!"

"I deplore it, but she was very angry when I said good-bye to her."

"About what?"

"Chiefly about the will, and another subject, which I have felt bound so often to broach."

"Oh, I see!" said Marcia, thoughtfully; "it is in the nature of—"

"A warning against one of her associates. She bitterly resents that, as, perhaps, is natural. Poor, little Eloise! I took the opportunity that day of telling her of my hopes in your regard."

"Gregory, why did you do that?"

There was real distress in the girl's tone, but, unheeding, Glassford continued:

"And how those hopes were met by coldness and indifference."

"Coldness and indifference," Marcia said, musing,—*"that was how you described my attitude."*

"I told her you had refused me."

"Now," cried Marcia, with a gesture of despair, *"she will never look at you."*

"In the sense you mean, it is very probable she never would have looked at me. Why should a girl of her calibre, just fresh from school, look at a world-worn man of affairs?"

"It is only when we reach the age of twenty-two—" Marcia began mischievously.

"I am trying to explain in my blundering fashion, that so immature and unformed a child, as Eloise is in most things, would never waste a thought on me."

"Are you sure, quite sure, Gregory?"

He evaded her question and the intent look of her eyes, as he answered instead:

"To me, she is as attractive—as a piece of thistledown."

"That is ungenerous, though thistledown is rather an attractive substance, out in a sunshiny field, with a gentle wind blowing. However, I have begged Eloise to consider this her home, and as a particular favor to me to come at once. In that false, artificial life down there, you see her in a wrong perspective. Here you can learn to know and appreciate her."

"So that is what you really want me to do?" asked Gregory, looking at her sadly.

"Yes, just that."

"Well, I warn you, that I won't; not if you brought her here a hundred times, and not if I talked to her every hour in the day."

A cold look crossed Marcia's face, and Glassford continued:

"Now, don't misunderstand me. I am very fond of Eloise and would do anything in the world to serve her, except what you suggest, for the reason

that I love you far more than I can ever make you understand."

"Let us join the others," Marcia said rising. "I must not neglect them, on my birthday night of all others."

"I am the only one for whom you have no pity!"

"I would, if you needed it, for I am your good friend."

He followed her back to the others, who were actually at the card table, and Gregory played a hand or two, with a sharp look out upon Marcia who sat by the fire.

"She may after all be quite heartless," he thought, bitterly, "certainly no word of mine has power to move her."

He bade her good-night very coolly, and would have refused her proffered hand, only that the others were looking.

"Now for my birthday wishes," Marcia exclaimed.

He gave her a strange look as she went on: "and then I shall say, as prettily as possible, how glad I am you were here for my birthday."

"If you weren't, Marcia," he muttered in an undertone, "I should say you were just—a coquette."

"That would be quite wrong, so don't mind the birthday wishes, but just say—Good-night!"

"You have all my wishes, all my heart—everything," Gregory said, "and you are willing to throw them away as a child does its plaything."

"What we are willing to do and what is best to do, are quite different matters. So, good-night, Mr. Gregory Glassford, and come soon again."

While Larry went out to the garage with his partner, Marcia stood on the porch and looked up at the sky. It was a dark night, and Marcia called out to Gregory as he brought round the car:

"You have a dark night for your drive home."

"Yes, one misses the moon," he answered, "but I shall not lose the way."

She waved him a cheery farewell, and he vanished into the night.

Next morning, Marcia felt something of the reaction which invariably follows upon any occasion of special jubilation; the flowers, despite her careful tending, drooped, the candles around the cake were burned almost to their sockets, the songs that she had been singing still stood upon the rack, but she could not have sung them now for her very life.

"Poor Gregory!" she said to herself, "I tried him too far last night. If Eloise comes, I think I shall go away to Aunt Livingston, who has been asking me so often, and then Gregory may get over this foolish fancy that he has for me."

She was dusting the room and putting it in order, when the postman came. He took out a letter, one of those letters which change the whole aspect of affairs, and handed it to Marcia. It was from Eloise.

(To be continued.)

Assurance.

BY S. J.

OH, I am sick of the striving!

My dreams were too high!

I, alone, am a laggard,

Why should I try?

How they are mounting, those others,

Friends of my soul,

(More beautiful, they, than my dreams were),

Straight to the goal!

One with the tread of a warrior,

One with a smile,—

One like a child faring homeward,

Singing the while.

Friends of my soul? And I lagging?

Surely, I jest!

The thought makes my sad heart grow merry,

Gladness-possess:

For mine is the strength of the warrior,

Smiting his foe;

And mine is the smile, and the singing:

My dreams were too low!

A Saint from the Marshes.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

AMONG the many sad results of the Reformation was the obliteration from the memory of names once held sacred through the length and breadth of England. Now, thanks to painstaking research and labor, the mist is being gradually cleared away, and the old heroes and heroines of the Church in our island are once more appearing in their true light.

St. Gilbert of Sempringham, the Saint of the Fenland, is one among many who came to be almost entirely forgotten; and yet few English saints are so remarkable. He lived nearly a century from about 1089, during the reigns of Red William, Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II. He was the friend of saints and kings, even of the great Pope Eugenius III.

The son of a Norman baron, Jocelin, and a Saxon mother, he came into the world very weak and misshapen, thus incurring, from the first, the dislike of his father. In spite of the tenderness lavished on him by his mother, the child grew up wayward and peevish, and gave no signs whatever of his future sanctity. As long as the chatelaine was able to shield her son from the annoyance and rough usage of his father, life was fairly smooth for him. But when he passed beyond her control, the dislike of the soldiers and servants, who were encouraged by the Baron himself, made the boy's days almost unendurable. Keenly sensitive to his deformity, which was openly ridiculed, there was great danger of his mind and heart becoming as maimed as his body. Luckily his mother had early instilled into him her own deep Saxon faith, and, besides a real, personal love for Our Lord, he had a deep and chivalrous devotion to "Most Holye Marye."

Curiously enough, the boy, who was debarred by physical incapacity from all knightly pursuits, seems to have had no compensating mental abilities. This was a further source of irritation to Jocelin. His unfortunate son could not even be a cleric.

Things went from bad to worse. The boy could not learn, or had been so brow-beaten by his father and tutors, that he was, for the time, incapable. At last, he made the desperate resolve to run away from home. He knew the way to the great town of Lincoln, but all beyond was unknown to him. He was familiar only with the flat, low-lying fen-lands that stretched away beyond his father's domains to the sea; and the green pastures of Northamptonshire and Cambridgeshire that were on the other side of the little village of Sempringham.

The boy's character was very strong, and he carried his project through, arriving in Paris, where those two great scholars, Abelard and William of Champeaux, were at the zenith of their fame. The lad led a quiet and laborious life, and it is pleasant to know that his father seems at last to have come to appreciate his sterling good qualities that had hitherto been latent. Jocelin liberally supplied all his needs, and looked eagerly for the return of the young student.

Gilbert left home a lad, and returned a man, though we do not know how long his exile lasted. He had already acquired a reputation for sanctity and learning, and his character seemed to have become remarkable for its strength and singleness of purpose. Certainly, all that was best in his nature he got from his mother. His love for her singularly influenced his later life, and gave him that for which he was ever most noted, an extraordinary reverence and kindness towards women.

Jocelin seems to have quite forgotten

his early aversion to his only child, and henceforth they lived on terms of great friendship and even affection. Although on his return to Sempringham, Gilbert entered, as far as his bodily weakness would allow him, into all the pursuits suitable to a young nobleman,—his heart and mind were already yearning after higher things. He did not realize all that God meant him to do, but he was ever listening for the divine voice that seemed to be calling him.

Jocelin was apparently a just and even kindly feudal lord, and his Saxon vassals had, it would seem, little, if anything, to complain of. But their lack of any kind of education seems to have been a grief to the young baron, and, in 1120, with the consent and help of his father, he opened a village school wherein he himself was teacher.

From the first, Gilbert opened his school to all comers. There, at least, class distinction was unknown. Saxon churl or Norman noble, peasant or thane, were equally welcome; and each stood on his own merits. Girls and boys alike thronged to seek the learning which all desired. An old chronicler tells us that the master was especially proud of the maidens, not a few of whom became proficient in Latin. But his chief aim and desire was to make all his scholars good Christians, and he spared no pains with their religious instruction. The boys slept in dormitories in the school and were always under the eye of the master.

But God was calling his servant to a still nobler work. Jocelin had built two churches, the stately church of St. Andrew at Sempringham and of St. Mary at West Torrington. Both of these he bestowed on his son, who, however, was not yet in Holy Orders. Gilbert had a chaplain appointed to serve the churches, and spent the rest of his patrimony on the poor.

Gilbert was summoned to Lincoln by

the Bishop, Robert Bloet, who had recently fallen into disgrace with the king, and wished to have the holy clerk near him. Gilbert handed over the school to the priest, Geoffrey, who had been his companion and fellow-worker, and continued in the Bishop's palace the same retired, simple life that he had led in the village. He was ordained priest shortly after he came to Lincoln, being consecrated by "Alexander," who had been surnamed the "Magnificent."

When the bishop was summoned to attend the Council, in 1127, to deal with Church reforms, Gilbert declined to accompany him, because he feared he should be drawn into worldly concerns, and returned to Sempringham.

Gilbert was now Lord of Sempringham, but worldly honor and glory were of no value in his eyes: he longed only to promote the honor and glory of God. A plan was now evolving itself in his mind. We have seen how readily the village maidens had responded to his call to learning, and among his pupils he had seen many choice souls. His teachings and maxims had sunk into their hearts, and they handed them down to their children who were now growing up.

Gilbert knew full well that, since the Conquest, the lot of women in England had undergone a sad change. Held in honor and esteem in the Saxon days, now they were of no account—the very Saxon ladies were bargained for by Norman nobles. There were few convents, and those mostly for women of quality. Gilbert's chivalrous nature revolted at such a state of things, and God showed him that there lay his life's work. He was to found an Order for women of the people.

He first of all built a small enclosed convent next to the church at Sempringham. But so many girls desired to serve their Heavenly Bridegroom in religion that, almost in spite of his wishes, he

was forced to extend the work. Later on he established lay brethren who served the nuns on their farms and lands; and later still he founded the Canons Regular, or "Gilbertine Canons," who were to minister to the spiritual needs of the "Spouses of Christ."

The Order prospered exceedingly. Bishops and nobles bestowed land and money on it, and numerous houses were established; but St. Gilbert's anxieties were thereby so much increased that at last he resolved to ask the Cistercians to take over his foundations and incorporate them in that great body. For this reason he travelled to Cîteaux to lay his petition before the General Chapter of the Order in September, 1147. Among the three hundred abbots there assembled he found St. Bernard and Pope Eugenius III., who was assisting at the Chapter as a simple monk. When Gilbert's request was made known, the assembly deliberated long and prayerfully, but found themselves obliged to decline.

Gilbert was deeply grieved at this decision, but the Pope assured him that it was clearly God's will that he should govern the Order he had founded, and soon after St. Bernard invited the holy man to accompany him to his own Monastery at Clairvaux. Here the two friends consulted together about the Constitutions of the Gilbertines. When they were completed the work was shown to Pope Eugenius, who read them carefully and signified his entire approval.

The fact that St. Bernard had helped in the drawing up of the Constitutions of the new Order added greatly to their value. Many aspirants flocked round Gilbert on his return to Sempringham, and numerous offers of land and money were pressed on him.

The Gilbertines followed the Cistercian rule of total abstinence from

meat, and devoted much time to manual labor. As their lands were mostly pastoral, the Order in time became, as the chronicles says, "a great wool-growing community"; and the industry of spinning and weaving wool occupied much of the time of both choir and lay Sisters. The nuns were to be strictly enclosed, and the visits of outsiders was discouraged. The Rule has a very quaint passage about this. "Since the ancient enemy proposes to himself to have restitution in the speke-house for the loss he sustains in the chapter, we will have the entry there to be rare and necessary, and we utterly interdict chattering and useless speech among the brethren and sisters alike."

The Divine Office was chanted by canons and nuns. From Easter till September all rose at midnight for Matins and Lauds. From two o'clock till five they took a second short rest till Prime. High Mass then followed. It is curious to read that after this, those under the age of thirty were allowed a slight "mixtum," or what we should call breakfast, of ale and bread.

The one real meal was taken at mid-day and a small collation in Summer after Vespers. All retired to rest at seven in Winter, at eight in Summer. Tender care of the sick and infirm seems to have always been a marked characteristic of the Order. St. Gilbert's own bodily sufferings would no doubt have made him compassionate the ills of others.

The holy founder was already past eighty, when, in 1165, he fell under the displeasure of Henry II. on account of the help he and his brethren had given to St. Thomas à Becket. Indeed, it was owing to their good offices, and under their guidance, that Becket escaped to France. They led him from the Benedictine Abbey near Northampton, and sheltered him in several of their monasteries, notably at Hoyland in the

Fens, and later at their great house of Chicksand in Bedfordshire. At last, accompanied only by a canon, and one or two lay Brothers, he made his way down to Eastry in Kent, and landed at a little village near Gravelines.

King Henry was in France when the trial of the monks was to take place, and the Earl of Leicester feared to condemn them. He therefore sent to ask his Majesty what was to be done, and received the answer that "the holy abbot and his canons were to go in peace, and the king would deal with them on his return."

Needless to say, the monks went and remained in peace, for, strange to say, Henry always showed the best side of his character when having to do with Gilbert. Indeed, one day shortly before he died, he travelled with great difficulty to London to obtain an interview with the King. When the latter heard that the old man had arrived, he went at once to the lodgings where he lay, and falling on his knees begged his blessing, promising to accede to any demands he might make.

The latter days of St. Gilbert were saddened by internal rebellions and disputes in his Order among the lay brethren. False accounts of the occurrences were carried to Rome and to St. Thomas in his exile, and the old saint was not only misjudged, but severely blamed. Sorrow upon sorrow seemed to rain down upon the aged man of God. The case was finally tried in the ecclesiastical courts, and Gilbert's character vindicated. But he was not long to survive these years of suffering and humiliation.

One thing seems to us most extraordinary, and that is, that Gilbert had never made his profession in the Order he had founded and governed. But in his extreme old age, he yielded to the many entreaties of his canons, and pronounced his vows at Bullington in the

presence of Roger of Malton, his devoted counsellor.

One trial greater perhaps than any other still awaited our saint. All his life he was used to pain and weakness, which increased as years went on. But now, added to all this, the continual tears he shed caused him to become quite blind. To a man of his habits, and used to the continual supervision of his different communities, this must have indeed been worse than death. He resigned his office to his beloved Roger of Malton, though he still continued to visit the priories on horseback as long as he could. Finally he was carried from place to place in a litter.

At length the summons came. The aged saint was at the little Priory of Newstead, when, on Christmas Eve, he was stricken, and the last Sacraments were administered. His sons knew how he longed to die at Sempringham, and they determined to carry him back the forty miles. In the arms of his beloved children he came home to the little village where he had been born just one hundred years before.

The month of January was a sad time for the nuns of Sempringham and the brethren who flocked from all parts to see their beloved father once more. But in February (that most trying of all months in the low-lying marsh land), all knew that the end had come. Roger of Malton watched his father and friend day and night; and so peaceful was the flight of that great soul to God, that the saint had been dead some time before Roger was aware of it.

The old Chronicler could find no better words in which to describe the tenderness of the saint for his children than those Our Lord had Himself used: "He gathered us all as a hen does her chickens under her wing." St. Hugh of Lincoln, his friend and protector, sang the Requiem at his funeral, and the whole Order assembled for it.

Many persons claimed to have seen visions of the saint in glory, and miracles were wrought at his tomb in Our Lady's church at Sempringham. Pope Innocent III. canonized him in the year 1202, and ordered his feast to be kept on February 4th. The Chronicler of Sempringham was ordered by the "Master" to write the Life of their well-beloved founder.

Our saint's days on earth were ended, but he still continued to watch over his Order, which survived in England till Henry VIII. seized its houses and lands to fill his own coffers. The fact that the last "Master" was unfaithful to his vows and to the Faith made the destruction of this purely English Order an easy matter. The remains of some of its monasteries still attest to the size and solidity of the buildings, and many of its churches still bear witness to the zeal of the Gilbertines for the beauty of God's house.

It seems sad that the old Order should be only a memory. But in truth it was more suited to the Middle Ages than to modern ideas. The dual monasteries, the control of the prioress over the finances of both houses, etc., would not meet with sympathy nowadays. St. Gilbert did a great work, and it lasted God's good time. And he will still continue to work by the edification that his example will give to those who care to learn about the chivalrous love of this great servant of God, who thought nothing too difficult to do in his Divine Master's service.

His love of God's Mother should make him dear to all who belong "to Our Lady's Dower." And the great esteem in which he held women could teach a sorely needed lesson in these degenerate days. If men are to imitate this holy man in their esteem for women, surely women should be as our saint wished them: "made after the pattern of most Holye Marye our Ladye."

An Event on the Mountain Side.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THERE was an air of innocent and unusual excitement about Miss Watson's movements. Her hands shook so that she could not tie her bonnet strings; and when she went to fill the cat's saucer with milk she poured it on the white floor instead. At last, when she was ready to set out on whatever errand or quest had so disturbed her, a peep into the narrow looking-glass told her that there were several details of her toilette—a crooked bonnet, for instance—that needed attention.

"I declare," she said to her aunt, aged eighty-two, "I shall never get there in the world! Now, this is the medicine to take at three o'clock; and I've put the drinking water on this chair close to you; and, whatever happens, don't strike any match."

Just then there came a knock at the door. Miss Watson was in despair. Not once in many days did a neighbor cross her threshold; but, neighbor or not, this visitor should be "sent packing." She opened the portal gingerly, and a man lifted his hat. I do not suppose that Miss Watson had been the recipient of a similar courtesy a dozen times in all her long life, and she was disarmed.

"My little daughter"—and here Miss Watson, opening the door wider, saw a child at the man's side,—“my little daughter is thirsty. May she have a drink of water from your nice old well?”

Miss Watson had not thought much of her well, and had had serious thoughts of a patent pump; but the long, weather-beaten well-sweep acquired a new dignity from those pleasant words.

"Wait till I get a dipper," she said. "And won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, I thank you!" replied the visitor. "We have something of a walk before

us, and I am somewhat of an invalid." Here, as if to prove his words were true, he had a fit of coughing that left him pale and weak.

To a New Englander any cup of tin is a "dipper," and the dipper of Miss Watson made several shining journeys to the oaken bucket before the travelers turned to go.

"I am afraid we have detained you," the stranger remarked. "You were going out."

"Well, I was going, to be sure," replied Miss Watson; "but there isn't any particular hurry. I'm going to a vendue. One of my neighbors is dead and his nephew has come to sell his things off. It's around the other side of the mountain. Maybe you're walking that way yourself?"

"We are," answered the stranger; "and we'll walk along with you, if you are willing."

Miss Watson went into the house to repeat her instructions to her aged relative; then ran back once more to put the cat out, so she would not attack the canary. But at last the trio were started on their journey.

"Your little girl seems bashful," said Miss Watson.

"She does not speak English well," was the reply. "But she is thankful to you,—are you not, Dolores?" he asked in accents strange to Miss Watson; and the little maid returned the radiant and eloquent smile which stands for gratitude in any language.

As they went along Miss Watson became voluble, as often happens when one who lives in seclusion meets a sympathetic listener.

"I wouldn't have taken you for a foreigner," she began.

"No?" and the stranger looked amused.

"You're white as anybody, and your English is all right. Now, what might you be? Italian, perhaps?"

"My kind lady," he returned, "with your permission we will dismiss the subject of nationality for the present. Will you enlighten me meantime in regard to the sale—vendue, you called it?"

"Well, you see where I live, on this sort of shelf on the mountain; Abner Dean lived about half a mile further along. I've always known Abner. He and I were children together, and we were young folks together, and—"

"I understand," said the stranger, gently.

"We expected to get married, but he went down to Hilltop and saw somebody he liked better, and I wouldn't hold him to his promise. That was fifty years ago. I kept my promise just the same, and he or anybody else never knew I cared. He had four children, and they all died except one. There was a consumptive streak in the family."

"And the one who didn't die?"

"He ran away to sea. His father was very strict with him; and one time when he went to a dance down in the village Abner said: 'No son of mine goes to such a sink of iniquity; and if you go again, you needn't come home.' And Sammy went again, and the next morning he went over to the Shoals and shipped on a Spanish schooner that had stopped there to get a load of fish. After that Abner never spoke of him; but he became more and more religious, and was a master-hand at expounding the Scriptures and railing at sinners. His wife was a poor, weak little thing, and I must say he took good care of her till she died. Now he's gone, and his nephew from up the coast has come to take possession of things. They've all got to be sold to pay the mortgage.

"There are some things I want to bid in, if I can afford it. I can't bear to see his old rocking-chair go to strangers; and there's the old grandfather clock, that I used to see him wind when he was so little he had to get on a

chair to do it. And, if I've got enough money, I'm going to have the looking-glass. The day I was sixteen he said: 'Do you want to see a pretty picture?' and made me look in that glass. But, as I said, he never knew I cared because he married the Hilltop girl; and I was a real good neighbor, if I do say it, and always was ready to help with the children when there was sickness. But I've talked you nearly to death, and there's the house! I see we're in time."

The old Dean dwelling, grim and grey and dignified with the weight of two hundred years, sat where the shelf of the mountain suddenly widened to a plateau. There was even room for a row of elm trees, which took root sturdily and flourished as well as those in the lowlands. The yard was filled with a thin crowd of people, and in the house they fairly swarmed.

The reticence maintained by the dead man had excited curiosity for many miles around, and the result would have been ludicrous if it had not been so pathetic. Summer boarders, in clothes of latest vogue, examined the marks upon the pewter porringers and Lowestoft teapots; and farmers' wives and village women held up the homespun sheets and towels, and put a possible value upon the ancient chairs. A lady in a smart Summer suit had seized a cradle, pronouncing it "Too cute for any use," and threatening to become its possessor at any cost. At that sight Miss Watson, who had managed to maintain her composure hitherto, broke down and wept furtive tears in the friendly shelter of a blue and white counterpane which was stretched upon a clothesline for inspection. The stranger caught a glimpse of her.

"Be brave, madam!" he whispered in his somewhat formal manner. "Strange things sometimes happen."

Little Dolores slipped her hand into

an old one covered by a faded cotton glove, and put her face against its owner's sleeve. The auctioneer got upon the kitchen table and rang a bell.

"My friends," he said, "this is a solemn occasion. A fellow-citizen has been snatched away, to be seen no more. At this momentous time we should realize that existence is fleeting, and I will proceed to business. The contents of this house—the beautiful contents, my friends,—are to be knocked down to the highest bidder; and as some of you are desirous of getting back to Hilltop, I will, by request, first attract your attention to this cradle. This is a cradle, gentlemen, that may have come over in the 'Mayflower.' I defy any one to say that it did not. How much am I offered for it as a starter?"

The lady in the silk gown was alert, and the tears were running down Miss Watson's old cheeks.

"Half a dollar!" came in silken tones that matched the gown. Then, as if to verify the stranger's prediction, something happened; for he arose and interrupted the auctioneer.

"There is no need of continuing this sale," he said in a voice loud enough for all to hear.

The auctioneer's mouth opened, but so amazed was he that no words came. Abner's nephew was more fortunate.

"Upon my word, sir," he began, "you are making yourself rather officious. May I ask by what right—"

"Cousin," said the stranger, "these things are mine and I do not choose to sell them. I am Samuel Dean."

"How do you do, Samuel!" exclaimed the cousin. "You have been rather late in coming forward; but, so far as I am concerned, you're quite welcome to the whole house, mortgage and all." And he extended a friendly hand.

One by one they crowded about the pale man who had come to claim his own; and, as the news spread through

the house, it was "Sammy, do you remember?" and "Sammy, have you forgotten?" and a chorus of "Who would have thought it?" One was silent. Miss Watson, holding fast to Dolores, trembled but did not speak.

"I think," said Samuel, "that there could be no better time for an explanation than this, when you are all together. I was eighteen when, after a misunderstanding with my poor father, I shipped on a Spanish schooner at the Shoals. For thirty years he would not forgive me; but a while before he died his heart softened and he wrote me this letter. 'Come home,' it reads. 'I shall be gone, but the old house will be here. Come home, my son!' And I have come home, and brought my little girl, whose mother is dead; and, please God, we are going to make a home again here on the mountain. She is of different blood from you, and your ways and hers will at first seem strange; but I ask you to be her friends when I am gone."

Then they saw that the scourge of the Deans was pursuing him, and knew that the little maid might not have her father long.

And yet he lives to-day,—frail, it is true, and often, as it seems, at the door of death; but happy and at peace. The air from the pine forests upon the mountain and the careful nursing of Miss Watson have combined to grant him a new lease of earthly days. The aged aunt has long slept with her ancestors; and Miss Watson, with her cat and canary, is domesticated at the old Dean home.

The religion of Dolores troubled the good Puritan until she found out that it was the faith of the child's father as well. Then she was reconciled; for if Sammy believed it, it could not be wrong. There are rumors that she even goes over to the Beach to Mass on special occasions; and for once rumors tell the truth.

The Folly of the Cross.

THE following little story, which originally appeared in the *Franciscan Annals* of Wales, has been republished by the *Catholic Guardian* of Ceylon. We reproduce it, in order to propagate still more a lesson so valuable and so well inculcated. The wisdom of the world is never disregarded and is easily followed. The folly of the Cross is little understood and seldom accepted, though it is the true wisdom.

A score of Franciscan novices were gathered together one evening in their little oratory; it was "question-time." They had been reading from the "Little Flowers," how the Archangel St. Michael had appeared to Brother Peter and said to him: "Brother Peter, thou hast given thyself much pain, and in many ways afflicted thy body; lo! I am, come to comfort thee. Therefore, ask what grace thou wilt, and I will obtain it for thee from God."

The conversation had turned on this legend, and the master of novices asked them: "Suppose the great Archangel were to appear to you, Brothers, and put to you the same question, what grace would you ask for?"

Many and different were the graces that each of the novices would have desired to ask; but, among them, we will select two on account of the great contrast between the temperaments of the two Brothers. "I would ask St. Michael," said one, "for a true missionary spirit, that I might win many souls to Christ." The request was in keeping with everything about him. He was a young man of impulsive spirit, who promised fair to be one day a zealous missionary. Next to him sat a novice of his own age, but with a delicate constitution, gentle, quiet, unobtrusive. His name was Brother Giles. These two were fast friends. Perhaps their con-

trast was the bond of union between them. "And you, Brother Giles," inquired the novice master, "what grace would you ask of St. Michael?"—"I would ask him," he answered meekly, "to obtain for me the grace to esteem others better than myself."

At this reply his friend was so surprised that he looked at him as if to make sure he was in earnest, so strange did his words seem. But Brother Giles was in real earnestness, and he was to learn, later on, through bitter experience, the deep wisdom of his reply,—that self is like a parasitic weed, which, if not pulled out by its own roots, will spread in a field and smother and kill all good seeds sown in it.

In due time the two novices were ordained priests, and though their work took them to a distance from each other, prayer and friendship kept them closely united. Father Giles continued in the gentleness and unobtrusiveness of his novitiate days. Learned, and yet unconscious of his learning, continually more or less in bad health, but always bright, always obliging, always ready to render service, ever forgetful of self. Quietly, without clamor, he labored to sanctify himself and others, and soon endeared himself to all who came under his influence. It was said of him: "Father Giles' kindly smile is like the soft rays of the sun that bring life and color wherever they shine, and his words are like the gentle rain, which is absorbed by the earth and brings fertility to the soil. His presence is like magic. Around him, seemingly without effort on his part, all religious activities are quickened; holiness spreads; conversions multiply; his presence cheers; his prayers seem always to be answered." And the secret of it all? Because to Father Giles, being was more than doing, prayer was above labor. He was truly humble, esteeming others better than himself.

The Enigma of Self-Sacrifice.

HUMAN nature is much the same the world over; and absolute unselfishness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, is apt to astonish the average man, be his skin white, red, yellow or black. "What is there in it for me?" seems to be so natural a question with regard to any enterprise one purposes undertaking that the elimination of self-consideration is looked upon by the mass of mankind as practically impossible. Civilized people, of course, profess to believe in the disinterestedness of religious who bind themselves by the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience to labor for the salvation of souls and their personal sanctification; but we question whether such disinterestedness is really more explicable to many a civilized non-Catholic than to the Arab merchant Omar, of whom one of the White Sisters of Algeria writes:

"...Another idea preoccupied him. Each of the travellers [across the Desert of Sahara] was seeking some interest or other,—he himself was looking for business, the Count for pleasure; the black domestic followed his master; little Ahmed was going to rejoin his parents. But these women *marabouts* [the Sisters], what could possibly be their interest in making the wearisome journey?

"I," he said to me one day, 'always make something by my trips; and you, what do you make?'

"I could not repress a smile as I replied that we did not travel to make money. But he put on a knowing look that plainly meant:

"Go tell that to some other than a merchant of Ghardeia."

"Now, look here," he began again. 'I sell dates and I buy wool: the wool is for me. I sell baskets and I buy a burnoose: the burnoose is for me. You travel, tire yourself out, give alms:

what is there in all that for you?"

"The friendship of God and Paradise, if I serve Him well," I replied. "Do you understand?"

"A little,—only a little."

"A few minutes later, reverting to his fixed idea of Arab commercialism, he ventured:

"Well, anyway, you must make for yourself at least five francs a day?"

"So far from trying to make anything for myself," I rejoined, "I have given all the money I possessed to the poor."

"Then," said the disconcerted Omar, "I don't understand at all."

An Entirely False though Exceedingly Common Notion about God.

(Dr. Samuel Johnson.)

If God were a Power unmerciful and severe, a rigid exactor of unvaried regularity and unfailing virtue; if He were not to be pleased but with perfection, nor to be pacified after transgressions and offences, in vain would the best men endeavor to recommend themselves to His favor; in vain would the most circumspect watch the motions of his heart, and the most diligent apply himself to the exercise of virtue: they would only destroy their ease by ineffectual solicitude, confine their hearts with unnecessary restraints, and weary out their lives in unavailing labors. God would not be served, because all service would be rejected; it would be much more reasonable to abstract the mind from the contemplation of Him, than to have Him before us only as an object of terror, as a Being too mighty to be resisted, and too cruel to be implored; a Being that created men only to be miserable, and revealed Himself to them only to interrupt even the transient and imperfect enjoyments of this life; to astonish them with terror, and to overwhelm them with despair.

On a Point of Self-Delusion.

THE statement that the sermons which snatch the greatest number of souls from the thralldom of hell are those on the flight of dangerous occasions is quite credible; and it has probably been verified time and time again by all who are charged with the care of souls. At any rate, there is, along the same line of thought, a declaration which each one may verify for himself; that in seven cases out of ten our relapses into sin are directly due to our non-avoidance of the occasions of sin,—to our seeking, instead of shunning, such occasions.

There are few points on which the ordinary Christian is more averse to probing himself, more inclined to be thoroughly satisfied with a superficial examination of his inner self, than the matter of determining what particular occasions among those to which he habitually exposes himself are dangerous. As to some of these, there can be no question. To frequent the society of the dissolute, to read anti-religious or immoral books, to attend theatres in which the plays are unequivocally indecent, to gaze at sensuous pictures,—this, of course, is avowedly and unmistakably to seek the occasion of sin; and is, in itself, irrespective of subsequent thoughts, desires or deeds, positively sinful. So, in general, is our deliberate quest of such persons, places or things as have heretofore been the means of leading us into sin.

Now, as regards most of such persons, places or things, we are probably willing to acknowledge that they are real dangers to our spiritual welfare; and we can without much difficulty bring ourselves to a determination, genuine at least for the moment, henceforth to avoid them. Concerning some of them, however, we are loath to adopt either the opinion of friends, the deci-

sion of our spiritual guides, or even, as has been said, the verdict of our own thoroughly awakened conscience. We try to persuade ourselves that, in the future, we shall experience no difficulty whatever in avoiding any transgression; that such conditions or circumstances constitute at most a remote, not a proximate, occasion; and hence that there exists no peremptory need of our shunning them.

Repeated experiences give the lie direct to such specious sophisms. If ever the maxim, "No man should be judge in his own cause," finds appropriate application, surely it is applicable here. When our confessor, experienced in the tortuous windings of the human heart, skilled in diagnosing moral diseases and in applying adequate remedies thereto, uninfluenced by any other than a wholly unselfish desire for the rehabilitation of our spiritual life,—when this physician of the soul warns us against what his practised eye recognizes as veritable dangers, it behooves us to acquiesce in his judgments, distrust the promptings of self-love, and sacrifice affections which, in the final analysis, are plainly incompatible with a really firm purpose of amendment.

We all admit that "he that loveth danger shall perish in it"; that no one can touch pitch without being defiled; that to delight in occasions of evil and to fall into sin are, as St. Augustine says, one and the same thing. What we need to be reminded of, perhaps, is that some practice which we persist in declaring to be quite innoxious is in reality, so far as we are concerned, a true and proximate occasion of sin; and that, however much it may cost us to give up that practice, our spiritual welfare requires its abandonment. "If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee," applies to more Christians than are at all willing to admit the application.

Notes and Remarks.

We had something to say in these columns recently of the intellectual dishonesty of Mr. Towner, of the Towner-Sterling Bill, in citing the number of illiterates in Georgia and New York, respectively, without mentioning the vast disparity in the populations of the two States. Archbishop Curley also spoke of Georgia the other day, and he also made comparisons; but, being intellectually honest, he neither suppressed the true nor suggested the false in his argument. "I have lived near Georgia for seventeen years," he said, "and the laymen of Georgia with a diocese of 20,000 people or so—the laymen and women of Georgia—have done more for their laymen's organization than the laity of New York, Baltimore and Boston combined. I am talking, as you understand, from the standpoint of proportion in numbers. I came up from Georgia last week, and I know what they have done in eradicating prejudice. They have set an example for every diocese in the country."

We have had occasion more than once to congratulate the laymen of the Southern State on the excellent work they are doing for the Church, and congratulate them anew on this notable tribute paid to them by so notable an authority. Another paragraph from the same address of the Archbishop of Baltimore deserves wide circulation, emphasizing, as it does, the perennial duty of all Catholics in this Republic,—that of interpreting, by word and example, the Catholic faith to the millions of non-Catholics among whom we live. Said the Archbishop:

The American public, the great mass of our population, of our 100,000,000 people, is honest. They may be opposed to us, they may be prejudiced, but, as Americans, I like to believe, and I think I am right, that their opposition is not a vicious opposition. It is an opposition that has grown out of ignorance.

Their opposition is to a Church that never existed and never could exist under the name Catholic; and if you and I were raised in the surroundings in which many of the enemies of the Faith have been raised, we might be much worse enemies of the Catholic Church. There is great work, therefore, to be done by the priests and people in America who have received the gift of Faith. That is, to place it before those who are anxious to know. There is a groping after the supernatural. There is no man who does not realize that his heart's desires can never be filled by the things of earth.

As was naturally to be expected, Mr. Edison's drastic criticism of the products of our colleges has subjected him to numerous counter-criticisms. With no intention of entering into a discussion of the truth or falsity of the great electrician's statements, we are moved to quote the reply of Dr. Van Dyke, of Princeton, who, when asked what he thought of Edison's views on culture, answered: "Not much. It is not his stronghold. On publicity he is an expert. On electricity he is good, but sometimes whimsical. On education, as a process of teaching men to understand and think broadly and accurately, he reminds one of a sub-freshman coming up from a 'prep' school where modesty is not in the curriculum."

If Mr. Edison resembles an ultra-conceited schoolboy when he discusses culture and education, plainly he should be regarded as an incompetent critic when he discusses, as he sometimes does, the deepest questions of philosophy and theology.

The assertion, still repeated, that Newman and the Oxford converts were influential "because they were keen and well-bred scholars—only that," was adequately refuted years ago by the late Dr. Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., who was, perhaps, the most learned, and certainly among the most fair-minded, Protestant clergymen in the United

States. He said: "It was not mere acuteness which gave Newman his wonderful perfection of style. Still less was it mere acuteness which enabled him to check the progress of Protestantism in England,—a check from which we can not well say that it has recovered. At all events, the older Protestantism, negative and bitterly polemical, founded on the assumption that Rome is the 'mystery of iniquity,' has very little left in England. Its representatives are such men as the late Mr. Kensit; and a few papers, which it would provoke a smile to describe as having anything to do with the world of thought."

Were it not that Archbishop Bonzano's recall to Rome presages his elevation to a position of greater influence and higher responsibility, his departure from Washington would seem a real misfortune or be considered a severe deprivation. As Apostolic Delegate to the United States for the past ten years, he has endeared himself to prelates, priests and people, and earned the deep respect of those outside the Church. The Holy See could not have been more honorably represented than by Mgr. Bonzano. His qualifications for the difficult and delicate post assigned to him by Pius X. were in evidence from the first, and, as the years went by, became more and more conspicuous. His prudence and zeal, his firmness and gentleness, his disinterestedness and kindness,—tact, forbearance and courtesy—caused him to be universally admired and beloved.

Whatever may be Mgr. Bonzano's new position in Rome, he will be recognized and deferred to as the one most thoroughly informed concerning the character, status and prospects of the Church in our Republic. His knowledge of it is first-hand, and it is intimate. While representing the Pope, he was

here to see and to learn. He saw with his own eyes, and disregarded no source of information. He knows both what will promote and what would retard the progress of the Church in the United States. That knowledge, please God, will prove a lasting benefit in manifold ways.

In his gracious farewell letter to the hierarchy, Mgr. Bonzano declares that he would bear away pleasant memories of our country and people; not less pleasant will be the memories of himself that are cherished by all who came in contact with him, or who experienced his beneficent influence.

Whether or not distance lends enchantment to the view, it undoubtedly furnishes the proper perspective in which to observe great scenes in nature, great monuments in art, and even great social events in real life. It is accordingly interesting to note how our American Prohibition is regarded at the Antipodes. Mr. Johnson, whom irreverent paragraphers style "Pussyfoot," has been visiting Australia, with the view of converting the people of that far-away continent to become as "dry" as are (supposed to be) the dwellers in this country. His reception was civil but cool. This quotation from the *Advocate*, one of the leading Catholic weeklies of Australia, adequately represents the Antipodean attitude:

As to the matter of the address, we find it hard to decide precisely the result of Prohibition in America. Mr. Johnson regards it as an unqualified success; others have informed us that it is just as gigantic a failure; a third class take a middle course, and insist that the only States where Prohibition is yet successful are those which accepted it long ago, and in which the young folk growing up have never tasted alcoholic drinks. We feel certain that the Prohibition known in America is by no means an ideal system, and that it is idle to put it before Australians as a desirable system to adopt. Rightly or wrongly, our people are of the belief that the man who can

afford to pay gets drink in the U. S. A., while the poor man goes without, or gets the vile "hootch." If Mr. Johnson can propound a scheme on different lines from those followed in America the public here will give him a very sympathetic hearing.

It has been with a sense of genuine disappointment that we have failed during the past few weeks to find in any reputable secular journal an adequate comment on the extraordinary speech of the American Ambassador to England, delivered at the Authors' Club, London, on Oct. 23. The question, "Have Women Souls?" must have connoted in many minds a humorous address, or one intended to be humorous. Even as such, it would have come with execrable taste from a representative of the United States speaking in a foreign capital; but, if it was seriously meant, as it appears was the case, then Mr. Harvey deserves, and should receive, a strong rebuke from the President who appointed him. The only apposite comment on the matter that we have seen is in the *Catholic Universe*, of London: "We are not surprised that such stuff should find its way into the daily Press—it is specious and sensational—but we do regret that the dignity of a great and friendly nation should be lowered by such utterances from its official representative." A stern but well-deserved rebuke.

A pointed little story, which will bear retelling here, is related by the *Register*, of the Diocese of Harrisburg. "Father Bridgett, the English Redemptorist, known to many by his historical and controversial works, used to tell how, when he was still a Protestant and a student at Cambridge University, he went one day with a friend to see the Catholic church, then a poor little building almost hidden away in a narrow side street. The church was closed, but the sacristan who lived near-by, an old

Irishman, brought the keys and showed it to the visitors. As they were leaving the place, Father Bridgett's friend and fellow-student said to their guide: "Now, Pat, do you really imagine that you have all the truth hidden away in this little church of yours, and that all the famous and learned men of the University know nothing about it?"—"Well, sir," said the Irishman, "if they know about it, isn't it a queer thing that they can't agree about what it is?" Father Bridgett used to say that this reply set him thinking, and the thinking was his first step toward the Church."

It will add to the interest of this anecdote to state that Fr. Bridgett, who had been a parson of the Anglican Church, became rector of the wondrously flourishing Redemptorist convent in Limerick, Ireland; and one of the little boys who used to serve his Mass is now Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer.

In defence of Mr. H. G. Wells', "Outline of History," which the people of Kansas object to have used as a textbook in the schools of their State, on the ground that it negatives the basic truths of Christian doctrine, and because its author is an agnostic, the editor of the *New York World* observes: "The only way the Kansas theologians can find out whether Wells' 'Outline' is true is to ask the historians.... The test of history is truth, not propriety, not morals, not doctrine.... There is no higher test than truth."

"At first blush," replies the editor of the *O-K Weekly*, "it would seem that the argument of the *World* is unanswerable. But it isn't. The editor is unwittingly guilty of sophistry. For he has assumed as proved the very question in dispute, namely, that the non-Christian interpretation of history is true. If the editor of the *World* will critically examine what he has written,

he will doubtless be shocked when he discovers that he is at least as dogmatic as the theologians.... Neither Wells nor the *World* can prove that Christ was not the Son of God. They can merely 'argue' the point from *a priori* principles. But *a priori* principles aren't worth a hang in the presence of overwhelming evidence of a contradictory character. We accept the testimony of Christ and His Apostles as true. Let Wells and the *World* rave on!"

We had occasion several months ago to commend the wisdom of Judge Bartlett, of Detroit, in subjecting reckless automobile drivers not only to a fine, but to a term of imprisonment. In view of the increasing number of clearly avoidable accidents resulting from the "speed mania" of such drivers, his course elicited the applause of judicious citizens everywhere. We are gratified to learn that the same wise judge has recently employed another effective means of converting the guilty chauffeurs to a saner view of their responsibilities and a concrete realization of the injuries which their infraction of the law entails. A week or two ago, Judge Bartlett conducted twenty-eight violators of the traffic laws to the children's ward of a hospital, and showed them a number of little ones whose presence there was caused by such reckless driving as they had just been convicted of. Once a week hereafter, he will personally conduct a similar visit; and we shall not be surprised to learn that his plan does more to prevent motor-car accidents than fine or imprisonment has thus far effected.

Under the title "Moulders of Great Britain," Mr. Frank Dilnot has contributed to *Our World* some personal sketches of the outstanding figures in the England of to-day. In discussing Arthur Balfour and John Burns, he mentions

two incidents which brighten his paper, and would be variously characterized by early-Victorians and by up-to-date journalists. The former would probably refer to Shakespeare's "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," or Tennyson's "Kind hearts are more than coronets"; while the latter may conceivably speak of Mr. Dilnot's "pep," or ability to "put things over." The reader may characterize the incidents as he pleases; here they are:

Let me tell you a little anecdote of this cool aristocrat, Balfour. Arthur Henderson, the Labor leader, lost a gallant son in the War, and there was a memorial service at the Wesleyan church in Clapham, a suburb of London, where the Hendersons resided. The only man in the British Cabinet who boarded a trolley car on a Wintery morning and went down to that suburban church to show his affection and esteem was Arthur Balfour."

Of him, whom Mr. Dilnot calls the one genius shown up by British Labor, we have this no less interesting and inspiring anecdote:

Here is a little illustration of John Burns, the man. As president of the local government board his offices were the magnificent pile of new buildings at the corner of Parliament Street facing Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons. When the King was crowned his windows afforded the best sight of the pageant in London, and, as Minister, they were at his disposal. Burns gave several of them to the highest in the land, including royalty. The best sight was to be obtained from his own room, a spacious apartment on the first floor. He reserved that exclusively for the thirty-five scrubwomen who clean out the Local Government Offices. "I do not forget that my mother was a poor scrubwoman. God bless her!" he said.

As a rule, one is fully satisfied with a report of only the most pithy part—generally a small part—of the average extempore speech. But we should like to have the full report of a recent address by former Vice-President Marshall before the Kiwanis Club of Atlantic City. From a special dispatch

to the *New York Herald* we get this decidedly delectable extract:

I had a great time in Washington, sitting at the entrance to the "Cave of Winds" [Cóngress] and seeing the great, and the near great, and the hope to be great, and hearing them declare that they had rather be right than President, when not a blamed one of them had a chance of being either.

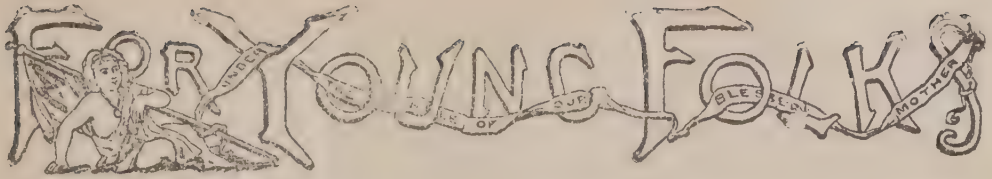
Because I was dropped from the roster of Representatives must not be taken to mean that I have lost interest in civic affairs. I often had the thought that American democracy, if it is to be maintained in its pristine glory, must be maintained, not by the shouting and turmoil of captains of this land, but by the common sense of every-day Americans. I have thought that politics is good, but if the best is to continue, religion is better.

Society, like nature, needs to heal its wounds. One remedy is to elect men to legislative office who promise to pour oil and wine into those wounds. A few years after they are in office you discover that their oil is cottonseed oil and their wine wood alcohol.

Calling the Oregon election "A defeat for Americanism," the editor of *America* draws therefrom the moral that, if Catholic institutions are to continue in existence, Catholics must organize to protect them, and, most important of all, *keep* organized for that purpose. His conclusion is obviously sound and quite as timely:

In every diocese of this great country there should be a permanent vigilance committee of upstanding, educated Catholics, free from the taint of politics, whose sole aim would be the welfare of Church and State. By legitimate methods they could thwart in their very inception many of these organized un-American attacks on the liberties which Catholics as well as Protestants won by hard-fought battles. Thus could our people live their lives in comparative peace, free from the more violent warfare which the Klan and Masons and several other sundry secret organizations are waging against them.

The organization of such a committee would appear to enter naturally into the sphere of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Or, perhaps the K. C.'s will rise to the emergency.



A Barren Valley.

BY E. BECK.

THERE'S a treacherous valley deep and wide,

And to all it is seeming fair;
But its beauties many a pitfall hide
And 'tis set with many a snare;
And the dwellers there, both young and old,
Oft weep in sore distress
For the day when they were tempted to stray
To the Vale of Idleness.

There are paths that lead to pain and need
In that valley wide and low,
There are caverns, too, of sin and crime,
Of misery and woe.
There are streams that bear full many a bark
Whose sails droop languidly,—
Crafts that in waters deep and dark
Stranded yet shall be.

There are flowery ways that thousands tread,
And with careless steps and slow;
And what Failure means, 'tis often said,
These lingers shall know.
No righteous fame, no noble name,
No joys that truly bless,
Were ever won nor shall be won
In the Vale of Idleness.

A Little Robinson Crusoe and His Dog.

III.

“O DEAR, O dear! what shall I do without you?” Camille kept saying to himself, looking fondly at Fox, who had never seemed so dear to him before.

At last he reached the street named in the advertisement. As he approached the house, he saw his cousin about to enter it. He quickened his pace so as to overtake him.

“What brings you here?” asked the boy.

“And you?” asked Gustave in his turn, his face showing his annoyance.

“You can see for yourself,” replied Camille, looking down at Fox.

“So you have come to claim the promised reward?” sneered Gustave.

The look Camille cast on his cousin at this suggestion could not be described.

“Say, Camille,” urged Gustave, turning to go, “don’t mention my name to Madame Marbœuf, will you?”

“Why do you ask that?”

“You’ll know later,” was the reply.

Camille rang and inquired for the mistress of the house.

“On the first floor to the left,” explained the portress. “So you’re bringing back Madame’s dog? You’re fortunate to find him, the reward is a big one.”

Camille rang a bell, and a lackey in a green and gold livery appeared. As soon as he saw Fox, he exclaimed:

“So it’s Madame’s dog you have there! How glad she’ll be! She lost him two years ago—the day she took the coach to attend a funeral. He disappeared at the Tuileries while she was waiting to return home,—at least, that’s what the maid who went with her told me.”

As he was talking, the servant conducted Camille through several richly furnished apartments. Finally they reached a little boudoir, where an old lady sat in an easy-chair before the fire, embroidering. The servant opened the door and said:

“Madame, here’s Fox.”

“Fox!” exclaimed the lady, dropping her work and stretching out her arms. “Fox! So you don’t recognize your mistress, you ungrateful dog!”

Fox, like his young master, stood on the threshold, as if unwilling to enter.

"Fox," repeated Madame Marbœuf in a coaxing tone, "don't you care for your mistress? Here is a sweet biscuit."

Fox wagged his tail by way of thanks, but that was all.

Madame Marbœuf was a woman about sixty years old. Her face still bore traces of great beauty.

"You see, Madame," Camille ventured to remark, "Fox is as sorry as I am that we are going to be parted."

Then, for the first time, Madame Marbœuf glanced at the boy.

"It's all right. I thank you," she said to him; then, turning to a servant, she continued: "Pierre, give this boy fifty francs. You may go now, child."

Seeing that Camille did not stir, she added kindly:

"Don't you think the reward large enough?"

"I would like to make a proposal to you, Madame," said Camille, struggling to keep back his tears.

"There is nothing to prevent you from doing so. What is it?"

"Let me keep Fox. He's my friend, my companion. I'm a poor, abandoned boy, without any relatives. Oh, I beg of you let me keep Fox!"

"What a strange boy!" thought the lady, without being moved in the least. Then, smiling kindly, she said: "I'm very sorry for you, my child; but this dog is mine, and I shall keep him. Go now and get your reward."

"I don't want anything except Fox. He's all I ask," answered Camille, sorrowfully. "Please don't refuse me. See how the poor fellow looks at me! If he could speak, I am sure he would say: 'Please, Madame, do not separate us; have pity on both of us!'"

Without heeding this touching appeal, Madame Marbœuf again addressed her servant:

"Pierre, take this child away and give him a hundred francs.—Go now," she said to Camille. "A hundred francs is a good price for a dog."

"For you to give, perhaps," replied the boy, made bolder by the manner in which he was treated. "Sell me Fox, please, since you think money can replace a friend. Please sell him to me. How much do you ask for him? I haven't the money now, but I'll earn it and bring it to you."

"Take the boy away, I say!" repeated Madame Marbœuf; and as Camille was about to speak she added impatiently: "Enough!—enough!"

Camille hung his head and followed Pierre, without daring to cast a last look at his friend, whom Madame Marbœuf held back. The poor animal gave a prolonged howl as the door closed on his beloved young master.

Camille was going away without stopping, when the servant called out:

"Wait! Here's your reward! I'll count it out in a moment."

"I should have earned it badly," replied Camille, with his hand on the door-knob; "for before night your mistress' dog will be with me again."

As he spoke, the boy bowed politely and went out of the house. Instead of taking the street leading to the printing office, he went a short distance in the opposite direction, then sat down on the curbstone and began to whistle.

"Aren't you going back to work?" asked Gustave, coming suddenly upon his cousin on his way back to Madame Marbœuf's.

"No: I'm going to spend the rest of the day right here," was the reply.

"A queer boy!" said Gustave under his breath, hastening away in another direction.

IV.

Exactly what Camille had foreseen happened. Fox, who had escaped from his mistress once before, was not long

in doing so again. As soon as he was outside he heard his master's whistle and came running up to him, out of breath.

"So here you are at last!" exclaimed Camille, caressing the dog. "Come on!"

The two now hastened off together, each showing joy in his own way.

When the proof-reader saw Camille reappear with Fox, he shook his head.

"So you weren't able to make up your mind to return him?" he said. "That isn't right, Camille."

The boy then related what had happened, excusing himself as best he could. The printers, who were listening, chimed in with various comments:

"I would do the same."

"And I, too."

"I would keep the dog."

"I would have taken the hundred francs."

"No, I wouldn't have taken the money; but I would have told the old lady what I thought of her."

"You think it would be easy to talk to a lady with such haughty manners!" said Camille. "Well, I could only beg her to let me keep Fox."

"What did she say to that?"

"She doubled the reward, claiming that a hundred francs ought to console me for my loss."

"You should have offered her the money, when you asked her to sell you the dog," said one of the men.

"She would only have laughed," replied Camille.

"She may have thought you didn't have any money; but if you had showed it to her—"

"I couldn't do that, just then, but I told her I would earn the price."

"That wasn't the same: to promise money is not to show it. One does not hesitate long at sight of twenty fine five-franc pieces."

"Perhaps you would not, Gaspard;

but with rich people it is different," answered Camille.

"But I hold to my opinion," maintained Gaspard, pounding his case with his fist to emphasize his statement.

"And I agree with you!" was heard on all sides.

"We'll try the experiment shall we, comrades?"

"But I have only fifteen francs," protested Camille.

"Would you be willing to give that much to have your dog back?" asked Gaspard.

"Yes; I'd give my fifteen francs, and my savings for next week, and the next and the next," replied the boy.

"Well, we'll do the rest, comrades," said Gaspard.

Then, mounting a stone table, he called out in a loud voice to gain the attention of all present:

"A comrade is threatened with the loss of his dog—no, I'm wrong,—of his friend, the only thing he has to call his own. This comrade needs a hundred francs. Are we good for this sum?"

"Yes! yes!"

Gaspard placed his cap at his feet and said with gravity: "Let me set the example." He then dropped a piece of silver into the cap.

"I follow," added Mr. Germain, as he dropped in a five-franc piece.

The others filed up, each one putting in something.

"Oh, how very kind you all are to me!" exclaimed Camille. "How can I thank you enough!"

Although the boy was not very hopeful as to the outcome of this proceeding, he was none the less moved at the proofs of so much good-will.

As soon as the required sum was made up, Gaspard rolled the money in a piece of paper, asked for Madame Marbœuf's address, took off his blouse and started on his errand.

A Puzzled King.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was in the habit, whenever a new soldier joined his bodyguard, of asking him three questions. These were: "How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Do you receive your pay and clothing as promptly as you wish?"

One day a young Frenchman presented himself, with the usual recommendations, and asked to be admitted into the number that served near the person of the King.

"You have the proper qualifications," answered the officer. "You are tall and straight and well drilled. But you do not speak German. However, if you are shrewd and will take the trouble to learn a few German phrases by heart, there will be no difficulty. The King always asks a new member of the guard three questions. You have but to learn how to answer them, and all will be well; for most probably he will never address you again."

The soldier did as he was advised, and soon had the necessary phrases at his tongue's end.

The next day the Great Frederick was going about as usual, and seeing the stranger, set about addressing him; but, unfortunately, he varied the usual order of his questions, and propounded the second one first.

"How many years," he asked the anxious young fellow, "have you been in my service?"

"Twenty-one years," promptly answered the soldier.

The King, seeing how young he was, knew that it was not possible that he had carried a musket for so long a time, and said, in a surprised way:

"How old are you?"

"One year, may it please your Majesty."

It will easily be believed that this second extraordinary answer did not

diminish the King's astonishment, and he exclaimed:

"I declare one or the other of us must have lost his mind!"

The soldier, delighted with the progress he was making in a foreign language, replied with great gusto:

"Both, your Majesty."

"Well, I must say," observed Frederick, "I have lived some time, but never before has one of my own soldiers announced to me that I was a fool."

The soldier, having said every German word he knew, kept silence, very well contented with his success. And Frederick, now anxious to solve this mystery, began to speak in French.

"Oh," said the soldier, relieved, "I can talk French all day! I learned just enough German to answer your three questions."

The King had a hearty laugh, and remarked as he passed on, that it was best to know what one was saying before trying to converse.

It is said that this honest soldier made a faithful guard, and became a trusted favorite of the King.

A Greedy Little Girl.

It happened on Thanksgiving Day. Jennie's uncle called after dinner to see her father. The little girl entered the sitting-room, wearing a troubled expression. Uncle Austin immediately noticed this, and said to her:

"What's the matter, Jennie? You look mournful."

"I *am* more'n full," whimpered little Jennie.

Any one that eats too much, at least in my belief,
Never can be happy, but must surely come to grief.

Though you may be hungry, you never should be greedy.

Think when you have plenty of the many who are needy.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new edition of Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests" and other Catholics who suffered for the Faith in England during the years 1577-1684, edited by Fr. John Pollen, S. J., is announced.

—The Cambridge University Press will soon publish a volume of "Early Latin Hymns," with Introduction and notes by A. S. Walpole. It forms part of the series of "Cambridge Patristic Texts."

—From Matre & Co. comes a cheap paper edition of "Work, Wealth and Wages," by the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J.,—a work which was appreciatively noticed in these columns when it first appeared, some months ago, in cloth covers. Price, 25 cents.

—New books published by Sands & Co., London, whose American agents are the Herder Book Co., St. Louis, include "The Anchorhold: a Divine Comedy," by Enid Dinnis; a translation of a work by the Abbé Moreaux on "What Shall We Become after Death"; "The Boy's Book of Saints," by Louis Vincent; and "A Mystery for Children," a volume in verse, by Sister M. Anthony.

—"Christ versus Capitalism," by the Rev. H. O'Laverty, B. A. (Sydney: Pellegrini & Co.), is a sixteenmo brochure, which deals with the "Logical Basis of Social Reform," "The Rise of Capitalism," "The True Meaning of Government," "Religion and the Worker," "Miracles," "Atheism," "The Hidden Life," "The Spread of the Faith," and "The Church at the Present Day." There is much in this little work that is worth while; but it would be much more so, if its author had supplied an index.

—"Damien and Reform," by the Rev. George J. Donahue, is a blending of some few new things and a good many old things about the priestly hero of Molokai. The author credits Stevenson, Stoddard, and Clifford with a number of his extended quotations; but there are altogether too many extracts, especially poetical ones, to whose authors there is no reference whatever. The work hardly justifies the "reform" of its title; but the world will be all the better for a fuller knowledge of Father Damien, and, accordingly, we wish the book a large sale. Published by the Stratford Co.

—"San Juan Capistrano Mission," by the Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., is the

third volume in the new series (local history) of the "Missions and Missionaries of California." A profusely illustrated large octavo of 259 pages, with an analytic table of contents and a good index, this volume is a worthy successor to "San Diego Mission" and "San Luis Rey Mission." As the former of these two is called "The Mother of the Missions," and the latter, "The King of the Missions," so the present work has for sub-title "The Jewel of the Missions,"—a characterization which a perusal of the text proves to be fairly accurate. Father Engelhardt's reputation as a scholarly and painstaking historian, as well as a graphic writer, is too well established to need any emphasizing; to say that the present volume is fully as excellent as its predecessors is sufficient praise. Printed for the author at Los Angeles, Calif.

—The "Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the 19th Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association," like its predecessors, constitutes a good-sized volume, and one full of matter of especial interest and helpful suggestion for all engaged in educational work, whether in Catholic institutions or not. The papers now presented, excepting those which deal with problems specifically Catholic, shed much light on questions perplexing the minds of all whose privilege it is to labor for the instruction and formation of youth in any school or college. Were this work placed in the hands of and read by intelligent Catholic parents, we feel certain that it would have more weight in determining them to choose a Catholic college for son or daughter than many sermons delivered with that particular end in view; it would inspire the readers with genuine confidence in the ability and character of those who, in large measure, have made our Catholic colleges the equal, if not always the superior, of secular institutions. The Catholic Educational Association deserves the active and generous support of our people, a support which it asks and which, if it is to "carry on," and enlarge its scope, is sorely needed.

—"The longer we live," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the more we find that we are like other persons." If this be true, then there will be very many readers who will share our opinion that the one epithet which most accurately describes "The Story of Extension" (Extension Press) may well be—fascinating.

The story in question is told by the only person who knows it thoroughly, the Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D. D., LL. D.; and, inevitably, the book is not only a complete life of a Society, but a partial autobiography as well. We would not have it otherwise. The personal note emphasizes the actuality of the narrative. Msgr. Kelley has much to say of himself, of course; given the subject, it had to be said, and it is said, modestly. Generous tributes of praise, appreciation, and gratitude are invariably given to others,—prelates, priests, and laymen. A perusal of this eminently readable volume will go a long way towards converting a hitherto somewhat indifferent or narrow-minded Catholic into an ardent advocate and generous supporter of our missions—home and foreign. As a picture of Catholic life in the far-away parishes of our country, the book is a revelation; and as a vindication of a number of policies and methods which, not so many years ago, were criticized more vigorously than intelligently, it is completely adequate. Considered merely as a piece of book-making, the volume is remarkable, and chiefly so because of its cheapness. A handsomely bound, large octavo of 300 pages, with 130 illustrations, its price is only \$2. It is the best two dollars' worth of Catholic literature in book form that has reached our table for many months.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.
 "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
 "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
 "The House Called Joyous Garde," Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
 "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
 "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

- "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
 "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
 "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
 "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
 "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
 "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. Charles Trapp, of the diocese of Southwark; Rev. Isidore Cortesi, diocese of Trenton; Rev. Patrick McGee, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. James McDonnell, C. P.

Sister M. Francis, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Bernardine, Sisters of Charity; and Mother Teresa, Order of Mt. Carmel.

Mr. A. A. Cameron, Mr. Robert Snow, Mr. John Hyde, Major Francis Herbert, Miss Mary C. Gavan, Mr. L. L. Kamp, Mrs. Viola Thurin, Mr. Thomas McKeevar, Miss Alice Bagot, Mr. Thomas Reyburn, Mr. H. F. Sills, Mrs. J. E. Barrett, Miss Annie Kelly, Mr. Donald McDonald, Mr. Francis Kimberly, Miss Mary Nevins, Mrs. Anna Blundell, Mr. John Barrett, Mr. Donald Chisholm, Mrs. William Ryder, Mr. Walter Kelly, Mr. Samuel Taylor, Mr. W. F. Fortune, Mr. Timothy Murphy, Mr. Ignatius Pataski, Mrs. Mary Quinlan, Mr. John Fox, and Mr. Charles Montague.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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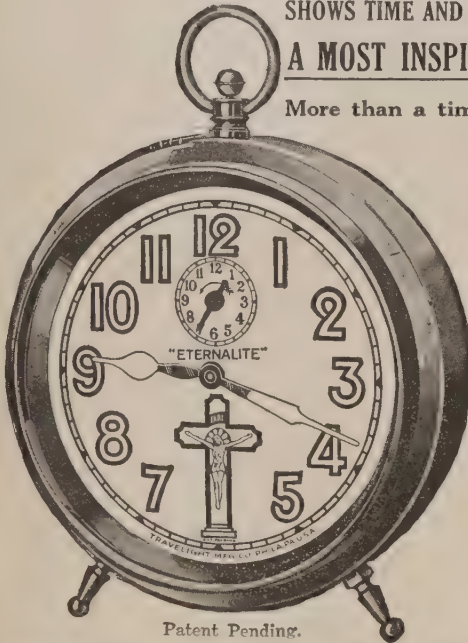
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 16.—St. Eusebius, B. M.	WEDNESDAY, 20.—St. Liberatus, M. St. Dominic Silos, Ab. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
SUNDAY, 17.—THIRD OF ADVENT. St. Lazarus, B.	THURSDAY, 21.—St. Thomas, Ap.
MONDAY, 18.—Expectation of the B. V. M. St. Gratian, B. St. Flannan, B.	FRIDAY, 22.—St. Ischyron, M. St. Flavian, M. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
TUESDAY, 19.—St. Adjutus. Bl. Urban V., P. C.	SATURDAY, 23.—St. Victoria, V. M. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>


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VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 16, 1922.

NO. 25

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The Angelus.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

ARK! on the air what music soft!
Far over meadow land and croft,
The Vesper voices soar aloft;
And in their tones mysterious blent,
The message by the Angel sent—
The Word, and its accomplishment.
The skies flood as with dawn begun;
From height to height what glories run—
'A Virgin hath conceived a Son!'
The radiance deepens; clear and strong,
From angel throng to angel throng,
Wings flash celestial paths along,
And pæans unto pæans tell;
Earth's myriad voices upward swell
Response: 'Among us did He dwell.'
They move! Heaven's golden doors unclose;
I touch the threshold; nearer flows
The chant, more near the splendor grows;
It sinks—it fades; o'er earth and skies
Afar the last soft echo dies—
'In glory from the grave to rise!'

ALAS! there are too many Catholics who continue through a lifetime in a routine that is outwardly adequate and sufficient, but which the want of good motives, the strong infusion of vanity or self-seeking, and the coldness of divine charity, combine to rob of its supernatural value in the eyes of God, and of its merit unto everlasting life.

—Bishop Hedley.

The Trial of Joseph, a Lesson to Us.

BY JOSEPH P. CONROY, S. J.



LL through the preliminaries to the birth of Christ, almost nothing is heard of Joseph, the husband of Mary. All the other participants in the great impending event are taken care of, thoroughly informed of God's will, directed how to act, relieved of all the stress of uncertainty and doubt. And Joseph, the head of the Holy Family, who was to assume the responsibility for its safety, hears not a word.

The Angel Gabriel delivers to Mary a carefully detailed message concerning the birth of Christ, but passes by Joseph without the slightest hint of the mystery. Mary herself says nothing to him. Immediately after Gabriel's visit, she leaves her home for a three months' stay with Elizabeth, with the consequence that Elizabeth knows of the coming birth of Christ before Joseph does. Indeed, it would seem that Zachary, too, was aware of it long before Joseph. He distinctly prophesies Christ in the "*Benedictus*," eight days after the birth of John; and it does not appear that Joseph knew then of the mystery.

Indeed, Joseph seems isolated, neglected, set aside. The others sing their splendid hymns of praise and prophecy and thanksgiving, filled with the knowledge of God's plan, happy with His intimate whisperings to their souls,

glad of their privilege to co-operate so closely with Him. Joseph is left alone, vaguely sensing strange, unusual happenings about him: silence, where he expected speech; reticence, where he hoped for openness; a gulf apparently opening between him and Mary, and steadily widening; the chilling mists of distrust deepening into a hopeless blackness, without a ray of light anywhere to indicate the way out of an intolerable situation. It goes so far that at last he finds himself groping in utter darkness. He is thrust into the piercing dilemma, whether to keep Mary or to put her away. He knows that Mary has vowed virginity to God. He sees she is with child. He has reached the last depths of grief, and the dust of humiliation rains down on him.

St. Matthew tells us this with a cold and terrible simplicity: "When, as His mother, Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child, of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon, Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately." The breaking point was touched. For Joseph it was death in life.

Consider the peculiar agony of this trial of Joseph. Conscious of no fault, a "just man," he sees everyone and everything seemingly conspiring against him. He is not a suspicious man by nature. Mary, with his permission, had been away from Nazareth for three months. He waited her return patiently, quietly. He did not send for her, nor inquire about her. He trusted her entirely, because he was sure he knew her character, and that there was reasonableness in everything she did. Upon her return he spoke no word of upbraiding, showed no curiosity as to why she visited Elizabeth. And even as the dreadful suspicions grew upon him, he was silent, though his soul was upon the

rack—"he thought on these things," Matthew tells us. He was struck at the most tender spot of his soul—his wife, his home, his family reputation. God had forsaken him; Mary had deserted him. No voice of explanation from any side. Scarcely any human soul could suffer more than this. Why did not Mary speak? Her silence accused her more fearfully than any words. Surely, Joseph could say with the Psalmist: "Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice."

Mary was tremulously alive to the suffering of Joseph; but she trusted that God would, in His own time, be kind to him, and tell him all that He had told herself. She placed her own soul, joined with the soul of Joseph, in the hands of God, and, in virginal silence, left the solution to Him. Indeed, it was God alone who could solve it for Joseph.

And Joseph showed himself in every way worthy of his position as head of the Holy Family. His patience, his delicacy, his charity and fortitude stand out in bold relief against the sombre background of his sorrow and humiliation. He "thought on these things," and every thought was a prayer. He looked for no revenge, nor for any public rehabilitation of his name. "Not willing publicly to expose her, he was minded to put her away privately." And the very thought of putting Mary out of his life forever, crushed his heart.

"Why," it may be asked here, "why all this suffering for Joseph? Why could not he have been told of the mystery at the start, as Mary was told? Or, at least, as soon as Elizabeth? Later on, Joseph was the first who knew the will of the Lord. Why not now? Or, if it was more appropriate that Mary should know it first, why delay so long with Joseph that his soul was torn with grief? It seems unnecessary suffering inflicted upon an innocent man; a cruel punishment, where there was no crime."

The answer is plain. Joseph was, first of all, a striking example of God's law, that the way of the saints is the way of suffering. As gold in the furnace, the Scripture tells us, so must even the just man pass through the fire of tribulation. More than this, there is an especial reason why Joseph should endure suffering, and endure it at just this particular time. He was the head of a Family that was destined to be pre-eminently, among all families, one of suffering. The head of that Family could not be exempt. And as the head, the visible leader of the Family, it was fitting that he should be likewise the first who should suffer visibly. And now was the only time when he could be visibly the first. God chose that hour for him, and chose it well.

And so, though Mary suffered more than Joseph, and Jesus more than both, yet God gave to Joseph the great privilege of leading the way for both into the valley of desolation, and of first feeling in his own heart and soul the agony of abandonment which foreshadowed the later agony of Jesus and of Mary.

Moreover, not only as guardian of the Holy Family, but as patron and guardian of the universal Church, it was Joseph's office, and his destiny to show the way to us, his children, down into, and through the deeps of suffering, earth's vale of tears. Great spiritual leadership is conferred only upon those who have won their way through the difficulties they must later teach others to surmount. God tells us to go to Joseph for direction, for strength, for sympathetic understanding. How could we do so with confidence in Joseph's power to grasp our troubles, complicated, bewildering, often not to be told in words, but rather to be felt by intuition;—how could we go to him in such a state of soul, if we did not know that he, before us, had been all but stifled in the darkness of soul aban-

donment, all but withered in the flames of despair?

No: Joseph is our guardian, our trusted friend, exactly because he has himself endured terrible things, has fought his way through them to God, and has never forgotten the agony of that time. He knows from practical experience what each human heart must bear from outer shadows that wrap it round, and from inner fires that torture it. And as he reaches his father's hand to us to hold and sustain us, we take it trustfully and lovingly, knowing that himself has passed that way before us, and assured that one who has been so familiar with sorrow will guide us over remembered ways to the shores of peace.

Our lesson is clear. When we are tried by sorrow in whatever guise, by disappointment, poverty, temptation, misunderstanding, sickness, or death, it does not mean that we are forsaken of God. It is then, in fact, that He is very near to us, either to bring us back to Him, or, as with Joseph, to draw us even closer to Him, and to prepare us for the great things which He expects of us. Suffering is the best argument for any of us that the world can not be our place of rest, and that God is our only consoler and our single friend.

When it comes, then, meet it as Joseph did—with silence, with prayer, without precipitate action, hurried decisions, moody complainings, but with heart poised in the hand of God, with soul balanced and awaiting His final word; and, as with Joseph, so with us, as we "think on these things," the angel of the Lord will appear to us; the grace of God will flood our wavering souls with that peace which is won only through suffering.

IF answering again is as oil to the lamp of calumny, silence is the water which puts it out.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XXVIII.

WHILE Mrs. Critchley and Eloise were accepting, with as good a grace as possible, the disappointment of having a large wedding, Reginald Hubbard presented himself at the office of Gregory Glassford, requesting the favor of a private interview.

"I do not know," he began, in his careless, insolent fashion, "if you had any authority in your rôle of guardian to make or mar a woman's life?"

"I wish I had sufficient authority," Glassford said, coldly, "to forbid altogether the marriage which you have proposed to my ward, and of which I totally disapprove."

"For reasons best known to yourself, of course?"

"For reasons known to many others besides myself," replied Glassford, looking him sternly in the face. Before the gaze of those piercing eyes, Reggie cowered.

"My authority, such as I had, has ended," Gregory further declared, "and my ward has chosen to disregard my warnings. Therefore there is no more to say."

"Your attitude, Glassford, is pharisaical and absurd. As a man of the world you ought to know—"

"As a man of the world, if you put it that way, I do know the sort of husband I should choose for my ward."

There was an open sneer on the other's face.

"No doubt, you had your mind made up on the particular sort of person you would select."

Glassford was well aware of the hidden meaning contained in those words, but he had no mind to enter into such a discussion, nor to give the other the

slightest information as to his own hopes and aspirations.

"Nothing can be gained by further discussion of this subject, Hubbard; but I want it distinctly understood that I am opposed to the marriage."

"I think that will be pretty generally understood," Reggie flung back at him.

"I must only hope so," responded Glassford. "However, I have no power to forbid this marriage, and consequently no more to say. There can be no object in prolonging this interview, and the morning is always my busiest time."

Hubbard withdrew, an ugly scowl penetrating the mask of cool indifference he habitually wore. For the man was inwardly raging at an attitude which Glassford's character and high reputation made particularly damaging. Yet, there was nothing he could do or say. He fared almost worse with Mr. Critchley, whose easy good-nature and tolerance had emboldened him to hope much.

"I tell you plainly," the lawyer declared, "that, were it possible, I should forbid the banns. As that can not be done, and to avoid talk, Eloise will be married from this house. But I will have no public wedding. The ceremony must take place as privately as possible, and be performed by a priest."

"But, Mr. Critchley, you must be aware—"

"I am unhappily aware that I was altogether wrong in giving you the freedom of my house. These cursed social customs should be changed that permit such men as you to be introduced to a man's wife and daughters."

"After such outrageous language," sputtered Hubbard, "I feel strongly tempted to withdraw altogether."

"I wish to heaven you would for the sake of that poor little girl!"

"If it were not that her feelings have to be considered."

"Her feelings would very soon be restored to normalcy."

"I shall leave the decision to her," Hubbard said, hurrying out of the room. But he did no such thing, merely telling Eloise in a general way that he had been insulted by Glassford and also by Mr. Critchley, to whom, no doubt, the former had spoken.

"Gregory never did a mean or underhand thing in his life," said the girl, flashing into one of her fits of sudden anger. "He may be prejudiced, and, if you like, puritanical, but he is open and above board in all his actions."

"With such an opinion of him," replied Hubbard, "it is a wonder you ever thought of throwing yourself away on poor, worthless me!"

After which, seeing it was high time to change his tone, he adroitly appealed to the girl's sympathy, declaring that she alone could help him to retrieve the errors of his past life, if only the Pharisees would stand aside. From that he passed to flattery: told her over and over again of the love which he had striven to conquer so that she might marry a better man, and how instead it had conquered him and brought him to her feet.

There was just sufficient sincerity in all this to deceive the girl's naturally acute mind and to give her a sense of triumph. It was a skilful snare, which has caught many inexperienced feet, and no one in the whole world, as Eloise thought, could plead his cause like Reggie. He had such a beautiful voice, he so readily thought of the right thing to say.

"I would rather have you, Reggie, with all your faults, than anyone in the wide world."

The man felt a twinge of compunction. She was so young; and how little she knew!

So it was arranged that the wedding should take place very soon, since, as

Eloise expressed it, "everyone was being disagreeable."

Mrs. Critchley was as disappointed as Eloise herself at Nick's decision.

"As you are going to be married at all," she declared, "I would give in, and have a decent wedding. You and Reggie would look well walking up the aisle—"

"We wouldn't be walking up the aisle in any case," Eloise said, looking down at the ring upon her finger, with a certain sadness in her tone.

"Oh, no, I forgot! It is altogether most unfortunate. If only you had chosen a Catholic, and all that, why, the archbishop might have consented to marry you, and there could have been a lovely wedding."

"All that would hardly have been sufficient inducement to choose—any other but Reggie."

"Well, I do think, Nick should have made the best of it. Men are so unreasonable, and though I am as much opposed to the match as any one, still I would have had a reception after the ceremony."

"Oh, Dolly, if you knew how happy I am, you would know how little anything like that matters!"

So the wedding took place very quietly in the afternoon in the sacristy of the cathedral. Only the immediate family were present, which included Marcia and Larry, whom, at the last moment, Eloise had begged to come; and Gregory Glassford, with his heart full of misgivings. He had, however, thought it best to accept the invitation, had given a very beautiful present, and had felt a lump rise in his throat when he had spoken to Eloise for the first time by her new title.

"You dear, dear Gregory!" Eloise had said, relenting towards him, "I am sorry you are not pleased; but you will see what a delightfully model husband Reggie will make."

"I see what a charming bride he has got," Gregory responded, in his efforts to be cheerful, "and that he is a very lucky fellow."

Outward harmony prevailed, however, and Glassford even shook hands with the bridegroom, who acted as if nothing unpleasant had occurred.

"It was so sad, Gregory, that I could have cried all the time," declared Marcia; "but, after all, perhaps things will turn out better, and this Reggie is, at least, good looking."

"A woman's plea for mercy," replied Gregory.

Back at his home Mr. Critchley said:

"I tell you, Glassford has risen a good many more pegs in my estimation, if what you told me the other day is true."

"Oh! you mean about Marcia?" queried Dolly.

"Yes. That girl is a *rara avis*. If I were a young man, and had not the sweetest little wife in the world, I should want to marry her myself."

"I must have her here for a visit. I am sure she will be a success," Mrs. Critchley answered.

XXIX.

The wedding over, Marcia returned home immediately, despite Mrs. Critchley's cordial invitation to remain for a fortnight or so. She did, however, promise to come back after Christmas, and make such a visit as her wardrobe would permit.

"You know," she declared, frankly, "it would cost a fortune to make me presentable. Why, I never had more than one or two evening dresses in my life, and they would have to be made over, and as for the rest—"

"Oh, you need not let that stand in your way!" Mrs. Critchley said. "You have quite bewitched Nick, so that he will not hear of a refusal, and Madame Lucette can fix you up something in a day or two; and they say you can get such perfect costumes ready

made at one of the good places. I have never tried that myself, but lots of people find them satisfactory."

Marcia laughed aloud.

"Dear Mrs. Critchley," she began—"Say Dolly; I hate formality!"

"Well, then, Dolly dear, I should be in the poorhouse and have to mortgage the old place, if I so much as crossed Madame Lucette's threshold, or bought anything at what you call 'the good places.'"

"Why, my love, I know that very well; but I have no daughter of my own, and I mean, of course, that I would provide anything you needed."

"I don't think I should like that," Marcia objected. "Not that I do not appreciate your generous kindness. You are a dear to think of it!"

"You were so like your father when you threw back your head and said that you would not like it. I was very fond of him once, and I wish you would let me do this."

"Please let me come in my old gowns done over," pleaded Marcia; "and if you really think they are not fit to be seen, why, Madame Lucette may make me just one grand costume. Perhaps I can afford that."

So it was settled, though the good-natured woman of the world, with secret misgivings as to Marcia's outfit, resolved that, if it were possible to prevent it, no dollar of the girl's money should go to Madame Lucette.

"They have such a curious pride, those Brentwoods," she reflected. "Walter or Jim would have acted just the same and, as for that old—hidalgo, I will call him for want of a better name—the grandfather, why, it would have taken a brave man or woman to offer him a favor."

So Marcia went back home, and Gregory Glassford kept his thoughts fixed upon the old house. To him it was as the shrine that enclosed Marcia. Yet,

as no word or sign reached him from that Mecca of all his hopes, he felt a delicacy in proceeding thither uninvited, whereas Larry, on his sister's account, refrained from taking the initiative; and it was not likely that an invitation would be forthcoming from Marcia.

Therefore, busy member of the Exchange that he was, he had no other resource than to devote himself to those affairs, which kept the Street in perpetual activity. He was never for a moment idle during those days when buying and selling went on in unremittent succession, when telephone calls, which he alone could answer, messengers from this great firm or that, with confidential messages, telegrams in cipher to which he only possessed the key, alternated with letters to be dictated to the stenographer for out of town customers.

At last, when there was breathing space, he sat still a few moments absorbed in the fascinating puzzle of a subtle change in Marcia's attitude towards him since the day when she had heard of Eloise's engagement. He listened as in a dream to the voice of old Tompkins telling his tales of the past, like some ancient timepiece ticking out the hours.

He was relating how the Bubonic plague had once served to boom Brazilian coffee in Wall Street, and had made many a fortune.

"Walter Brentwood," he said, "stood to win that day. What a good-looking chap he was, with his face flushed and his eyes bright as he met me outside the Exchange, and cried out: 'Congratulate me, old boy, I'm in luck, this time!' His eyes were as blue as the sky, and, looking into them, you couldn't help loving the man."

"Yes, that was it," thought Gregory, "the same quality which had descended from father to daughter."

When Friday wore to its close, Gregory, who was feeling the strain,

determined to cut the Gordian knot which had restrained him from visiting the House at the Cross Roads.

"Larry," he exclaimed, "I have been waiting in vain for an invitation to your house."

Larry at once responded with all possible cordiality.

"You know you are always welcome, and that everyone will be delighted to see you."

"May I presume on that so far as to run out for the week end? We have had a strenuous time here in the office, and your home is the most restful place I know."

Larry having given the required assurance, Glassford suggested:

"You had better telephone to know if it will be quite convenient. I should feel more at ease about going."

Larry protested that the question would be the merest form. Nevertheless, he did so at Glassford's earnest request. Gregory was in high spirits all during the drive along the familiar way, and he said to his companion:

"This is like going to Paradise, Brentwood."

It was Sunday afternoon, however, before he found the opportunity he sought.

"Do come with me for a walk, Marcia," he urged, "there is something that really must be talked over between us. I can not possibly stand any further uncertainty, and we must come to some agreement."

Marcia made no objection. She, too, felt that the crisis had to be met and passed in one way or another.

"There has been a light sprinkling of snow," she remarked, looking out of the window, "but that does not matter, does it? It will be a glorious day for a walk."

There was a silence, somewhat constrained, between the two as the walk finally began.

Glassford broke it abruptly, with the courage with which he would have faced a falling market.

"I want to know once for all, Marcia, whether that No of yours was really final. I should not have dared to hope, only that the reason you then gave seemed insufficient."

His nervousness was apparent; perhaps it communicated itself to the girl, for she remained altogether silent, while he continued:

"Every moment seemed an hour in that accursed world down there, where all is false and hollow, till I could get back to this dear place. I wouldn't give it for any palace in the land!"

"Well," returned Marcia, "it is permissible to love the old house and even its present owners within limits."

"Oh, why is your head always so much stronger than your heart?" Gregory exclaimed.

"Perhaps it has had more practice."

"You are enough to break a man's heart with your coldness."

"I haven't tried any other way yet to accomplish that terrible result," suggested Marcia, giving a laughing, upward glance at him.

"You are joking, when I am in more deadly earnest than I ever was in my life; you are not like any woman that I ever met."

"Is that a compliment or the reverse?" Marcia inquired. "Would you like me to resemble any particular one of them?"

"Only your own precious self. And do you know, Marcia, you are beautiful to-day."

For, with all the charm she had exercised over him, he had never before thought her beautiful. But there was a new light in her eyes, darkened by emotion, a color in her cheeks, which the exhilarating air of Autumn had not brought there.

"No," Marcia contradicted, "there is

some glamour over your eyes. I am not beautiful."

"Your name suits you so perfectly, too. I love it," Gregory exclaimed.

"Do you?" Marcia queried, reflectively. "I believe it was given me in memory of some relative."

She would have liked to have kept the conversation on such safe lines, but Glassford returned speedily to the original topic.

"I want you to answer me to-day, Marcia; but I beg of you to give me some hope, and not to speak the word that will banish me completely from the old house—and you."

"No word of mine will ever willingly banish you, Gregory."

"Yet that little plain word 'No' will effectually do it."

"Gregory," Marcia said, and her tone, in its turn, was pleading, "give me time. Let me adjust my mind to this new idea of yours."

His face brightened, for at last there was something that permitted him distantly to hope.

"Let me look at you," Marcia said, quaintly, stopping short in their walk, "and try to discover what sort of man you really are."

He stopped, flushing and laughing, wholly charmed with her pretty little fancy.

"For, you know," she went on, "I was accustomed to consider you in only one light, as Sarah the housemaid used to express it: She always called you 'Miss Eloise's beau.'"

"You are absurd," Glassford exclaimed, "and yet how captivating!"

"In this new rôle, you certainly succeed in making very pretty speeches; but I have to get accustomed to the idea that they are all for me."

"And have always been?"

"That you are mine," she said, slowly, "and that it is my love you wish to win. If you were to go away—" She stopped,

and looked not at him, but over the darkening landscape.

"If I were to go away?" he prompted eagerly.

She brought her eyes to his face, with a smile that was enchanting.

"I should be more sorry than I can tell you," she admitted; "and at the very last moment I might cry out to you: 'You must not go! I can not bear it.'"

He would have seized her hand, but she waved him aside.

"And yet I am not sure that it is love. It is in my nature to be grateful for kindness. I can see and admire all that is best in you, but, so far, you still appear to me in that other light."

"How can I disabuse your mind of that stupid error?"

"By nothing you can say or do just now," Marcia answered, gently.

"You might have known that long ago, if you had not been purposely blind."

"It was a very natural impression. I never thought of you, except as a visitor to my cousin, and in some way or another, one of the clan."

"Did you never suspect at all?"

Marcia hesitated. She was too truthful to deny that there had been moments when doubts of his attitude towards Eloise, and of his feelings towards herself, had entered her mind.

"That day at Claremount, Gregory," she admitted, "I was somewhat surprised and rather troubled."

"Can't you remember any other occasion?"

"You mean before that walk?"

"That memorable walk! I mean before that walk."

"There was one evening on the porch. But I put it all aside, thinking it was pure imagination, or that you were one of the many who scatter bits of love-making as they go."

"A gay deceiver?"

"No, hardly that; but it made me un-

comfortable, and I kept away from you as much as I possibly could."

"I remember very well, but I hardly thought you had so poor an opinion of me."

"I may have thought it was the fashion in Mrs. Critchley's world. But I could never give my love lightly, though I am very fond of you, and—"

"But what then?"

"Time may work changes, Gregory,—gradually; and I shall learn to look on you in just the light you wish—and if that happens, I will love you very much, and never change; you may be sure of that."

"With that goal before me, I can wait and hope; nothing will be too hard. Only let me see you often; let me feel that I am making some progress."

"Come as often as you like, Gregory; only it must be on no invitation of mine, and this conversation leaves you free as air."

"It has bound my chains considerably tighter. If it had been possible to love you more, I have done it during this last hour."

"Well, at least, we understand each other; and I feel that truth is best."

"If you would marry me as it is," suggested Glassford.

"No, I will not marry you as it is, but if the day comes that I can say to myself 'I love this Gregory Glassford better than anything in all the world,' then I shall marry you."

"But how shall I know?" he asked.

"Perhaps I shall tell you; perhaps you will find it out for yourself; and now, you dear Gregory—for you are very dear to me, in one way or another,—let us go home for fear we should be lost in a snowstorm."

There was something joyous and exhilarating in their walk together, with new hope in the man's heart, and in hers the certainty that this man, upon whose strength she already relied,

whose qualities she so greatly admired, was hers—hers to take in the grasp of her slim, capable fingers, and to keep forever, if she so willed.

When they stood in front of the house, they paused, Marcia rather breathlessly, and looked up at its cheerful lights, its warm and hospitable invitation, as though it were saying:

"Come in here both of you to the house of your kindred, and I will give you comfort and tranquil happiness; for the joys of other generations are here mingled."

"It will be lovely to get near the fire, this inclement evening," said Marcia, "and Eliza will give us a good high tea, and there will be only friendly faces there, mother and Larry."

Gregory felt and appreciated the atmosphere she pictured. But, he said:

"If you would only add 'after our walk together.'"

"I will say that, Gregory; I wouldn't have missed it for a great deal."

They went in to Mrs. Brentwood, who sat in her armchair, with cap awry, as of old, and Larry reading on the settle.

"Here we are, with the snow in close pursuit of us!" called out Marcia.

Mrs. Brentwood, very cheerful and smiling, looked up into Marcia's face, as the latter bent down to kiss her.

"How comfortable and happy this old house is," thought Gregory.

(To be continued.)

The Dark before the Dawn.

BY S. R. C.

*G*S it light or is it shadow
That is creeping o'er thy soul?
Ah, the waiting hour of daydawn
Soon to glory full shall roll!
And the Advent's frosty darkness
Shall be lost in morning light,
When thy Child, the Sun of Justice,
Breaks upon thy eager sight.

Some Points about Christian Names.

IN Gaelic Ireland there are two forms of the name of Mary. When it is used as the name of the Blessed Virgin, it is Muire, but for all other women it is Moira; the form assigned to the Mother of God being, out of reverence, never given to any girl. In Catholic Spain when a girl child is christened "Mary," one of Our Lady's titles is always added; and out of the same spirit of reverence, the girl, as a rule, is not addressed or spoken of as "Maria," but only by the added title, sometimes in an abbreviated form. Thus a girl who has been baptized with the name of "Maria de Carmen" (Our Lady of Carmel) is known simply as "Carmen"; Maria de Mercedes (Our Lady of Mercy) is "Mercedes"; Maria de Dolores (Our Lady of Sorrows) is "Dolores"; and Maria de Concepcion (Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception) is "Concepcion," or, more usually, "Concha."

"Ysabel" (Isabella) was the name of the most famous of the queens of Spain. Few people realize that she bore the same name as the most infamous of English queens, the persecutor, Elizabeth; for Ysabel or Isabella are simply the usual Spanish forms of the name Elizabeth. In Spanish books, one reads of our Blessed Lady going to visit "her cousin St. Isabella."

There seems, at first sight, no possible connection between the English John and the Dutch and German Hans, which is its equivalent. But the fact is that, in the familiar process of name-shortening, that has been going on through all time, they represent the beginning and the end of the name in its original form. "Jehohanan" (i. e., God hath mercy) would be the old Hebrew or Aramaic name of the Baptist and the Evangelist. From this we have in various languages the derived forms, Johannes, Johann, John, Jehan, Jean, Juan, Giovanni, etc.

The Teutonic "Hans" is the familiar shortened form of Johann. Old French made it Jehan, whence the feminine form, "Jehanne"—the name used by St. Joan of Arc.

Take two other names that seem to have nothing in common till one traces their history—Chlodwig and Aloysius. The evolution of Aloysius from Chlodwig was a process extending over about a thousand years. The first Christian King of France was really a Teuton chief of a tribe of invading Franks. He called himself Chlodwig—not an easy name for the Gallo-Romans of old France to pronounce. In Latin documents and records it was represented by Clodovicus. In popular usage it was shortened and softened into Clovis, by the same process by which St. Remigius, the Gallo-Roman bishop, who baptized him, became St. Rémi. On the other side of the Rhine, Chlodwig became Ludwig, in Latin, Ludovicus.

In France we find presently nobles and kings whose name is Ludovicus in official documents, but Louis is in ordinary usage. In Italy, after the Angevin invasion, the name came into use in the softened forms, Luigi and Aluigi. When Father Ceparì wrote the life of the young prince of the Gonzaga line in classical Latin, he Latinized Aluigi into Aloysius. We speak of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, but French writers call him St. Louis de Gonzague. Devotion to the saint made the new name popular in Catholic countries, and in German Switzerland and south Germany it took a shortened form—Aloys.

Santa Claus—the mythical bringer of Christmas gifts, whose legend (of fairly modern origin) unhappily obscures the story of Bethlehem with the children in many homes—bears the broken-down name and title of a Catholic saint. In pre-Reformation days, the children's great festival was the day of their patron, St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra,

December 6. It is still so observed in northwestern Europe, especially in the German and Flemish Catholic lands.

In the evening, there is a knock at the house door, and the little folk are all on the alert for the expected visitor. In comes a neighbor, disguised in a flowing, white beard, an ample, colored cloak, and a gilded and painted mitre of stiff paper. He wears a ring on his right hand, and carries an improvised crosier. He is followed by a young fellow, dressed up for the occasion in colored jerkin and hose, and shouldering a heavy bag of presents. It is the good Bishop of Myra come to visit the children. He has an uncanny knowledge of the affairs of the household, and there is some alarm among the little ones as he asks about their conduct during the year and suggests that some of them have been naughty, and ought to be punished rather than rewarded with his gifts. But on a promise to be good children in the future, all share in his bounty, and he bids them good night, and goes on to some other house. In schools and colleges there is often an improvised stage on which the legend of St. Nicholas is enacted, and at its close, the Bishop, attended by a winged angel, comes down among the audience to distribute bonbons and "*pain d'épice*," the spiced sweet loaf of St. Nicholas' Day.

English-speaking folk shorten Nicholas to "Nick," but Germans, Flemings and Dutch take the other end of the name, and in familiar usage make it into "Claus." Thus in Switzerland St. Nicholas von der Flue is in popular parlance "Bruder Claus." In Holland, in Catholic days, St. Nicholas, the children's friend, was "Sankt Claus." When New York was still New Amsterdam, the Dutch colonists, though they had given up all keeping of saints' days and all idea of patron saints, clung to the children's annual sharing out of presents, but transferred the distribu-

tion to Christmas Day; and "Sankt Claus" no longer appeared as a "Pompish" bishop, but as a benevolent old gentleman, fur-clad as befitted the hard weather of the season.

In some way "Sankt" was softened into Santa, and literary people popularized the "Santa Claus" fiction in Christmas stories, pictures and verses in the Nineteenth Century. To them we owe its recent developments—"Santa" driving over the snowy roofs in his reindeer-drawn sledge, laden with presents, and taking the very unpleasant route down the chimneys to deposit them in shoes and stockings left out by the young folk for his coming on Christmas night. In recent years, the myth has crossed the Atlantic; and in many an English home alas! the children now hear more of "Santa" than of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Bartley Pride.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

(CONCLUSION.)

MRS. BARTLEY glanced at the tall old clock that for nearly forty years had kept watch, a sentinel of Time, beside the entrance to her little parlor. Its hands pointed to a quarter of twelve, and an oppressive stillness reigned in the house. The flame of her anger had died down at the closing of the hall door, after she had driven her only son from her. Although she strove to kindle anew the smouldering embers of her indignation against him, the heart of the proud and imperious woman was oppressed with a weight of desolation.

"My boy, my boy!" she moaned, wringing her hands. "What are five hundred dollars to me! A paltry sum compared with the sorrow of this break between us: the grief to have discovered that you thus sought to deceive me, Tom! Surely whatever I have had I

have always regarded as yours too, my son. But that you should thus meanly defraud me and then disavow your guilt! I had meant, at the expiration of the period set by your father's will, to place the management of all my affairs in your hands. But if you would thus cheat me out of a small sum, how could I entrust to you the greater? How often is a too fond and confiding woman reduced to penury by the unscrupulousness or mania for speculation of the husband, son or brother to whom she has given the charge of her fortune! No, I must be firm. To-morrow Tom will bring back that money, and when he does I will place twice the amount to his credit at the bank. The quarrel was a foolish one at best. But for that silly girl all this would not have happened. Alas, how soon must a poor mother yield up her place in the heart of her son to another!"

The next morning Henriette found her mistress sitting bolt-upright upon the sofa in the drawing-room. Thus had she fallen asleep, wearied at last with watching and listening for the returning step of her boy upon the pavement without.

"Henriette, where is Master Tom?" she asked, as she opened her eyes.

"If Madame pleases, ze young master must have slept at ze club," answered the maid, with a sharp glance.

"Ah, yes! I remember. Henriette, Master Tom may be absent for a few days; but see that his room is kept in order. Be particular to have everything as best suits him; he may return at any time."

"Master Tom he say he find nowhere ze service like zat he 'ave at home," said Henriette, with a toss of the head.

But neither in a few days nor after many days did Tom return. Where had he gone? What was he doing? These were the questions that stern old Mrs. Bartley asked herself over and over, in

her proud isolation. Yet at least he had money, she grimly assured herself; for not a trace of the missing five hundred dollars was to be discovered, although she searched again and again.

True, she made no inquiries of the servants. But they knew nothing of the money, and she must at least shield her scapegrace son before the world; for even in her most tender moments, of his guilt she was convinced. Could evidence be more conclusive? But five hundred dollars would melt away sometimes, even though husbanded more carefully than was Tom's wont.

Although the mother did not forgive, she could not forget her boy. Was he in want? How could she learn his whereabouts or need? Ah! she might write to his friend Mr. Burton. Through Sallie, he might know something of Tom, unless indeed the girl had been prompt to ignore her foolish lover, now that he was poor and a—well, Mrs. Bartley hoped the boy had not confessed his fault to that frivolous young person. She did not wish him to be humiliated before these people. All she desired was that he would penitently acknowledge his error to her, and ask her forgiveness. But until then—

She wrote a formal letter, as devoid of feeling as might be, to young Burton, and received as brief an answer. He regretted that he had not heard from his friend Bartley for some time. He understood that he had gone West, but did not know his address. No, Tom had never borrowed any money of him; Tom always seemed to have plenty of money.

Humph! this was but another proof that Tom was well supplied with funds when he went away. Months passed; Mrs. Bartley would not acknowledge even to herself that she was worried, yet there was a burden of anxiety upon her heart.

One Sunday morning, coming out of church, her glance was caught by the

strangely familiar face of a young girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of wistfulness. Where had she seen the face before? Ah, yes! this was the girl with whom Tom had fancied he was in love,—the girl by whom he had been undone, since but for her he would be at home; happy and respected, instead of a wanderer, disgraced in his mother's eyes.

Two years went by. Still occasionally Mrs. Bartley and Miss Burton met by chance. The latter was a trifle paler and thinner now and had lost something of her girlish beauty. Once or twice she had actually appeared on the point of accosting the elder lady, who, however, swept by with so haughty an air that the young woman drew back abashed. Had she intended to inquire about her quondam suitor?

Mrs. Bartley would acknowledge to no one the complete breach between her son and herself. But a sense of self-righteousness is very sustaining; the more she felt her loneliness, the more she hardened her heart against him. Long before, she had replied to the note of Ned Burton, apologizing for having troubled him with her inquiries, and intimating that her anxiety concerning Tom was at rest; this would, she grimly reflected, lead these people to infer that she was in possession of his address.

Another year quietly slipped away. One day there was an alarm of fire in the neighborhood of the old East Side Square. It came from the Bartley house. For an hour the venerable mansion was a scene of dire confusion. The slight blaze was soon quenched by the alert fire laddies, but the cozy parlor and the white and green drawing-room were ruined by the smoke and the deluge of water that had been poured into them. Within a few days came an army of artisans: the walls must be redecorated, the furniture renewed, order restored from chaos.

In the midst of the havoc and confusion Mrs. Bartley stood one morning, stoically watching a workman whose task was, one might fancy, to complete the work of despoliation.

"Sure, ma'am, that chimneypiece was a pretty bit o' a shelf in its day," said the loquacious laborer, as he prepared to tear down the old mantel of the drawing-room, erstwhile so admired for its antique carving.

The next moment, with mallet and chisel, he had separated it from the plaster, and the great frame fell with a crash, bringing with it a shower of lime and making a cloud of dust.

"Yes, a pretty bit o' a shelf," repeated the man, turning over a section of the scroll work and noting how the smoke had crept along its white surface, and how the flames, like fevered hands, had plucked away the sculptured fruit and flowers of the graceful design. "'Tis indeed a pity"; and, half absently, he pushed aside with his foot a portion of the litter upon the hearth. As he did so his quick eye espied something besides the fragments of plaster and charred wood among the débris.

"Here's a letter, ma'am! Belike you dropped it 'while ago?" he said, interrogatively, at the same time picking up a sorry-looking envelope and drawing it across the sleeve of his blouse to remove the dust that had settled upon it.

"No, I had no letter," disclaimed the lady indifferently, turning away. "It can be nothing more than a scrap of paper that some one may have cast into the grate."

"Faith I dunno!" answered the good-natured Irishman. The simplest letter was to him an affair of importance, not to be thus lightly disregarded. "I dunno," he reiterated meditatively, peering into the yellowed envelope.

A second glance, as though to make sure that his eyes were not playing some trick upon him, and forthwith Mrs.

Bartley, who had just passed into the other parlor, was startled by an exclamation.

"By the powers, it is money!" said the astonished workman.

"What is it you say?" asked the lady sharply, wheeling around and taking one or two steps toward him, while her manner grew strangely agitated.

"Sure it is nothing to be frightened at, ma'am!" he replied, observing her sudden pallor and the nervousness she vainly sought to control. "Nothing to be frightened at, but rather a rare good fortune to rejoice over; at least 'twould be so to a poor man like meself. See!" he said, crossing the room and placing it in her clasp, with a gentle consideration for her perturbation that would have done credit to the chivalry of a Sir Walter Raleigh. "'Tis nothing more nor less than an envelope stuffed fât with greenbacks. Maybe there was a small crack between the chimneypiece an' the wall this long time; an' this rich letter fell into it somehow—I dunno."

Paying no heed to his words, Mrs. Bartley looked down, through spectacles that had grown suddenly misty, at the time-stained paper in her trembling hands. It was an envelope addressed to herself in the writing of her only son,—the envelope of the careless note she had received from Tom on the very day, three years ago, when she had driven him from her with a cruel accusation.

With shaking fingers she drew forth the contents—the five hundred dollars paid to her by Mr. Hanmer as interest upon the mortgage she held on his property,—the five hundred dollars that by mistake she had placed in this envelope instead of returning it to the one in which it had been handed to her by Mr. Hanmer,—the five hundred dollars which had never been in her work-bag at all; for on that eventful evening, at the sound of a footfall upon the doorstep, she had hastily and mechanically

thrust the little packet behind the marble statuette upon the chimneypiece, whence it had fallen through the crevice between the mantel and the wall.

This was the money she had unjustly accused Tom of having appropriated, refusing to hear his protest, insisting only upon his guilt; and, while locking within her mother's heart what she was pleased to consider the ignominious secret, she had justified herself by the conviction that her sternness was fully merited.

Poor Tom! how hardly had she dealt with him! And, after all, he had been only a little indolent and pleasure-loving; never really wild, much less vicious. Of late she had longed for his presence so much; had even begun to doubt of the wisdom of her course, and felt she would forgive him without reservation could she but find him and induce him to return. If his need of money had been a temptation to him, still she was his mother; she should have had patience with him, and striven to strengthen his weak will. There had never been a question of mine and thine between them, and no doubt he had not regarded the possessing himself of the money in the light of a theft. Thus had she meditated more than once. And now the finding of the packet showed that it was *she* who had wronged *him*.

She started; to what might not her harshness have driven him? Rendered desperate by her injustice, had he lost courage at the beginning of the battle of life, flung away his good name, and become, in very deed, the unscrupulous ne'er-do-well she had called him? All her mother's fears and anxieties were aroused by the thought as she stared blankly at the bank-bills.

The workman stood by, speechless with astonishment. Presently, however, the old lady recovered herself with an effort, and turned to him abruptly.

"What is your name, my good man?" she inquired.

"Michael Flaherty, at your service, ma'am," was the ready answer.

"You have a family?"

"Troth an' I have, as fine a half dozen of boys and girls—"

"Well, take this!" she interrupted. "You have restored to me much more than the money-value of this packet." And, pressing two twenty dollar bills into his hand, with a faltering step she left the room.

The man remained standing, as though dazed, looking stupidly at the money.

"By St. Patrick, is it dreamin' I am!" he ejaculated at length. "Sure did any one ever see the like! Here have I come by a month's wages in the winking of an eye, an' without doing a hand's turn, one may say! But she's a quare one! But sure the Lord only could tell whether she is happy to find that bit of a fortune; since, although it's glad she said she was, sorry she looked about something, for a fact. Heaven bless her for remembering the children, anyhow! I'll bid them pray God may give it back to her many times over."

The thought never once occurred to honest Michael that, having espied the packet lying in the dust, he might have adroitly covered and later examined it at leisure; in which case he might now have been in possession of all the money, and no one the wiser.

But Mrs. Bartley? Henriette, finding her mistress in a nervous tremor of excitement, was seized with a great fear.

"Ees it zat Madame feel ill?" asked the devoted maid, aghast.

"No, no! I am not ill, nor losing my mind, as one might perhaps suppose," faltered the old lady, conscious of the startled impression produced upon the Frenchwoman by the sudden breaking down of her own usual reticence and

reserve. "I am not ill, but—Henriette, is Master Tom's room in order?"

"Eet has ever been prepare for him, Madame."

"That is well. He will probably be home very soon now; there are business matters which require his attention. Telephone for a carriage, Henriette,—I am going out."

An hour later Mr. Edward Burton was surprised at his law office by a call from the mother of his chum. Small wonder, however, that he did not at first recognize, in this lady, almost pitifully hesitating in manner, the erstwhile arrogant Mrs. Bartley who had written to him so coldly of her absent son.

"Mr. Burton, do not say you can not tell me," she began, inconsequently; "for I have been to his other friends without success. If you can give me no news of my son Tom, I—but you do know where he is, I feel assured. Tom was never a good correspondent. Now, however, a matter of business—"

Thus she attempted to ignore, at least outwardly, the breach of more than three years between herself and her boy.

For a moment the eyes of the young lawyer flashed. Should he tell this proud, relentless woman what he had learned of Tom's life during these years: of its struggles, privations and disappointments? As he faced her, however, there was something beseeching in her glance, and the little subterfuge with which she had sought to hedge around her dignity had in it an element of pathos which disarmed him.

"I supposed you were well aware of Tom's whereabouts, Mrs. Bartley," he answered, instead. "I am happy to be able to inform you that he has been for over a year now in the office of a law firm of Chicago. But by one of those coincidences which make real life stranger than fiction, he is coming to New York next week to see—my sister."

Mrs. Bartley's proud face flushed. Tom was coming, but not to her! Yet how could she expect him to forget what had passed between them?

"I can not tell you more. When he wrote he merely remarked that he was coming home."

"At what hour is his train due? I will drive to the station to meet him—you do not know when he will arrive? Then, Mr. Burton, will you be so good as to telegraph to my son that *his mother begs* him to come to her as soon as possible?"

"Madam, I will gladly do so at once," answered the young man, softened in spite of himself.

Two days later Tom came home. In his old-time, boyishly affectionate manner, he embraced his stately mother; and so overcome by emotion was she that she would have fallen but for the support of his strong young arms.

"God is very good to send you back to me, Tom," she murmured,—"to give me a chance to undo the wrong I did you. If you had died and I could never ask you to forgive—"

"Hush, mother!" he said, checking her with a kiss. "I am come to entreat *your* forgiveness for the many anxieties I have caused you during the past years. I would have come without your message; although to receive it was, I own, a great happiness. As for our estrangement and its cause—of course you were right to blame me for entering into an engagement to marry with no financial prospects ahead."

"But—"

Again he interposed hurriedly.

"As for the rest, I knew it would be found to be all a mistake. I reproach myself for having permitted the breach between us to endure so long," he continued, as he ensconced her in her accustomed chair and seated himself upon an ottoman beside her. "At

first I was sullenly aggrieved and indignant, I will admit. Then, as my anger cooled, I resolved that I would not return to you like a bad penny, but would work and wait until I could come to you and say: 'Mother, I am no longer the worthless idler who merited your scorn. I am now a wage-earner, struggling to make a place for myself in the world.' And after I had made a little headway I *did* write; but it seems you could not have received the letter.

"I sent you a message by Sallie, too. You remember Sallie, mother? She has always told me when she happened to see you. But when she attempted to give you my message, she fancied that you repelled her and—well, Sallie has a spirit of her own, too, you see; and she is so foolish as to be very proud and sensitive where I am concerned. It was hardly fair to keep her bound by an engagement so long; but she has been staunchly loyal to your graceless son. And now that I have secured a salary, though a modest one, I have come home to make her my wife. You will give us your blessing, won't you, mother dear, and let bygones be bygones?"

For a brief moment Mrs. Bartley was silent; then, wiping the tears from her eyes, she said, with a smile of tenderness, as, leaning forward, she laid her hand caressingly upon Tom's shoulder:

"May God bless and give you happiness, my son! But you will not go away again? If you do, I shall be as one alone in the world."

"How can I remain, mother, when my position is in Chicago?"

"Soon, according to your father's will, you will be in possession of an independent income."

"Not for nearly a year yet," he reminded her, cheerfully.

"Stay, Tom; and I will advance you the money necessary to secure any professional opening here in New York

you may wish and that it is in my power to obtain for you."

"In that case, of course I shall be only too glad to stay, mother," Tom said, kissing her cheek.

Thus it came about that, although the aristocratic elderly lady still dwells alone in her spacious home, her son and his wife Sallie live in a sunshiny house on the Square near by, and Ned Burton has for his partner in the law his former chum, Tom Bartley.

Protestant Bishops and Divorce.

BY A CONVERT CLERGYMAN.

Prohibition of the remarriage of all divorced persons, except innocent parties to whom divorces have been granted on grounds of adultery, was decided on by the House of Bishops of the American Protestant Episcopal Church at the triennial convention held at Portland, Oregon. No penalty has been attached to the violation of this law, but the majority of those taking part in the convention agreed that any person disobeying the law should be unable to receive Holy Communion. In their letter, the bishops declare that "the menace of divorce is disrupting the American home and poisoning the springs of social life."

THE above appeared in an Anglican religious weekly the same week that the Protestant Bishop of Oxford barred the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Oxford, from taking part in the Oxford Diocesan Conference on the ground that his Grace, after being divorced, was married by a Protestant minister. The action of this Protestant bishop has created a considerable stir in England, one Sunday paper devoting a leading article to the subject, says: "Stripped of ecclesiastical jargon it means that the bishop pronounces adultery to be an unpardonable sin."

If the Protestant bishops are unfairly attacked, they have only themselves to blame for having pursued a middle course. The Catholic Church, following

her Divine Master, regards divorced persons as just as much married as if they had not been divorced, and therefore they are incapable of another marriage until one of them dies. Divorce is impossible, though separation is allowed for reasons which, among Protestants, are held to justify divorce. The Catholic Church insists that the solution of the present difficulties lies, not in increasing the opportunities of divorce, but in the refusal of divorce altogether, believing, as it does, that so only can the higher interests of society be safeguarded from the scandals of an expanding divorce system, leading to the menace of promiscuity.

The position of the Catholic Church is understood and respected by the "man in the street," even though he may not accept her ruling; but the position of Protestant denominations is neither logical nor Christian. Thinking men and women outside the Church are coming to see that its remedy, in certain cases, of allowing separation—i. e., permission for the parties to live apart without the power to remarry,—is a course of wisdom, as it leaves the door open for reconciliation.

The Protestant bishops have wobbled on this question as on every other. They have taken the line that the civil law should be left where it is—that divorce should be allowed, but only for adultery. Yet, it is perfectly clear that if divorce is allowed at all, there is no earthly reason why it should be limited to cases of adultery. Desertion, for example, breaks the marriage tie with greater finality than a single act of misconduct. Added to which, so long as people can get divorce in this way, they will sin in order to get it; which means that the present law which the Anglican bishops support actually puts a premium on immorality.

Marriage thus becomes nothing more than an agreement between persons to

cohabit. It follows that once the indissolubility of the marriage bond is abandoned in principle the conception of marriage as a sacred and lifelong engagement is undermined. It becomes a mere experiment, terminable at will.

The Divorce Law Reform Union, which is taking a prominent part in the general election in England, is as illogical as the Protestant bishops. These self-styled sex-equality reformers, acting on the principle—a principle dear to the Anglican episcopate—that you must draw the line somewhere, compel a wife—left perhaps to face starvation—to wait for her husband to desert her for three years instead of letting her remarry in as many hours or minutes; and keep her tied to the man who becomes insane periodically or drunk intermittently, holding, as they do, that incurable insanity, or habitual drunkenness, is essential for divorce and remarriage. I am amazed at the moderation of the Divorce advocate both within and outside the Protestant Church.

The Protestant Church of England must choose God or Cæsar: either they must abolish divorce altogether, or advocate divorce on application. If they take the latter course, they will obviously further wreck the stability of married life and break up the home. If, on the other hand, they choose God, they will have to sever their connection with the State. There are High Anglicans who take their stand on this question with the Catholic Church, but they are an insignificant minority. It is, I think—I thought so in my Anglican days,—quite possible that the split up of the Protestant Church will come on this great moral question, and not on such questions as Doctrine and Ceremonial. But whether it will mean that the "Anglo-Catholic" will then seek admission into the Catholic Church is another matter. Submission to

authority is alien to the minds of most High Anglicans, and they might form a schism from a schism.

May the bishops of both the American Protestant Episcopal Church and their brethren in the Protestant Church of England be led to see the truth as expressed by the Church of all Lands!

Causes of French Irritation.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

THAT there has been a change toward France in American opinion, as it finds expression in the American press, is unmistakable. The press in France has commented on this many times in the last year, and has even gone so far as to say that the critical attitude which this country has assumed toward France is the result of German propaganda. It certainly is not due to that—at least directly. It may be traced instead, without the least hesitancy, to the changed attitude of Great Britain toward her former ally. Whenever the leading British papers begin to find fault with any of the world Powers, great or small, one finds, very soon after, the American press following suit.

This is sometimes due to inherent pro-Britishism on the part of certain American editors; more largely, it is simply the result of the ignorance of world affairs which prevails in American newspaper offices, resulting in a "follow-my-leader" policy whenever English statesmen, or English journalists, give the cue. They are "on the job"; they know. We are dependent on them for our information. They are our big brothers, so to speak. We listen when they talk, for they talk our language. The other folk whose language we do not understand, or do not understand so readily, are at a great disadvantage. So that, without any

conspiracy, or any consciousness of propaganda, we find ourselves quite generally taking the British viewpoint about world affairs.

We all know that since the War the breach between France and Great Britain has widened perceptibly. English newspapers have been representing France as more militarist than Germany ever was. France has been placed in the limelight as the one country standing in the way of world peace and world reconstruction. And here in America, our journalists, and our public men generally, have been affected by this constant suggestion from across the water.

No doubt, the French are very sensitive about this, and have seen propaganda where there is none. Two of the big moving-picture dramas of the last season have been condemned in France as being virulently anti-French in character. Both of them were made in America—"Orphans of the Storm," and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Both are condemned by French critics as examples of the anti-French feeling in the United States.

It was quite astonishing for those of us who have seen these plays to have them condemned in France as pro-German. Certainly, on my seeing the "Four Horsemen," I felt, if anything, that the picture was most bitterly anti-German. And the picture of the French Revolution, given in the other play, seemed by no means overdrawn. It portrayed, not the proneness of French human nature, but of all human nature, to run to extremes in the pursuit of an ideal. The French people are no different, fundamentally, from any other people in this respect. It should be remembered, too, that the "Movies" live and thrive on what is sensational, bizarre, and out of the ordinary. One does not expect from the screen a correct picture of life, but a startling impression.

However, our sensational journalists have not been withheld by any respect for the truth from printing certain things about France which are pure fables, and which are calculated to reflect no credit on the French people. We can not say that our skirts are entirely clean. A recent issue of *L'Illustration*, of Paris, finds fault, and very justly, with an article which appeared some time ago in the San Francisco *Chronicle's* Sunday edition, presuming to tell the story of a sale by auction of marriageable girls in the French village of Fontenay. In true Sunday-edition style this article is sensationally illustrated with the picture of a French girl in an alluring pose, while a group of men of varying ages and conditions, one depicted as a typical old roué, gaze with appraising eyes, as the auctioneer flourishes his hammer and stimulates the buying. To drive the idea home, there is reproduced also a picture by Edwin Long, showing the sale of women in ancient Babylon; and the impression is sought to be created that in the little Catholic village of Fontenay in France a marriage mart, an auction sale of women to the highest bidder, is being carried on to-day.

Of course, there is a "story" explaining the illustrations, and this is written in that style so familiar to readers of Sunday supplements. It goes on to tell about the auction sale of women in Babylon of old, and then describes what American tourists have seen, of the same kind, in a village of modern France. The story describes how, on a platform erected on the public square of that village, young women of marriageable age are exposed for sale on the day of a "marriage fair," while around them circulate men who have come hither to purchase a wife. From time to time one of these buyers ascends the platform, embraces one of the young women whom he has chosen and, after

dickering with her parent or guardian at the foot of the platform steps, proceeds to take her home.

Naturally interested in such a spectacle, the American tourist, on whose report the newspaper story is based, is described as making inquiry as to the sale. He is told that it is a sale of marriageable young women—a fair held for that purpose,—and that Fontenay has discovered this means to remedy the falling off in marriages caused by the Great War; furthermore, that the custom is not unique with Fontenay, such marriage marts being held in many other places in France. To give verisimilitude to the story, the *Chronicle* pretended to give the name of one of the women, Mlle. Dide de Rabouin, who was described as "young and with quite a large fortune."

L'Illustration, commenting on this product of American newspaper enterprise, says it will not insult the good sense of its American readers by denying this false story. Everybody knows very well that there is no such thing in France as the auction sale of women as described in the San Francisco paper. But to make absolutely sure that the whole story is a fabrication pure and simple, the Paris paper submitted it to the *maire* of Fontenay. He replied: "As you have well understood, the article in the American paper is purely imaginary. But it is an evil invention that reeks of German propaganda. There has never been at Fontenay-le-Comte an auction sale of young marriageable girls, nor anything that would give the least pretext for a story so fantastic; and the registry of the commune contains no such name as Mlle. Dide de Rabouin." The *maire*, continuing, says that every year there is held in Fontenay, as in many places in France (and indeed in other European countries, including England and Ireland), a "hiring fair," when young men and women are hired

for service on the farms. He hints that probably some ignorant American tourist saw such a fair, and immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was an auction sale of women.

Of course, a mere matter of truth does not concern the Sunday supplement; it is concerned with sensation, and France, being very far away, most likely any story about that country, particularly at present, when we are feeling critical toward the French, will go unquestioned. But Catholics, at least, ought to take all such stories with a large grain of salt.

Advent Prayers of the Church.

*Translated by Francis Gage (1652).**

Rowse up, we beseech Thee (O Lord) thy power, and come away; that from the eminent dangers of our sins (thou protecting) we may deserve to be freed, and (thou delivering us) we may be saved.

Raise up our hearts, O Lord, towards preparing the wayes of thine onely begotten Son, that by his coming amongst us, we may deserve to serve thee with purified soules.

Lend, we beseech thee O Lord, thine ear unto our Prayers, and enlighten the darkness of our minde with the grace of thy Visitation.

O Lord, we beseech thee raise up thy power, and with thy mighty virtue come away to our succour; that, by the help of thy grace, what our sinnes retard, the indulgence of thy propitiation may Accelerate.

* "The Christian Sodality; or, Catholick Hive of Bees Sucking the Honey of the Churches Prayers from the Blossomes of the Word of God, blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service throughout the yeare. Collected by the Runy Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be named otherwise than by these Elements of his Name. Printed in the year of our Lord MDCLII."

Makers of Books in the Middle Ages.

ACCORDING to Mr. G. T. Ferris, it is impossible to know just when the monopoly of the production and distribution of books passed out of the hands of monasteries. That many laymen were engaged in this work as early as the Tenth Century, however, is clear from the letters of Pope Sylvester II., who refers to the scribes to be found in all parts of Italy, in town and country, engaged in the transcription of books.

The increase of knowledge and the foundation of many universities in the Eleventh Century gave birth to a distinct trade of bookselling, and within a hundred years the *librarii*, as they were called, became a recognized guild or profession of great importance. They were under the protection and management of the universities, where large numbers of students were gathered; and though they were jealously watched, they had great privileges,—all the rights and immunities which members of the university enjoyed.

The universities did everything to elevate the trade of the bookseller, which also included the avocation of the book-maker. It required a man of good parts to be a successful publisher at that time. Such an institution, for example, as the Sorbonne or University of Paris required the highest guarantees of character, capital, and literary capacity in the licensed bookseller. He must be an adept in all the knowledge and science of the period, as well as perfectly skilled in the mechanical needs of his business. The bookseller could not even fix a price on his products. Four of the guilds in Paris, for example, were sworn as appraisers by the authorities of the Sorbonne to fix the selling value of all books, and any deviation from their regulations was a penal offence. For students, the price was two-thirds of that asked of the general purchaser.

A Strong Dilemma.

UNDER the heading, "An Enemy of Columbus," the *Boston Evening Transcript*, which has never been noted for over-friendliness to Catholics, or the Catholic viewpoint on current topics, recently printed an editorial, dealing with a correspondent who wrote in much perturbation about the observance of Columbus' Day. Commenting first on the correspondent's state of mind, the Boston editor said: "He is disturbed on two accounts: first, because he thinks the celebration is being perverted to propaganda in behalf of the Roman Catholic Church, and secondly, because he is sure that Leif Ericsson, and not Columbus, discovered America. It is evident, however, from the strenuousness with which the correspondent maintains the first objection, that he would never have thought of the second if he had not thought of the other first. If the great Hispano-Genoese navigator had not been made the patron of a knightly Order of young Catholics, it is plain that he would have been a good enough discoverer of America for this correspondent. That adoption having taken place, it became necessary at once to prove that Columbus was a mere interloper in the Western Hemisphere, the Norwegian having anticipated him by several centuries."

The *Transcript* refused to be stampeded by any fear that October 12 may become an occasion for "doing the behests of Rome"; and it declared that "the observance is, in fact, not only a proper and seemly act of rejoicing in an event of primal importance to every American, but a tribute to a man who was ready to lay down his life for the spread of civilization and enlightenment, as well as of Christianity."

"As to Leif Ericsson," continued the *Transcript*, "he is but a legend, a supposition. His boat may have touched

our shores; but if he discovered America, it did not stay discovered, whereas in Columbus' case it did."

A day or two after, the same Boston paper printed a letter from another correspondent, which made it plain that, no matter who it was that discovered America, it is impossible to escape from the Catholicity of the discoverer. This correspondent was willing, he said, to accept Leif Ericsson as America's discoverer; continuing thus: "The trouble is, however, that if your enemy of Columbus does not wish to see the Genoese honored because of his Roman Catholicism, he might not like the honoring of Leif Ericsson either; for, if Leif was any sort of a Christian, he was most certainly a Catholic Christian. In the event of a celebration to honor Leif, his form of religion would, no doubt, come in for mention; his present-day co-religionists would make much of the fact that he was a Catholic; and some Catholics might start an Order of Knights of Leif Ericsson!"

"If your correspondent wishes to go further back for a discoverer of this Continent, he will run across traces of another man. But this one would be worse still for him. For it would be an Irish priest—St. Brehdan, who, Irish stories tell us, was in America one thousand years before Columbus."

With the Erring.

One may sympathize with the refractory without siding with them. In many cases they are wrong-headed rather than bad-hearted; and oftener than not there is cause for the contumacy which they manifest. Only those who have sincere pity for the erring can hope to succeed in convincing them that they are in the wrong. Until their dispositions are changed, arguments and threats are worse than useless, serving only to irritate or to exasperate.

Notes and Remarks.

The secular reviewer of a new book, by Principal L. P. Jacks (dealing with such searching questions as "Why am I here," and "For what end have I been sent into the world?"), makes the observation: "Even in Catholicism popular piety has caused theologians and Popes to yield to its demands." An exposition of the parable of the tares and the wheat by some Catholic mystic—a mystic preferred—would be profitable reading for this writer. The tolerance of the Church and her most representative teachers is only the reflection of the indulgence of Christ. There are theologians and theologians, polemics and polemics, of course. Those who are always searching for signs of unorthodoxy and seeds of superstition, who regard every religious notion that is not common as "suspect," who would confine the action of grace to the channels of the Sacraments, who endeavor to whitewash all the scandals of ecclesiastical history—this school of champions and apologists often does quite as much harm to the cause of religion as theologians who are accused of being lax and polemics who are charged with *Liberalismus*. No teaching which the Church does not condemn need be considered heretical, and any practice of piety which she tolerates ought not to be derided. Only in matters unessential and unimportant does the Pope ever yield; flax that is smoking he never extinguishes.

A distinction not infrequently lost sight of by Catholic voters in England—and other countries—is pointed out by the *London Universe*:

It is odd that some quite intelligent persons seem still to be in ignorance of the difference between political freedom and political indifference. It should hardly need repeating that the "non-political" attitude deliberately adopted by the Church in certain countries,

like our own, where it seems best to authority, is not an attitude of indifference but an attitude of liberation. It is adopted because in the circumstances it seems best to leave the individual—save in regard to test questions—to form his own political judgments for himself; not at all because political judgments are matters of indifference. They are quite the reverse, and the responsibility of the Catholic elector is all the greater to form them conscientiously and with a full sense of their high moral importance. He is not bidden to be indifferent to political issues; he is set free to judge them with a far greater sense of individual responsibility.

An example of "test questions," mentioned in the foregoing, was furnished in the late elections in England. Catholic voters asked the candidates just what would be their action, if elected, in the matter of Catholic schools—and voted accordingly.

At the eighteenth anniversary meeting of the Big Brothers and Sisters in New York last week, Mrs. Smith Alford advocated a spanking week for children, with "careful, prayerful spanking." She maintained that this would do much good in raising the future citizens of the Metropolis. Mrs. Alford has evidently been reading the newspapers to good purpose. On the very day of the meeting, four boys, not yet in their "teens," were arrested for holding up and robbing other boys in Central Park. In one case there was a threat to kill—"money or your life!" The charge against these embryo highwaymen was juvenile delinquency. They were too young to be imprisoned, but they were quite old enough to be spanked; and this punishment should have been administered by some officer of the police station—"carefully and prayerfully," as Mrs. Alford suggests.

Holy Writ itself gives sufficiently specific directions as to the proper mode of procedure in this matter; and there is an appropriate prayer for the occasion in the Litany of All Saints—"Pre-

vent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, etc." Father Tom Burke, the famous Dominican preacher, used to say that his good mother never failed to recite this prayer before chastising him. Until he was old enough to be reasoned with, he used to wonder why the prayer never prevented the punishment.

While M. Brunetière's accurate description of the various classes of the Church's inimical critics will be most appreciated in France, and Europe generally, his adequate characterization of some of these classes is applicable everywhere,—on this as on the other side of the Atlantic:

Who, then, are they who reproach religion with being too wearisome? Those who do not practise it.—Who are they who reproach the Church for exacting faith in her revealed doctrines?—Those who believe in the worst fooleries and in the most absurd superstitions.—Who are they who reproach the Church for not recognizing the dignity of man?—Those who claim the monkey for their father, chance for their master, pleasure for their law, annihilation for their end.—Who are they who upbraid the Church with being a religion of money?—Those who despoil her of her goods with the utmost cynicism.—Who are they who accuse the Church of being intolerant?—Those who can not allow any one to hold an opinion differing from their own.—Who are they who charge the Church with being an enemy to light?—Those who, despising liberty, have closed Catholic schools and driven out the nuns and the religious teachers.—Who are they who reproach the Church with being an enemy of the people?—Those who, ignorant of history, are persecuting the charitable institutions established by religion (hospitals, *crèches*, workshops, etc.)—Who are they who indulge with the utmost audacity in violent tirades against the Church and her teachings?—Those who know nothing whatever of religion or of what its precepts require.

Here we have a timely catechism, and an adequate one as well.

The place occupied by English universities in English national life has been of late months receiving not a little attention in journals of all phases

of political opinion. Of rather general interest is one article published in the *New Statesman*, under the caption, "Are Lectures Worth While?" This educational query is not unequivocally answered in the negative; but the trend of the article is towards the decision that too much importance is attached nowadays to this once sacrosanct method of imparting university knowledge. A brief extract will give a taste of the article's quality:

Attendance at lectures provides the easiest way of checking the student's diligence, but the way which it provides is almost the worst imaginable. It is more than possible to emerge from a full course of lectures less equipped than as the fruit of a few hours' reading, and an hour or two of personal discussion with a teacher. There is, of course, a growing development of seminar and group work; but this is still regarded as quite secondary to the lecture, and, for some undisclosed reason, as mainly valuable for advanced students. Yet, it is surely quite evident that no one so much as the beginner needs the personal contact with the teacher that will at once put him in the right way of study.

The last point is very well taken. What all students need most, and what beginners need more than others, is the individual attention of their instructors. Any method which eliminates such attention is so far imperfect.

The chaotic conditions in the Near East are such as to fill the minds of people, the world over, with serious misgivings as to the eventual outcome of political bickering and religious fanaticism. Possibly, the world may at last come to its senses, and understand that the great stabilizer of civilization is, after all, the Catholic Church which has been so often, and so unjustly, maligned for her influence on social progress and political action. Pertinent to the matter is the following extract from the *Month*, of New Zealand:

History, as it is written, gives at times, not portraits, but gross caricatures that are a dis-

tortion and perversion of actual truth. Especially has this been the case in regard to the Church during the past three-and-a-half centuries. It has been well described as, to an extent, "a conspiracy against truth." The publication of official documents has resulted in the reversal or revision—among sincere searchers after historical fact—of many ideas that had come to be part and parcel of the great anti-Catholic tradition in England. And the throwing open of the Vatican Archives, in 1883, to persons of every creed who are competent to explore those mines of historic wealth, has resulted in the dynamiting of many a hoary legend and cherished tradition that has clustered around the stormy period of the Sixteenth Century. That stronghold of Protestantism, the *London Times* once admitted (on August 29, 1883) that "history contains ample grounds for Pope Leo's boast that, when the Roman Empire decayed, the Papacy stood as a bulwark against the flood of barbarism, that the Church stored up fragments of Greek and Latin literature, fostered art and refinement, withstood the devastating inroads of the Turk, raised its voice on behalf of Christian unity and peace, and, moreover, gave Europe a centre."

Not the least interesting of the contributions to *America* on the general subject, "Why So Few Converts?" is a letter from an Episcopalian in Philadelphia. The writer has been going occasionally to a Catholic church in company with a friend, a convert. Here are some of his varied experiences:

At the recent celebration of the Feast of All Souls, one naturally looked, at the High Mass at least, for some exposition of the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church. The only part of the services on that occasion which I really understood (as I am not well versed in Latin) was the announcement of some matters of local interest, and the perfunctory reading of the Gospel, without any explanation whatsoever. It would seem that Catholics and non-Catholics alike who were present (including a fine array of school children, admirably disciplined by the good nuns) might have been gratified by an appropriate discourse.

Recently I asked a group of young Catholic people belonging to what may be called the educated class, the significance of the "Forty Hours Devotion." Not one could inform me.

I was obliged to turn to the "Catholic Encyclopedia" for enlightenment. Apparently Catholics are not so well informed as to be able to dispense with religious instruction. If this practice of neglecting every opportunity to preach the Word of God is at all general, would this not have some appreciable influence in causing a decline in the number of converts to your Church?

The foregoing may well suggest useful thoughts to some of our pastors and to very many of our laymen. It is never safe to take for granted that the members of one's congregation are fully acquainted with even the simplest of doctrines; and self-respect, if no higher motive, should impel our lay folk to study their religion.

We are fondly hoping that the former mayor of Liberty, Kansas, Mr. Theodore Schierlman, who was kidnapped and flogged by a party of men claiming to represent the Ku-Klux Klan, and said to be citizens of the town, will win the suit for \$30,000 damages which he has brought against it. The claim is filed under the provisions of a section of the General Statutes of Kansas for 1915. If it is rejected, the case will be brought before the Federal Court at Fort Scott. The winning of a few suits like this, in our opinion, would do far more towards disbanding the "Invisible Government," and to discourage such outrages as that committed on Mr. Schierlman than any amount of pulpit or newspaper talk, or even a proclamation by the President.

Poetic justice, that ideal distribution of rewards and punishments which is most often encountered in poetry and fiction rather than in the sordid transactions of real life, does occasionally make its appearance as an actuality, and such appearance is universally hailed as a distinct pleasure. A case in point is recorded in the *Baltimore Sun*

of recent date; and such of our readers as do not have access to that excellent journal will thank us for reproducing a story which is both uncommonly pithy and decidedly pointed:

The priest in the confessional will not give absolution to any penitent who is in a position to pay his just debts, and who refuses to pay them. This attitude of the Catholic Church has enabled Catholics of a certain town, not a hundred miles from Baltimore or Washington, to give bigotry a blow right under the heart.

There was a doctor in that town, a non-Catholic. He was a good doctor. He was called out at all hours of the day and night to minister to the sick. He never declined a call, and he did much free work for the poor. Unfortunately for him, too much of his work was free. He could not get his patients to pay him for the services—the very patients who were telling the world what terrible people Catholics were. Disgusted, the doctor, who had the best house in town, decided to sell his home and shake the dust of the place from his feet. He sold his home at a bargain to one of the few Catholics in town, one of the leaders of his congregation.

Indignant, one of the "prominent citizens" of the place went to the physician and said: "That was an unpatriotic thing you did. This Catholic man now has the best home here, and he got it for a bargain. People have refused to sell any lots in town to the priest of that man's Church, because the priest is bent on having a parochial school here. You have opened the way to him to have such a school."—"You bet I have," replied the doctor; "I did it deliberately. I sold my home to a Catholic because the Catholics of this town were the only ones who paid their doctor's bills. You people, who are continually asking for the annihilation of the Catholics on the grounds of religion, are downright dishonest. What this town needs is a little more Catholicism and a little more honesty."

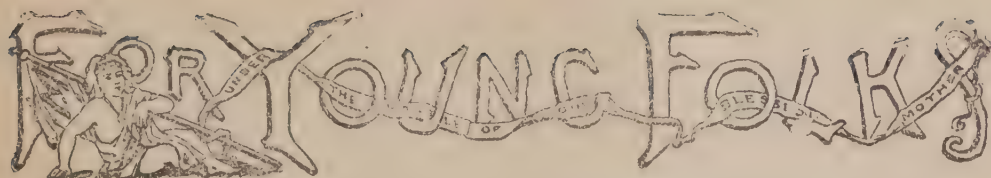
In the November issue of *Truth*, the monthly organ of the International Catholic Truth Society, appears an interesting report of the annual meeting of that excellent and vigorous organization. We have been particularly impressed by what is said of the remailing work of the Society. In case any of our readers are unfamiliar with this phase

of Catholic action, so often referred to in these columns, we quote a short paragraph:

Remailing means sending your Catholic papers to somebody else after you have finished with them. If you subscribe to *Truth*, *America*, the *Sentinel*, *Ave Maria*, *Sunday Visitor*, *Messenger*, etc., you are eligible for the work of remailing. We do not handle any secular papers, and take this opportunity of clearing up this point, as we are frequently asked if such literature is included.

The statistical report of the distribution of Catholic papers by remailers thus far in the current year shows that nearly a million and a half of papers and magazines have been forwarded to families that are non-subscribers to such periodicals, thus making active missionaries of what would otherwise, perhaps, have become only mere lots of waste paper. It is gratifying also to learn that the year's sale and free forwarding of pamphlets make a total of well on to four hundred thousand copies. The I. C. T. S. is accomplishing excellent work in the missionary field; and its office, which is located at 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., may well be addressed by Catholics anywhere who are desirous of knowing how they may take an active part in its meritorious achievements.

The death, in an automobile accident, of Mr. Nicholas Gonner, editor of the *Daily American Tribune*, of Dubuque, Iowa, is a great loss to Catholic journalism in the United States. In him the Church had a most devoted champion, one whose self-sacrifice was commensurate with his zeal. He was a model Catholic, and was regarded by those who knew him intimately as a man among men and a Christian among Christians. Mr. Gonner's family and co-laborers have the heartfelt sympathy, and he will have the fervent prayers, of all who knew his worth and appreciated his services. *R. I. P.*



When We have Company.

BY ERIC WEST.

MY folks are mighty queer, I think,
When we have company;
For though I've been a naughty boy,
And acted frightfully,
They always praise me to the skies:
They say I'm serious and wise.
The other day my aunties came—
They live quite far away—
And after mother praised me up,
I laughed to hear her say:
"Perhaps, with boys, it's not the rule,
But Johnny loves to go to school."
Now when we're all alone at home
They tell me I'm a scamp,
And daddy threatens every day
To sell me to a tramp;
It doesn't seem quite right that they
Should scold me just because I play.
So when I'm out past supper time,
I sneak up stair by stair,
And as I stand upon the perch,
I always say a prayer
That when I enter there, will be
A parlor full of company.

A Little Knight of the Green Ribbon.

MR. CUSTER sat in his office, awaiting the onslaught bearing down upon him from the rear door of the establishment of which he was the owner. The day before he had advertised for an errand-boy from twelve to fifteen years of age, and this was the response,—a dozen of small boys who came clattering along in a sort of irregular procession, each one eager to find favor in the eyes of so important and prosperous a man as the senior partner of Custer & Sons. As the group advanced nearer, he

divined in one quick, comprehensive glance that they were not at all a bad-looking lot, and began to think he might have some difficulty in making a choice. They entered, ranged themselves in line along the wall, with the exception of one little fellow who stood somewhat aloof.

Mr. Custer was about to address them when a clerk appeared at the door and asked him to step out on a matter of business with a new customer. As he did so, he was pleased to see that the small boy we have mentioned held the door open for him to pass. He was a broad-shouldered and sturdy little fellow, with swarthy skin and coal-black hair; a type, however, to which the New England merchant of fifty years ago was not favorable, as it suggested the "foreign element," a burning question at that period.

The boy's clothes were much worn, but clean. He had a knot of green ribbon attached by a gilt shamrock to his button-hole; and, seeing it as he passed, the merchant slightly frowned. Well did he recognize this badge of what he considered impudent and ignorant; for if he were not both, no alien Irishman would dare flaunt his odious green in the Land of the Free. But Mr. Custer was a just man, and little things had weight with him as showing character; the action of the boy in opening the door both pleased and impressed him.

When the gentleman had followed the clerk into the main body of the establishment, the boy made his way into the group of his companions, who had now left their places against the wall, and began to talk to one another.

Five minutes later, when Mr. Custer returned, he found himself in the midst

of a turbulent crowd. One was lying on the floor, bleeding at the nose; two were brushing the dust from their coats, as they raised themselves from where strong and angry blows had placed them; all were talking and gesticulating; while he of the green ribbon stood glaring at the others.

"What's this,—what's this?" asked the merchant, as the boys, abashed at his sudden advent, grew silent.

"I was the one that threw them down, sir," said the little Irishman, stepping forward. "I ask your pardon, sir, for making a disturbance in your place; but them fellows—them fellows—"

"Well? What did they do to you?" inquired the merchant, angrily.

"One of them said I was a Dago with a green ribbon on me; and when I told him I wasn't a Dago, but Irish, he began to call me a Roman Catholic and a Paddy from Cork; and the three of them fell upon me, and I floored them."

The merchant cast a glance around the group, but only one pair of eyes met his bravely,—those, bright, blue and fearless, of the Knight of the Green Ribbon.

"And *are* you—what they called you?" asked the merchant, dryly, with a frown that made the hearts of the other boys beat with hope.

"Thanks be to God, sir, I am!" replied the boy. "And I'm proud of it, too. And my mother says it's the only way to do in this country,—to stand up for the religion and the name. She didn't tell me to fight, sir,—she'd rather I wouldn't; but I couldn't help it, with the fellows jeering and laughing at me because I was wearing St. Patrick's ribbon on his own blessed day."

"Well my young friend, you have considerable pluck," said Mr. Custer. "But let me tell you that the name of Paddy will stand in your way wherever you go. Better change it, my boy."

He spoke more in jest than earnest,

partly also to observe the effect of his words on the other boys, as well as to tease the little Irishman. The opponents of our brave little Knight snickered in chorus, whereupon Mr. Custer frowned darkly upon them, and they subsided into a state of gloom. But the fighter proudly lifted his head as he replied:

"My name isn't Paddy, sir, so I couldn't change it if I wanted to. But if it was, I *wouldn't* change it,—no, not for all the gold in America!" Then, fearing that in his excitement he might have failed of the respectful tone he had always been taught to use toward his elders, he continued more gently: "Asking your pardon, sir, for all this fuss that I've been the means of making, I'll be going now."

"Where did you say you lived?" asked the merchant, as the boy approached the door.

"I didn't say, but we live at 39 Foley's Court, and my name is Dominic Murray," answered the boy. And, touching his cap, he was gone.

"Now boys," said Mr. Custer, turning to the rest of the group, "just write your names and addresses on this pad, and if I want any of you I'll send for you. But I have a word to say before you leave. By nature and education I lean away from the Irish and the Roman Catholics; but remember—there are good people among them. Remember that! Finally, whatever may be your and my personal opinions concerning them, bear in mind that if we always stand up for our religion and our country as that little Irishman did just now, we shall be model American citizens. And, to conclude, it is very unmanly to attack another without provocation."

With these words the merchant turned to his desk; after writing their names and addresses, the boys took their departure. One of them, at least, remembered the lesson; for it was he

who told me the story. The rest of it he learned from the hero himself, whose friend he became later.

The next day Mr. Custer made his appearance at 39 Foley's Court, where he met the Widow Murray, who was busily engaged in ironing.

"You are the mother of little Dominic, I suppose, Madam?" said the merchant, who never failed in courtesy to any woman.

"Yes, sir, I am," was the response.

"He applied at my office for a position yesterday morning," continued Mr. Custer.

"And maybe lost a good chance by his hot-headedness," rejoined the widow.

"He told you about it, then?"

"Yes, sir. He tells me everything. He's a great comfort to me, sir."

"You did not approve of his conduct, though?"

"Not entirely, sir. But, though I couldn't greatly blame him, 'twould be better if he'd kept his temper. 'Twas an offence against yourself, sir, to make a row in your office. I hope there's nothing serious about it?"

"I am come to tell him that he may have the place if he wants it, Madam. As for the other boys, they got no more than they deserved. But I hope you will counsel Dominic to patience and moderation in the future. I can not have brawls among my employees; and before Dominic is entitled to a vote he will have to defend his country and his religion many a time."

"Thank you, sir! I'll remind him."

"Send him up to my store to-morrow morning. I have no Irish among my men, but I have a mind to find out for myself of what stuff they are made."

"Some of them are of good stuff, as you call it, sir, and some are bad," replied the widow. "But if I may say it, sir, you will never find anything to boast of in one who denies either his country or his religion."

"Very true, very true!" answered Mr. Custer, bowing himself out of the humble dwelling.

Dominic Murray remained fifty years in the employ of Custer & Sons, and died the death of a model Christian, having continued from childhood to old age a true son of St. Patrick.

The Dog and the Law.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

BOYS and girls, as a rule, have somewhat vague and indefinite notions about law. It is, accordingly, rather doubtful whether, even among the brightest of our young folks, there are many who understand the legal status of the dog,—that is, what the law will and won't do about one's keeping a dog, recovering it if stolen, killing it if vicious, and so on.

For many years, centuries indeed, the common law did not regard the dog as the subject of property; which means that if I coaxed your "Jack" or "Gyp" to stay with me, the law wouldn't make me give him back to you, at least while he was alive. If he happened to die, and you went to law about your ownership, you could recover his skin. Then, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was laid down that the law takes notice of some particular kinds of dogs—greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, and "tumblers." The owner of such a dog could force a thief to give the animal back, though the law wouldn't inflict any punishment for the stealing. Some two hundred years later, however, during the reign of George III. (1770), it was enacted that the stealing of any dog was a misdemeanor, punishable by fine, imprisonment, or whipping.

In only a few of our States have statutes similar to this English one been passed; and the result is, says an authority on the subject, that "in general the dog retains his inferior

common-law status in this country, as not the subject of larceny." For the benefit of the small boy, this statement may be translated as meaning that, so far as the law is concerned, it is no more harm to take a dog that is without a collar than to catch a squirrel, a bird, or a butterfly. It is consoling, however, to know that this same authority adds that in most of our States the law would help the owner of a valuable dog to recover the animal, if it were stolen; and of course every dog (at least every one owned by a boy or girl) is "valuable," even if it has never won a prize at a dog-show.

People who live in the country are better off in the matter of keeping dogs than those who reside in cities and large towns. These latter are obliged to pay a dog-tax, or procure a dog-license; while the former can generally keep as many dogs as they wish without paying a cent for the privilege. It is well to know that the owner of a dog is not responsible for injuries inflicted by the animal, unless the dog is of a vicious or savage temper, and the owner knew or had reason to believe that the animal was dangerous. In this latter case the owner is responsible, even if there is no proof of special negligence on his part. Moreover, the owner of a dog whose vicious temper or "crossness" make it a common nuisance, can be prosecuted. And, even in England, or in those States of this country in which the law recognizes the dog as property, a savage dog may be killed in self-defence; so if our boys and girls own any canine pets that are inclined to be cross, they should try to improve the animals' tempers. An excellent way to do so is—never to be cross themselves.

A COMMON Oriental saying runs: Regard no fault so slight that you may brook it, no virtue so small that you may overlook it.

How the Egyptians Managed.

OUR farmer turns over the ground with a steel plow drawn by horses. Then he makes the soil fine with a harrow, which has iron teeth, or teeth made of hard wood. After that he sows the seed and rakes it in with the harrow. The Egyptians at first had no plows or horses, but they soon found a way out of the difficulty: they used their pigs for plows and horses.

Once every year their great, yellow river overflowed its banks, as it does to this day, and covered the land with mud. When the river went back into its channel again, the fields were dry. Then the Egyptian called his pigs together by blowing a horn, and turned them into the fields.

The pigs were happy, for there was a feast before them. At once they put in their noses and began to plow for wriggling worms and dead fishes. Soon a large field was plowed by the noses and harrowed smooth by the feet of the pigs. The work was done for the present. The pigs were called off and the seed wheat sowed over the field. Then the seed had to be covered.

The Egyptian wants the feet but he doesn't want the noses this time. While the pigs could harrow in the seed with their feet, they could also, if turned into the field with free noses, eat up all the seed. So the Egyptian caught every pig and tied a tiny basket, or muzzle, over its nose. Then he turned the whole herd into the field again.

Then there was trouble. The pigs could see and smell the wheat, but could not eat it. Half crazy, they scampered over the whole field, and thus trod in and planted the seed. After the crop was grown and ripe, the straw with heads full of wheat was spread on a clean piece of ground. Again the pigs, with their noses muzzled, were turned on to thresh the grain.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne announce "The Summa Contra Gentiles" of St. Thomas Aquinas, translated by the English Dominicans. It will be in four volumes, uniform with the "Summa Theologica."

—Those who have been searching for "Saints and Places," by John Ayscough, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Benziger have just issued a new edition of this exceptionally interesting and edifying book, with numerous excellent illustrations. Price, \$3.

—"Souvenir of a Dual Jubilee: Scranton, 1896-1921; 1868-1918," affords, not only an interesting account of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. M. J. Hoban, D. D., the beloved bishop of Scranton, but presents some valuable data for a history of the Church in the State of Pennsylvania. A handsome volume, as well as an important one, on the production of which all concerned are to be sincerely congratulated.

—Harper & Brothers publish, in neat and attractive form, "Man and the Two Worlds: A Layman's Idea of God," by William Frederic Dix and Randall Salisbury. It is a little treatise—without table of contents or index—on the self-sufficiency of every man in matters religious. The authors "believe that whatever divine revelation there is is made from God direct to the individual, without the interpellation of any ecclesiastical medium." The book has little value, of course, for professing Christians of any denomination, none whatever for Catholics.

—The fifth series of "Musa Americana" contains the rendition of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar in Latin accentual iambic verse, with English text, by Anthony F. Geyser, S. J., A. M. In these days of jazz and radio, it is refreshing to find a classical club "putting up" a play of Shakespeare in the rhythmic accents of the classic tongue that reverberated over the old Roman Forum to the banks of the Tiber. Father Geyser has done his work well, as was to be expected of the author of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in Latin. Loyola University Press.

—Dr. Manzetti's arrangement, for three equal voices, of Byrd's Mass for as many unequal voices does credit to the composition of "England's Palestrina." In an organ accompaniment to the Missa pro Defunctis, Dr. Manzetti shows that the strict observance of

the rhythmical signs of the Gregorian Chant is no hindrance to a facile and felicitous interpretation of it. The Responsoria of the First Nocturn of Tenebræ composed for three equal voices by the same distinguished author are masterful and devotional—in perfect accord with the text.

—Pierre Téqui, Paris, has issued new editions of some standard spiritual books: "Paroles D'Encouragement de Saint François de Sales," edited by Ferdinand Million (2 francs); "A Jésus par Marie" enseignée par le B. Grignon de Montfort (3.50 francs); De Lombaerde's "Ma Journée avec Marie, ou Pratique de la vie d'intimité avec la Douce Reine des Cœurs" (3.50 francs); "Explication au Petit Office de la Sainte Vierge Marie," by Charles Willi, C. SS. R. This last work, though intended for the use of religious, will suit lay folk as well. The treasures of the Little Office are explained, and accompanied by the text in French and Latin.

—The "Report of the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference" is differentiated from similar reports of other educational associations by its subject-matter. The Conference dealt with one subject only—history. The meeting took place in June last at St. Fidelis' Seminary, Herman, Pa., when the Very Rev. Provincial of the Capuchin Fathers welcomed "representatives of the three branches of the Franciscan Family, who have now assembled for the first time in the history of the country to deliberate on a subject of vital concern to all the Friars." Both the papers read and the discussions following are informative and interesting.

—The severe verdict of M. Gonzague Truc, a distinguished French critic, who has just completed a widely-read inquiry into the methods and purposes of the younger literary generation in his country, might well be passed on our own young *litterati*: "The literary operators are developing their vein and their path; to compensate for a lack of originality, the 'young writers' are trying to excite attention by being peculiar. All forms of writing are tending to dissolve in the novel, the authors of which do not seem to possess sufficient culture to be inspired by any idea. To get a satisfactory notion of contemporary literature, it is necessary only to read the titles of the latest books. So far as 'philosophy' is concerned, it is absent from imaginative

writing of all kinds, and is monopolized by the mandarins of the University, quite as reprehensible as any other trust."

—A glimpse of the admirable mind of St. Bonaventure is afforded by three of his treatises translated by Dominic Devas, O. F. M., and edited under the title "A Franciscan View of the Spiritual and Religious Life." These essays form a clear presentation of the Saint's own religious practice and development, and for that reason are all the more valuable and attractive. The matter is taken from his daily life, and is exhibited in a simple style, much after the fashion of a series of familiar letters; the reader is made to realize that here are plain, fundamental facts sincerely recorded. St. Bonaventure bestows especial praise upon poverty and interior prayer, bidding us aim at having all things "rough, cheap, and sparing," and designating as *unstable* that "outward structure of good works which is not held together by devotion and frequent prayer." Some of the other best sections of the volume are on: the Value of Monastic Life, the Causes of Decline, Safeguards for Superiors, including Patience, Devotedness, and Discretion. The translator evidently aimed at making the English pure and idiomatic, and for that he deserves commendation. His work is scientific, too, with a brief biographical notice of St. Bonaventure, a systematic arrangement of the treatises and their divisions, and an index. Published by Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.
- "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
- "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.

- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.
- "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
- "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co.) \$2.50.
- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
- "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
- "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
- "The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) \$5.50.
- "Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) \$7.65.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds. —HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. Joseph Hausermann, of the diocese of Covington; and Rev. Robert Moran, diocese of Omaha.

Sister Theodore, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Mother M. Joseph, Order of St. Ursula; and Mother M. Loretta, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. William Walters, Mr. Alfred Motzel, Mr. Nicholas Gonner, Mrs. Elizabeth Winkle, Mr. W. T. Pace, Miss Mary Malia, Mr. A. D. Chisholm, Mrs. F. J. Roniger, Mr. Edward Elliott, Mr. Thomas Battle, Mr. J. P. Fraser, Mr. John Conroy, Mr. Michael Conroy, Mr. George Hummel, Mr. Ernest Peltier, Mr. Edward Hilke, and Mr. R. B. Viana.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 30.—Of the-Octave of Christmas. St. Liberius, B.	TUESDAY, 2.—Holy Name of Jesus.
SUNDAY, 31.—WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRIST- MAS. St. Silvester, P.	WEDNESDAY, 3.—St. Genevieve, V.
JANUARY.	THURSDAY, 4.—St. Rigobertus, B.
MONDAY, 1.—CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD.	FRIDAY, 5.—St. Telesphorus, B. M. Vigil.
	SATURDAY, 6.—EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD.


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VOL. XVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 30, 1922.

NO. 27

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Transformed.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

SO Beauty comes on blushing feet
 To break sin's muddy barrier-bars;
 And, turning sour draughts to sweet,
 She rends the darkness into stars.
 Though bones and roses dry to dust,
 The stricken, living body sings;
 Men's golden virtues can not rust,
 Storms never clip an eagle's wings.
 To conjure buds on starving boughs,
 And turn hard stones to daily bread,
 Brings glory to Baptismal vows,
 When grace is poured on heart and head.
 The White Swan floats at close of day
 Upon the thunder-creeping tide;
 Nobly serene He cuts His way,
 With stark, red wounds in breast and side.
 Dashed down are silver cups of song,
 The mad winds come to drown all mirth;
 Broad, sunlit roads are for the throng
 That cries for music on the earth.
 The sword is shaped—the Cross looms high—
 No hand-clasp now,—no friend with friend;
 A sign points straight beyond the sky
 The way to go, until the end.

LET everyone be fully persuaded that if his piety toward the Blessed Virgin does not hinder him from sinning, or does not move his will to amend an evil life, it is a piety deceptive and lying, being lacking in proper effect and in natural fruit.—*Pope Pius X.*

Christmas Customs of the Gael.

BY A. J. C. R.

There is light and there is laughter; there is music,
 there is mirth,
 And lovers speak as only lovers may;
 Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on earth
 As Christmas-time in Ireland far away!

THUS "the poet of the Irish exile," Denis A. McCarthy, sings in his charming little poem "Christmas-Time in Ireland." In words that bring a mist to the eyes of those who have lived the Christmas season in Ireland, he tells of the greetings and blessings of the kindly folk, of the early Mass and the saintly soggarths, of the bright holly berries, the feasting and song; and of the inevitable shadow that hangs over every Irish feast,—the sorrow for those "Who, scattered far in exile, sadly stray." But those exiles have brought with them, to the far lands whither their wandering feet have strayed, many of the quaint and pious customs of the land whence they came; and have left an indelible mark upon the Christmas customs of other lands, the origin of which, in many instances, has been lost or forgotten.

We know the custom of hanging the Christmas stocking comes to us from Belgium, the Christmas tree from Germany, the bestowal of the Christmas gift from the old English custom of handing contributions to the "mummers" who carried their gift boxes from house to house. But, were we to go back far

enough, it is said these customs could be traced to the days of the Irish missionaries, and are but variations of the ceremonies they brought to the Continent from the Isle of Saints. Be that as it may, many of the outstanding features of our Christmas celebrations are directly traceable to the festivities of the ancient Gael.

When St. Patrick came to Ireland in the year 432 A. D. he found there a highly-civilized and cultured people, abhorring, in their religious rites, the revolting human sacrifices common to the rites of many pagan lands, although the Druids offered sacrifices of animals and birds to their pagan deities. With the wisdom that characterized his great missionary work, the Apostle of Ireland simply adapted these old religious customs and feasts to the spirit of the religion of Christ. And from the first, the commemoration of the birth of Christ, the Light of the world, poignantly appealed to the imagination of the Gael.

Among the pagans, the days of the Winter solstice—and Summer solstice as well,—when the sun seemed to stand still from December the twenty-first to the twenty-fourth, were observed with various rites and ceremonies to find favor with their gods. The circular logs, lighted by the pagans on December the twenty-fourth to propitiate their gods, were lighted by the early Christian Gael in honor of the birth of Christ, the Sun, the Light of the universe. Whence comes the old custom of the Yule-log. Holly and evergreens decorated the houses of the pagan Gael to celebrate returning life, and holly and evergreens still decorate the homes of Christians the world over, to celebrate the coming of the Christ-Child; and but few realize the significance or antiquity of the happy custom.

Christmas, it is often said, is the home feast; and from far and near the scattered loved ones exert every effort

to return to the old homestead for the Christmas feast, that there may be no vacant chair on that happy day. And those at home, who wait to welcome the wanderers back again, have swept and garnished and prepared the choicest foods their means can afford, not realizing that these same preparations have been made for the celebration of December the twenty-fifth from time immemorial in the land of the Gael.

Ever since the dawn of Christianity in Eire, the Gael had made this a day of feasting. On December the twenty-fourth, the blood of some animal was drawn and preserved to ward off accidents during the coming season. The following day the carcass was prepared and eaten. With the coming of Christianity, the hospitable feast was carried over, and made the time of family reunions, of music, song, and good cheer. And when the Gael wandered far from that isle of his heart's devotion, he gathered such of his friends as were in the new land around him, and made Christmas the home feast.

Among a race so imaginative, it is not to be wondered that many legends have sprung up around a festival which makes such an appeal to the heart. And of all the Irish legends of Christmas, that which tells of the wandering of the holy Babe, in the bitter cold and storm, seems the most characteristically Irish. From this legend, or its variation, which tells that the Blessed Mother wanders again over the cold earth with her divine Babe in her arms, looking for shelter as she did on that first Christmas night, comes the custom, now being revived in this country, of setting a candle in the window and leaving the door "on the latch," that the wanderers may know there is warmth and shelter for them within.

This legend can easily be understood, when it is known that among the pagan Gaels were men known as brughfers,

whose duty was to conduct the Houses of Hospitality. These houses were never closed, and a large candle was kept burning during the night to guide wayfarers to shelter. A brughfer was obliged to entertain any traveller who came to his door. It was, therefore, a short step for every Christian home to become a house of hospitality for the shelterless Mother and Babe.

Padraic Pearse, beloved teacher and heroic martyr of the Ireland of to-day, has immortalized that legend, and the simple faith of the Irish peasant, in his exquisite bit of Irish life portrayed in "The Mother." He tells that "there was a company of women sitting up one night in the house of Barbara of the Bridge, spinning frieze." The oldest of them all was old Una ni Greelis, who asked: "Doesn't the world know that the glorious Virgin goes round the townlands every Christmas Eve, herself and her Child?"

"I heard the people saying she does."

"And don't you know, if the door is left ajar and a candle lighting in the window, that the Virgin and her Child will come into the house, and that they will sit down to rest themselves?"

"My soul! but I heard that, too."

The day of Christmas Eve came, and Pearse thus describes the preparations of the Irish housewife: "She swept the floor of the house, and she cleaned the chairs, and she made up a good fire before going to sleep. She left the door on the latch, and she put a tall white candle in the window." When all were asleep, she got up to await the coming of the glorious Virgin that she might make her request. "No one was there. Not even a mouse was stirring. The crickets themselves were asleep. The fire was in red ashes. The candle was shining brightly. She bent on her knees in the room door. . . . She felt, somehow, that the Presence wasn't far from her, and that it wouldn't be long until she

would hear a footstep. She listened patiently. The house itself, she thought, and what was in it, both living and dead, was listening as well. The hills were listening, and the stones of the earth, and the starry stars of the sky.

"She heard a sound. A footstep on the door-flag. She saw a young Woman coming in and a Child in her arms. The young Woman drew up to the fire. She sat down on a chair. She began crooning, very low, to the Child." What would the world do at Christmas-time without the childlike faith which has its roots in Eire?

But the Christmas festivities in Ireland do not end on Christmas night: they are extended through January the sixth, which is called Little Christmas, or Women's Christmas. In the south of Ireland, St. Stephen's day is celebrated by the unique pastime of hunting the wren, a vivid description of which can be found in Kickham's "Knocknagow." There are many and diverse legends surrounding the origin of this quaint custom. Some writers give this sport a purely political significance, making the wren, one of the smallest of the birds, typify Ireland itself, and the struggle of the wren to escape, symbolic of Ireland's struggle for freedom. But, as the hunting of the wren was an ancient custom in the Isle of Man, it is more probable that the sport was given an added significance by the people during the Penal days.

From time immemorial, January the sixth was set apart as Mother's Day by the pagan Gaels. And to-day in Ireland the Feast of the Epiphany, Women's Christmas, is considered almost as important as Christmas itself; and, like so many others of the Irish feast days, the ceremonies for this day were taken over from the pagan festival, given a Christian significance, and celebrated in commemoration of the Christian ideal.

The Brentwoods.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXXI.



RS. BRENTWOOD went to bed early, but Marcia and Larry sat up, with fresh logs on the hearth, to see the Old Year out. When midnight sounded, the brother and sister kissed, with the old wish: "Happy New Year!"

"It will be a happy one for you, Marcia," Larry declared, "for Glassford is a first-rate fellow."

"Yes," said Marcia; "and then he is not only one of us in faith, but also fits well into the house and household."

Larry cordially agreed, and Marcia said after a pause:

"We have been very happy, in spite of all our struggles; and oh, how good and brave you have been, Larry!"

"You were the soul of everything, Marcia, and I don't know what we shall do without you."

They were still sitting by the fire, and Marcia, turning her eyes upon him, spoke in a low voice full of feeling:

"Listen, Larry, I am going to tell you a secret. I shall not be going away at all for very long; Gregory has promised me that we shall stay here most of the time. He already talks of building an extension, so that he may feel a bit of the house is his own."

"Hurrah!" cried Larry, his face brightening, "you are wonderful, old girl, for making people happy."

"This is Gregory's doing, though I told him I should not care to marry any one if I had to desert my post here. But, I suppose, we must go to bed now."

They stood a moment to listen to the bells.

"Those New Year's bells," Marcia said, "always seem to make me shiver. When I was a child, I used to cover my head, so as not to hear them."

"Oh! *you* mustn't think of anything sad," Larry declared, brightly; "and that last bit of news will keep *me* cheerful for many a day."

In her prayers that night, amongst all the others, Marcia did not forget to pray for her grandfather. Gazing up at the stars, bright in their 'heaven's home,' she thought of Gregory Glassford with a rush of gladness, because he was hers, not only for this new year, but forever, so long as he and she should live—and afterwards. She drank to the full of that cordial of happiness, which is the rarest of all tonics; and she scarcely gave a thought to the fact, that henceforth she was done with petty economy and management, and lean and cheerless poverty.

She dreamed a whimsical dream that her grandfather came up the lane with his horses to drive her to the wedding, and that he told her he was going to give her the carved chair for a wedding present.

XXXII.

Early in January, Marcia went to spend a week with Mrs. Critchley. That lady had heralded her advent as Gregory Glassford's fiancée, adding that it was quite a romance, and that the successful financier had been in love with her for ages. This, with the added prestige of being the daughter of one of the most popular of all the Brentwoods, and of the beautiful Cornelia Livingston, excited the utmost interest in the girl. Though not beautiful, she was described as striking, effective, or chic, according to the mind of the observer.

Mr. Critchley was, from the first, her devoted admirer; as Mrs. Critchley expressed it:

"Nick is daft about you; and, if you were not such a strait-laced little Puritan, I should be wildly jealous."

She took almost as much interest in the dressing of this new guest as she had done in the case of Eloise. But she

was not at all successful in carrying out, with or without the help of Julie, those "improvements," to which Eloise, with but a feeble protest, had submitted. There was something about this girl which prevented even the artful Julie from insisting on anything. That experienced maid gave her suggestions, and some of them were followed; but it was Marcia who was mistress, and gave directions, which Julie could not disregard. The result was so good that Mrs. Critchley was satisfied.

"I see you are right, my love," she declared, "every woman should study her own type and act accordingly."

"Have I a type?" Marcia asked; "if so, I haven't made a study of it. I know what I like; and it wouldn't be possible, Dolly, to change me into a beauty."

"You'll do," Mrs. Critchley answered; and, taking Marcia's hand in both her own soft, dimpled ones, she said: "You will make Gregory a lovely wife, and I knew from the very first that he was distracted about you."

"He managed to keep up an appearance of sanity," jested Marcia, who knew very well that this fair-spoken woman had been anxious to marry Gregory to Eloise.

"You are an enigma," Mrs. Critchley was provoked into saying, "taking everything so coolly, when you are carrying off the best match in our circle, whom half the girls, you know, were dying to get."

"I'm glad they didn't succeed, that's all," laughed Marcia; "and I will never give him up to any one, till death do us part!"

In spite of herself, her tone had become earnest; and she turned away that Mrs. Critchley might not see her tears.

"We'll be having a lot of men, besides Nick, raving over you; and, of course, it will be an immense advantage having Gregory in your train, and making the other women wild with envy."

Marcia did not altogether like the allusion; it offended the fastidiousness for which the Brentwoods were famous. She made no comment, however, but followed her hostess downstairs.

"My dear Miss Marcia," exclaimed Nick, with an admiring look, "what admirable good taste you show! Some of these foolish, modern women can not realize that nature never makes a mistake."

"She might have done more for some of us," laughed Marcia; "those lovely women I have seen here make me feel like creeping into a mousehole."

"You are just making a fuss about nothing, Nick, and I won't have you turning Marcia's head; but, between you and me, doesn't she look stunning?"

"Exactly what I have been saying."

Gregory, who arrived for dinner, was of the same opinion, and noted her with proud and delighted eyes.

"It has been wonderful," Marcia said, as they came out of the Opera together, where many a glass had been levelled at that handsome couple in the Critchleys' box. "I never had so delightful a week in my life!"

"I am afraid you'll think me selfish," Gregory responded, "when I tell you that I long to see you back in the house, which suits you as a frame suits its picture."

"Why, you poor, old Gregory!" the girl exclaimed, "think of the long years when you shall have me opposite you at the table, just a plain, work-a-day Marcia, with none of these fine people to give me a civil word, and you, yourself, taking Marcia very much for granted."

Of course the ardent lover could not foresee such a time at all; for, sagacious as he was, and with the experience of many before him, he could not believe that this woman he had chosen would ever cease to be wonderful.

Larry was a good deal at the Critch-

leys' during those days, and, like his sister, made a very favorable impression on every one.

"Quiet, of course, and not just like most of the other young men, but gentlemanly, and every inch a Brentwood."

Such was the general verdict. At one of those dinner parties, Larry met Dorothy Van Alstyne, a niece of Mr. Critchley's, and a young girl after Marcia's own heart. She was a convent graduate, and had but lately become a Catholic. But that is a story which can not be told in these pages.

Eloise Hubbard came almost every day to see her aunt, and she and her husband were included in some of the festivities. But it was while Marcia was still in town that definite rumors began to circulate about Reggie Hubbard. It was very generally whispered that he was neglecting his wife, and showing very marked attentions to other women.

Marcia shut her eyes as far as possible to these horrifying rumors, and tried to believe they were, at least, exaggerated. But Mrs. Critchley openly deplored the wreck which that foolish Eloise had made of her life, and the shocking manner in which the late social favorite was outraging the conventions. Gregory Glassford but too fully realized that any intervention of his would be worse than useless, and might easily be misconstrued. Mr. Critchley wrote a stern letter to Hubbard—which remained unanswered,—threatening to take Eloise away. He even went so far as to broach the subject to Eloise, who was looking pale and haggard, preserving a cold and impassive demeanor, and sustained by the indomitable pride which had come down from her forbears. She received Mr. Critchley's proposal with indignation:

"Why, how absurd you are, Nick! Reggie enjoys himself, after his own fashion, as so many men of our set do,

and I make it a rule never to interfere."

"But, my dear girl, when a thing goes so far as to excite public comment, it has passed the limit of legitimate amusement, and should be stopped."

But Nick could not move Eloise from her attitude. For a wife to leave her husband was, in her eyes, the unpardonable sin; and her Catholic principles asserted themselves with overwhelming force. They showed her the path of endurance, but not always of patience.

Returning through the early darkness of the Wintry streets, after that conversation with Mr. Critchley, she found her husband at home, smoking in what was known as "the den." Deeply wounded as she had been, she was besides bitterly mortified by the publicity which had now been given to his conduct. She began without delay to reproach the incorrigible Reggie with his misdemeanors. Scarcely changing his listless, lounging attitude, he replied with his usual cynicism:

"My dear, you are making a mountain out of a molehill. A wife should have more confidence in her own attractions, especially as she has the secure position of having a man tied hand and foot."

"Have you no respect?" Eloise asked, "I will not say for what is right, for God Himself, but, at least, for public opinion!"

"So the Critchley bunch has been talking, or, perhaps, the virtuous Gregory! Let them attend to their own affairs now. They knew very well I was not the sort of man to settle down tamely to domestic life. Yet they threw me in your way, and permitted things to take their course."

Eloise burst into a storm of tears. For the very arguments he now used, were those she had disregarded, and for which she had quarrelled with her guardian. Having a surface good nature, and being, after a fashion, fond

of the girl he had married, the young man made an attempt to console her.

"Come, come, little girl," he said, putting his arm around her, "one would think you had lived in the Middle Ages! Be a little more modern. Women nowadays do not expect to keep husbands tied to their apron strings."

"I am a Catholic," Eloise cried, "and not a pagan like the rest of you."

Reggie laughed easily.

"Pagans we certainly are, and don't pretend to be anything else. In fact, if I had considered that side of your Catholicity, I might have strongly objected to your religion. It rather pleased me at first. It was a novelty to meet somebody who had definite ideas about what they call right and wrong. You had the remedy in your own hands, if my paganism did not please you. You should have chosen one of your own form of belief, who, at least in theory, holds your puritanical ideas. You Catholics don't always practise what you preach; but, as the world goes, you are, I admit, about the most consistent."

He enjoyed seeing Eloise writhe under the home truths, which he thus enunciated, and which her conscience sternly echoed.

"It is rather hard on you," the man went on, having returned to his lounging attitude near the grate, and reflectively lighted a cigarette, "to have the marriage knot tied so hard that it can not be undone."

"To be tied for life to a cynical unbeliever like yourself, is the punishment I deserve," Eloise retorted.

"Wouldn't there be any way out?" Reggie inquired, partly out of idle curiosity, and partly because of a thought that was framing itself in the back of his mind, "in case I should prove insupportable."

"You know as well as I do what my Church—the only Church—teaches."

"Well, then, my dear wife, the wisest thing you can do is to close your eyes, and be the submissive little darling your religion inculcates."

He changed his tone once more, and partly out of that same curiosity and without vital interest, he asked:

"Have you completely ceased to care for me after all your protestations?"

"No," Eloise flashed back at him, "and that is the most terrible part of it. In spite of all that has happened, I still love you, as I promised before God."

"Only on account of your promise?"

"Not only on account of my promise," Eloise answered, with that sternness in her aspect that had caused her cousins to notice a resemblance to her grandfather, "because the law of God would not force me to do what is impossible. But a woman with a conscience and a pride in her own womanhood can not so easily change."

The man was momentarily pleased and flattered. The very sternness of her aspect took away any suspicion of what he would have called maudlin sentimentality.

"I will try to be a good boy, Eloise, and keep within the prescribed limits of holy matrimony, as understood by you extremists."

The promise and the feeling by which it had been evoked, were short-lived. Before many weeks were over, it was known that Reginald Hubbard had left his wife, sailed for Europe and—not unaccompanied. Mrs. Critchley was shocked, disgusted and expressed herself as being in despair. Possibly, she was remorseful, but she did not express such a sentiment. Eloise had been foolish to the point of insanity, wilful and perverse, and Hubbard's conduct had been unspeakable, but just what any sensible woman might have expected from such a man. Mr. Critchley, not being a Catholic, suggested the only possible remedy for the condition of

affairs. Proceedings must be at once instituted for a divorce. And though his wife argued that it was useless, he went at once with this advice to Eloise. She met him with a calm refusal.

"A divorce would be of no benefit to me," she declared. "I married him for better or worse. I am still his wife."

"But Dolly says your Church allows a legal separation."

"It does, but that is unnecessary since my husband has gone away. So leave me in peace, dear Nick, with my broken heart."

There was a touch of her old, appealing grace in the last words, and the lawyer's eyes were dim as he turned away.

Gregory felt worst of all about the matter, and he asked himself over and over, if he had left anything undone which would have saved Jim Brentwood's daughter from such a fate. But his conscience was clear, and the matter had been virtually taken out of his hands, when Eloise had again taken up her abode with Mrs. Critchley.

"Such people," he said, bitterly, "play with fire and are astonished when they, or some one belonging to them, is burned."

It was a topic which he had hated to discuss with Marcia, because of her white purity and aloofness from evil. Her remarks upon the subject were few and simple.

"The evil of the world is so terrible; it seems to me like a huge, dark shape. It makes one so glad to have been brought up within the Church."

"The only force that can protect any of us," asserted Gregory.

"Sometimes I wonder," Marcia said, "that Catholics do not glory in the Church, and fling out her banners with brave hearts and high heads. I love that idea of St. Ignatius, of people fighting under two standards, the good against the evil. But isn't it splendid

of Eloise to have refused even a separation?"

"She has acted like Jim Brentwood's daughter," Gregory agreed, "and a true Catholic. Poor, little Eloise! She has carved out a difficult path for herself."

"I would like to go and see her," observed Marcia; "but, perhaps, she can not bear to receive any one just now."

Gregory expressed the opinion that it might be wiser to wait a little.

So Marcia contented herself with writing a letter to which, for some time, no answer came.

Her own marriage with Glassford, which had been arranged to take place before Lent, was unavoidably postponed, owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Brentwood. Marcia had remained in close attendance upon her stepmother, even after the doctor declared that, if she did not consent to procure a nurse, she would be in danger of a physical breakdown.

Marcia was surprised one day towards the beginning of March when she was feeling jubilant, because her stepmother was able to come downstairs, to receive a letter from Eloise.

"MY DEAR, DEAR MARCIA:—I got your sweet letter, which no one else but yourself could have written. I did not answer it at once, because I found it hard. In silence was the only way I could endure, and it would have been intolerable to see the old place and you all in that first depth of misery.

"Now, it is different. My heart is aching with a new sorrow. Reggie is ill, dying, they tell me, as the result of an accident in an airplane. He begs that I will come to him in London. I am sailing early in the week, but I felt that I could not leave New York without throwing my arms round your neck again, and bidding farewell to Aunt Jane and Larry. I want to see Gregory, too. Deep in my heart there is a warm corner for him, who is like no one else.

I know how sorry he has been for me, but he has shown himself so kind, so delicate. Never a word against my husband, nor a reminder of his past warnings!

"Hoping to be with you next Friday by the 5.25 train,

"Lovingly,

"Your heart-broken cousin,

"ELOISE."

On the appointed evening Larry was at the train. Mrs. Brentwood, paler and feebler, was in her armchair. Gregory stood near Marcia, who was watching at the window, and recalling that other time when she had been waiting with so many misgivings for the coming of grandfather's heiress, who arrived with her Parisian toilets and her polish of manner which so often broke through and showed the petulance and the self-will beneath.

"Yet," Marcia reflected, "there had been some quality under it all that made it seem impossible that Eloise should ever stoop to meanness."

Presently, came a pale, worn and subdued Eloise, who flung herself into the arms that Marcia opened wide. Gregory Glassford remained in the background till Eloise, turning, saw him.

"You dear, dear Gregory!" she murmured, with quivering lip, "how good it is to see you all, and what it will cost me to go away again!"

"Where is Aunt Jane?" Eloise questioned, and rushing over she knelt down and laid her head on the old woman's kindly breast.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, we are so sorry for all your trouble," Mrs. Brentwood said, brokenly, "but so glad to have you here, if only you could remain!"

"And you have been so ill, Aunt Jane, and I never knew it!" responded Eloise.

That evening, as the two girls sat beside the fire, when the men had gone to smoke, Eloise herself referred to the

topic which was uppermost in both their minds:

"As I told you, in my letter, Marcia, I am going to Reggie. He has sent for me."

Marcia nodded comprehendingly.

"You will have to go, of course," she said, "but it is hard."

"Hard, yes, in a sense," Eloise answered, "but my heart is with him; and only death can break the tie."

"Spoken like your father's daughter," applauded Gregory, who just then entered; "but even religion does not oblige you to remain with such a—"

"Don't say the word, Gregory," she pleaded; "I married Reggie, you know, of my own free will. Besides it is not a question of remaining with him. He is dying."

Gregory bent his head.

"Bravo, little Eloise!" he exclaimed.

The tears were streaming down Marcia's cheeks as she caught and held her cousin's hand.

"Brave, generous heart!" she murmured.

"You see," Eloise went on, "it is simple duty; and I have been remembering so often, lately, how Mère de Villiers at the convent used to say: 'Duty, my dear girls, is clad in gray. It is only in eternity you will see her robe of gold.'"

"That is a beautiful saying," exclaimed Marcia.

"Yes, and how little heed I gave it. Duty seemed then for old crones, possibly for the middle-aged. Now, it has caught and chained me."

She rested her chin on her hand and looked into the fire.

"Words like that," she added, presently, "sink in and come back to us when the path of life is dark. So the labors of those dear nuns were never wholly lost."

Despite his fiery indignation against the man who had been false to every

obligation, Glassford saw all too plainly where the finger of duty pointed, and made no attempt to alter his former ward's decision. Marcia made the only hopeful suggestion that occurred to her:

"You may save his soul."

"If he has a soul to save!" muttered Gregory under his breath.

Eloise caught the words and gave him a strange look.

"I shall try to find it, Gregory, for love is very powerful; and if I do, I shall be glad that I went across the seas, and you will be glad, too."

"Glad, yes, for you will have been repaid."

Eloise went to church on Sunday morning with the others and prayed as she had not done since she knelt far away in the Gothic chapel of the convent. In the afternoon she paid a friendly visit to the kitchen and its occupants, and she said reminiscently:

"Do you remember, Eliza, how I first came down to see the kitchen, and how Minna tripped you and was deluged with flour?"

Eliza made what pretence she could at laughing, but she told Marcia afterwards that it made her heart bleed to see the change in that poor lamb.

The inevitable leave-taking came all too soon. Mrs. Brentwood clasped her in a final embrace, saying:

"Even should I not be here, my dear, the others will welcome you home, if Providence ordains that you return a widow."

"Oh, I hope my husband will live for many years!" Eloise responded. "They tell me he is helpless, but I will take care of him."

"Of course," murmured the old lady.

"I could not fancy the old house without you, Aunt Jane. You must go on living for all our sakes."

She turned to Marcia, who was pale and agitated. For a moment the two stood facing each other.

"As mother has said," whispered Marcia, "if another sacrifice is asked of you and you are left alone, you will come back here, will you not?"

"Perhaps," Eloise answered, "though something tells me I shall never see the old house again."

For in the sleepless nights she had kept of late, facing the alternative of years of nursing a man to whom her very presence might be distasteful, or the anguish of parting with one whom she had not ceased to love, she had been haunted by the thought of a haven of peace, which might still be hers, where other girls were tossing red-cheeked apples in the orchard, or praying in the Gothic chapel.

As she wept in Marcia's arms, neither of the girls could have believed a few months before what such a parting would cost them. Eloise hurried down the steps, where Gregory and Larry were waiting.

She entered the motor, waved a last greeting to her cousin, and passed swiftly out of sight forever.

"How poor and commonplace we other Brentwoods seem," said Marcia, when Gregory came back with Larry after seeing Eloise off to Europe. "For if her husband lives, Eloise has set her feet on the path of martyrdom; and if he dies, she will mourn him as if he had been the worthiest in the world."

"Women are certainly incomprehensible beings," replied Gregory.

"Perhaps so, Gregory, but there must be some good in Reggie Hubbard after all. For he cabled that, since the doctors gave no hope of his recovery, he was longing to see his wife."

"It is like him to want her there in his helplessness, wretch that he is!"

"He may really be dying, and you mustn't be so hard."

"No, I shouldn't be hard at all, when the dearest of all the Brentwoods is willing to throw herself away upon me."

"Eloise's action shows, Gregory, that we Brentwoods have some qualities."

"Which I should be the last to deny."

"Do you remember, I once said to you," recalled Marcia, "that a great sorrow or a great love would bring out the nobility in my cousin's character?"

"I remember very well. It was in those unhappy times when I scarcely could persuade you to talk to me at all."

"You will be saying one of these days that I have made up for it since. But there is Larry calling."

"Poor old Larry!" Gregory declared, "he took Eloise's departure very hard. If I didn't know there was a pretty little Dorothy, I might have thought he had felt a more than cousinly regard for my ward. Dolly was at the boat in a state bordering on distraction. Critchley wouldn't come at all, he was so indignant, and couldn't for the life of him understand why there shouldn't be a divorce."

"He is such a fine, large-hearted man," Marcia commented, "but, of course, he can't understand."

A month later came a cablegram from Eloise.

"Reggie died yesterday. Will have a Requiem at Farm St."

Glassford was now glad that Eloise had gone to win Reggie's soul to God.

"She will soon get over her sorrow," he pronounced cheerfully, though Marcia was quite scandalized by the prophecy; "and, then, she will have her whole life before her."

Neither of them knew what Eloise's secret intention had been; and they hoped that they would soon see her back again in the scenes to which she had become attached. But she never came.

The first week of May was now close at hand, when there was to be a wedding in the old house. Gregory and Marcia looked forward eagerly to the day, for it was to be their wedding.

A Memory of a Winter Day.*

BY PADRE LUIS COLOMA, S. J.

I.

IT was early, on a wild Wintry morning, that the porter came to my room to announce a visitor. I thought of some pious person who wished to speak with me before the first Mass. As I entered the parlor, darkened by the rain outside the long, narrow windows, I remember how sombre the room looked, and how vague the form of a woman sitting on a sofa in the corner. She appeared strangely agitated, and was sighing deeply. As soon as she heard my footsteps, she rushed toward me, now weeping aloud. I saw that she was evidently a servant from some great house, and under the influence of violent excitement. She covered her face with both hands as she stopped before me, and in a voice full of grief and terror cried out:

"Father! Father! the devil appeared to my mistress!"

For some cause or other, instead of concern or sympathy, an impulse to laugh seized me. I stopped for a moment to control my rebellious face; and the poor woman, who had probably never before considered that a Jesuit might be a risible animal, stopped too, visibly troubled. But the next moment with redoubled energy came the tears and the sobbing.

"Yes, indeed, Father, the devil appeared to her,—or perhaps a soul from Purgatory; and she sent me running to beg that you would come quickly."

"But who is your mistress?"

"Doña Adela."

"Doña Adela what?"

She gave a name connected with so many noble houses that I could find no clue, and I was obliged to say:

"I do not know her."

"But she is the Señora Doña Adela, Countess of M." And, leaning toward me, she added in a half whisper: "The Buddhist!"

"And you say that the Buddh—that Doña Adela wishes to see me?"

"Yes, Father, and she begs you to come at once."

"But what has happened? What is it all about?" I persisted, trying to get some light upon a circumstance which was becoming strangely interesting from its connection with the name of the lady in question.

"*Dios mio! Dios mio!* An awful thing, Father! I was in the cabinet folding the clothes, and my mistress at her desk writing. Suddenly I heard a noise of breaking glass, and there was the Señora at the door, pale as death, struggling for breath and gasping, 'My sister! my sister! Concha! Concha!' I thought I should die, Father; and I fell into a chair, shivering all over."

"But, my-good woman," said I, trying to calm her agitation, "what was there so strange in Doña Adela's calling for her sister?"

"Father!—when her sister is six months dead! But it must have been the devil; for her sister was a saint,—a saint, if there ever was one."

"But what more did your mistress say about it? What did she tell you?"

"How could she tell me anything, Father, when she could not speak, and I trembling like a leaf, until suddenly she began to shriek again, flinging herself on the floor, covering her head with the curtains as if she were trying to hide? Her maid ran in, and the porter and servants from below,—for it is a very quiet house and my lady keeps a large retinue. When she saw her people about her, she recovered somewhat and spoke quite firmly. 'Mariana,' she said, 'go at once for a priest.' I ran to the parish church, but the pastor was away on a sick call. I met Juanita Guitierrez

in the vestry, and she told me that there were many Fathers in this house; so I ran—I ran—" and she broke off again, weeping.

I stopped for a moment, trying to discover some trace of sense in the incoherent story. But still the strangest part remained,—that "The Buddhist," Doña Adela, had desired to have a priest brought to her. Before anything else I must make sure of this point.

"Are you *sure* your lady asked you to go for the priest?"

"Absolutely, Father, with her own lips."

I hesitated no longer, but prepared at once to follow the old woman, who was to be my guide through what promised to be a strange experience. She hurried on before, jostling against the passers in her excitement, and looking back now and then to make sure that I was following.

Meantime I cudgelled my brain to recall what public rumor or private information had ever told me of the person I was about to see. Because of the seclusion in which she lived, and my own busy life, I had never even met any one who had known her. But I remembered an evening long ago, when returning from a sick call at one of the hospitals, that a very old and richly emblazoned carriage had passed me, drawn by a team of six fat mules. I saw vaguely the dark shadow of some one reclining on the cushions, and the face of an exceedingly ugly old woman peering through the glass. My companion, who knew something of everyone in Madrid, told me that the shadow was "The Buddhist," and the face at the window her attendant. Then in a flash I realized that the person hurrying before me was the same.

Doña Adela de M. must have been at this time quite seventy years old. Her father, who was the younger son of a noble house, was very wealthy and

a member of the Cortes of Cadiz. During the revolutions of 1823 he had emigrated to France. They lived in Paris, and here his daughter was educated, at a time when the "Brains of Europe," as it was called, had gone mad over Victor Hugo and his contemporaries. In the literary heaven of the time, two stars of equal magnitude blazed in the zenith—the so-called "Muse," Delfina Gay, afterward Madame de Girardin; and the Baroness Dudevant, already celebrated in misfortune under the name of George Sand. An uncommon love of literature drew them closely together, and both were intimate friends of Doña Adela.

No one knew the reasons which caused "The Buddhist" suddenly to abandon Paris fifteen years later, and seclude herself in the old mansion of her ancestors, with an elder sister, the Señora Concha, who, according to the account of the maid, had died six months before.

"The Buddhist" never received visitors, and never went out save to breathe the air on long carriage drives. She never entered a church nor approached the sacraments; and the only time her parish priest had called, he was respectfully but firmly denied admission. The common people, with their strange instinct for divining character and solving mysteries, had named her "The Buddhist" and "The Devil," on account of this want of piety, added to her literary fame.

At the same time that these half-forgotten scraps of gossip floated through my mind, there came another remembrance. "The Buddhist" had never married; but, in spite of her many eccentricities, her lack of religious belief, and the corruption of the society in which she had passed her youth, there had not been the slightest hint of irregularity where honor was concerned, or anything upon which detraction could feed. This was an anomaly;

as if an onion had produced a rose, or a turnip blossomed into lilies. I am ashamed to confess that it had occurred to me earlier that perhaps an ugly face had been the guardian of virtue. All this confusion of thought, of which I was vaguely conscious, left a certain uneasiness as we approached the house.

The mansion we at last stopped before was old, with a splendid escutcheon carved above the arch of the vestibule. The great oaken portal, which opened as if we had been expected, ushered us into a magnificent courtyard, with a spacious marble stairway leading to the galleries above. The place looked neglected and unfurnished, as if the palace were unoccupied. In a moment or two, my guide—still heaving deep sighs, although she had stopped weeping—drew aside a heavy red portière and invited me to enter.

"Wait, if you please, Father," she said, "while I tell my lady."

There was a sudden change in the character of the room within. I found myself in a small parlor which might have belonged to a Parisienne of the time of the Directory. It lacked only a Merveilleuse, seated on the small sofa of ebony and brass; but the portrait of a very beautiful woman hanging upon the wall above took the place of the missing chatelaine. I recognized it at once, even without the legend written below: "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" Opposite hung another picture, more recently and poorly painted, of a pale young man with a lofty forehead, very thick black hair, a high cravat reaching nearly to the ears, and a closely-buttoned coat. It was Victor Hugo at the time when he was writing his romantic dramas. A third portrait, in the best style of David, represented two figures; one, a lady in white satin under the trees of a garden, reading or declaiming to another from a book she held in her hand.

In gold letters on the open page was the word ——

"——!" I murmured to myself; "the romance which Chateaubriand could not bring himself to read, although he was a man of few literary scruples!"

At the feet of the French novelist—for it was indeed she—a slender youth reclined upon the grass, his head resting against her knees as if listening to the reading, and the mouthpiece of an Eastern pipe in his lips. I could not recognize her face; but in the regular and delicate features, I saw at once the likeness of the woman of seventy to whom I was at the next moment presented. The duenna, agitated as ever, had just appeared at the open door.

"Father, the Countess is expecting you," she said.

II.

I entered the room at once, and stopped, astonished, at the portal; for this woman was not the caricature of beauty which so many of her time had been: far from it. She was cowering in a *fauteuil* of red damask, drawn closely to the hearth, on which a huge fire was blazing. As I came in, she arose with difficulty; and I could not but admire the slender, majestic height, which seventy years had scarcely bent.

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Father. Mariana misunderstood my message, and went to you instead of calling the parish priest."

Never had I heard a voice more sweet or exquisitely cadenced. But my admiration did not prevent me from understanding that the lady was politely informing me that I was not the person she desired to see; and I rose, bowing, to leave the room.

"You have not troubled me in the least, Madame; but since there has been a mistake——"

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed quickly. "It is all the same to me,—you may be better able to resolve my doubts."

I took the chair she indicated, and for a moment an embarrassed silence followed, as is usual before a conversation which one scarce knows how to begin. I broke it first:

"Your maid tells me that you received a great fright this morning."

"Fright?" she repeated, as if she did not understand the word. "Fright? No," she went on, trembling slightly as she spoke, "but surprise, annoyance, no doubt. I should never have believed that what happened was possible. And yet——"

"We are progressing a little," I thought, and, folding my hands, I prepared to listen to her story. She hesitated a moment and resumed:

"You are not perhaps aware that I lost my only sister six months ago.—my poor Concha?"

I made an affirmative sign.

"She was a good woman—gentle, kindly, but——"

It appeared as if she were about to say "fanatical."

"Devout," she continued, "and not very clever. She left her estate to a nephew of her deceased husband, and appointed me executor, leaving to me also the duty of having Masses said for the repose of her soul" (this with an almost imperceptible smile). "I troubled very little about that part of it, and I confess now that this was wrong. Although our opinions differed utterly, I should have respected her wishes. In the end I recognized this, and wrote to the parish priest a fortnight ago, asking him to say a daily Mass for my sister until further notice. To-day I got up early, as is my custom, and sat down to write to the Father, saying that the Masses might cease." (She threw aside the shawl in which she was wrapped, as if it had suddenly become too warm.)

"I was writing in the next room, which is my boudoir. I had finished the note—a very short one,—and was about to add my signature, when I became sud-

denly conscious of a disagreeable impression. It was a feeling that I was no longer alone, that my sister was close by, at my right hand. I had heard of people who imagined something similar in the dark; and resolved not to yield to the impulse to look up, but to finish my work, as I did. But I could not help glancing aside as I lifted the pen from the paper, and—this is the awful thing, Father, which I wish to explain but can not."

She flung herself forward, almost out of her chair, trembling like a leaf. Then in a lower tone, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice:

"It seems impossible, but it is certain—absolutely certain, without the shadow of a doubt. At my shoulder, leaning on my chair, I saw something that I can not describe in words, for it was out of the natural order. But I saw it clearly, as I see you this minute. It was an immaterial presence, like a column of smoke fashioned into a vague substance; it was like shape without form or color, or words without a voice; and in the midst something I knew to be my sister. Two eyes that were hers—her sad eyes imploring a favor,—and two tears of fire that glowed as they fell. I sprang from my chair so quickly that it struck against the window behind me, breaking the glass. Then the shadow moved nearer the table, stooped down and with a point of that—obscurity—touched the paper and blotted out my name."

The lady stopped with a sort of groan, and, falling back in the great armchair, wrapped herself in the cashmere again, shivering with cold or terror.

I had not yet recovered from the impression her story and excitement had produced in me.

"This must have been an illusion," I said at last. "Did not you yourself blot the signature in rising so hurriedly,

with the fringe of your mantle or the lace of your sleeve?"

"No, no!" cried the Countess. "I was not wearing the mantle; and the sleeve—look!"

She stretched out both arms and showed me the tight sleeves of a gray taffeta bodice, with white cuffs, on which was no slightest stain of ink.

"That is what shocks me," she went on, no longer seeking to hide her emotion. "That is what I want you to explain. Do you think it possible that a soul could come from the other world to prevent me from depriving it of a few prayers?"

"Yes, Madame," I answered, "I believe it possible, but I do not think it at all probable. I think it possible, because God can accomplish anything. If you allow that God exists, you can not deny this attribute; and if you allow His attributes, you can not deny His power of exercising them. But I do not think it probable, because God ordinarily attains His ends by natural means; because the supernatural is rare, and often confounded with natural results, the working of which happens to be unknown to us or hidden. Besides, were you suffering from insomnia? Had you slept well the night before?"

"Seven hours uninterruptedly, as if I were fifteen years old."

"Did the death of your sister disturb you greatly? Were you nervous, perhaps, recalling it?"

"No, Father. My sister was an ordinary woman. We were not congenial, and her death troubled me very little. If I was not moved by it at the time, was I likely to be six months after?"

"But when you began to write the note, had you no compunction at not carrying out the wishes of the dead?"

"Compunction!" almost shrieked the Countess, rising in her chair. "None. All that I felt was annoyance at having thrown away for Masses money that

might have been better employed in giving alms to the poor, or—flinging it out of the window.”

It is impossible to describe the accent of angry conviction with which the woman before me pronounced this phrase, “flinging it out of the window.”

“But at least,” I said, “you were thinking of your sister. It must have weighed upon you that her wishes had not been carried out.”

“No, Father, I was thinking nothing of the kind. I had already written an important letter to Paris, and was so much preoccupied with its contents that I made three mistakes in the four lines I was sending the pastor. I was not in any sense under a stress of feeling in regard to my sister.”

“Then if the illusion could not have been caused in this way, it must have been by some other physical phenomenon. How does the light fall in your boudoir? Might there not have been some optical effect, some arrangement of mirrors?”

“I do not believe it. And even if it were so, how could any arrangement of mirrors blot out a name? Come in with me; examine the place for yourself.”

And the Countess rose haughtily, almost defiantly, preceding me to the inner room. The rôles were changed: I seemed to be the incredulous one, and she the believer struggling to convince me of the prodigy.

“Then you have not examined the letter since?”

“No, I have not had the courage to look at it.”

At this point it would have been almost the truth to say that I was in the same position. But, hurried on by the force of circumstance, I passed through the door of the room. We were both silent, perturbed. The room was sumptuously furnished and very elegant, but in the same old-fashioned style as the salon outside,—as if its mistress

had preserved all the fashions of a certain epoch. At the farther end was the desk, covered with papers. A beautiful writing case in ivory and gold was upon it; and a sheet of note paper on which one could see a few lines of writing and a long, wide horizontal stain, where the signature should be.

The Countess lifted the paper, making a great physical effort, as if she were touching a snake, and placed it in my hand. The name was indeed blotted out. I examined it carefully in front, at the back, held it between me and the light, touched it. “The Buddhist” was quite right: this was no ink stain; it had not been blotted out by the fringe of a mantle or the drapery of a sleeve. It was identical in color and effect with the imprint left upon paper by passing something burning over it.

I looked at my companion. She was leaning against the frame of the door, pale as death. The paper trembled in my hand. We came out of the boudoir, and talked long and earnestly.

Three years afterward, in a far-away land I received the conventional announcement of a death. It was that of Doña Adela, Countess of M., who died in Seville on the 24th of April, “after having received all the sacraments of the Church.” The card made no mention of relatives or friends; her spiritual director had taken charge of the obsequies. I hastened to recommend the soul of the departed to the Throne of Grace and Mercy.

At Christmas.

BY T. E. B.

*A*N Infant crying in the night,
Amidst the sleet and snow,
Far from His home of warmth and light,
Where Love's red fires glow;
Will you not share with Him a part
Of the warm cradle of your heart?

The Innocent of the Yeun.

BY ANATOLE LE BRAZ; TRANSLATED BY
E. W. WALKER.

II.

ONE morning Liettik woke up quite happy after having fallen asleep in tears. In the interval she had "dreamed gay"; and, following in the wake of beautiful dreams, there comes at times a mysterious joy that floods the heart with sweetness. Snow had fallen during the night—that pale snow of the West that powders the whole world with diamond dust. The Yeun was glorious to look at, decked in all this whiteness.

The wind was quite silent.

Liettik lit the fire, and prepared the soup for her father's breakfast.

"What sort of weather?" he asked, as he slid out of bed.

"Snow everywhere!" replied the child. Her little face was almost radiant.

"Ah, well," said Bleiz-ar-Yeun to his wife, "you won't catch me working in the bog to-day. Some flocks of wild ducks have been seen towards Bodmeur, and if only the police of Brazpars will keep from meddling, I shall come home to-night laden with yellow-beaks."

So saying, he put on the shoes he kept for poaching, took his gun, and went out.

Liettik spent the greater part of the day squatting on the doorstep. The vast, snowy landscape enthralled her; never before, for as long as she could remember, had she known the Yeun under this imposing aspect, wrapped in this rigid majesty, this religious silence. The sky was of dull azure, without a cloud. The air was transparent as crystal. The eye could plunge, as through clear water, to infinite distances. Beyond the ring of mountains that she knew, Liettik saw others rising up, the very existence of which she had not suspected. Spires that she had never

before perceived, stood out against the sky on the edge of the horizon. A larger universe was revealed outside her past experience; and her feeble imagination was overwhelmed by it. She scarcely moved from the door until the evening, her hands rolled up in her apron on account of the cold.

At the first approach of twilight, a tall, dark silhouette was outlined against the greyish-white background of the darkening solitudes. It was her father. He had killed nothing—the ducks must have flown away towards the south,—but he had fallen in with his eldest boy in the fields of Kergombou. The lad's employers had sent him to invite his parents to their *réveillon*—they held out a prospect of eels and a boar's head.

"To be sure," sighed the Wolf's wife in the tones of the chronic sufferer. "To-night is Christmas Night."

"Do you feel strong enough for the walk? It's not bad weather, as you know. The Kergombou household will look out for us before the Mass."

"My faith, it will perhaps do me good!"

Liettik had not appeared to be listening to the conversation. She continued to kneel upon the hearthrug, stirring her grandfather's gruel, while her mother made her preparations, pinned on her shawl, and fixed the *coiffe* upon her thin, grey hair. Bleiz-ar-Yeun said to Liettik:

"Hand me a stick from the fire to light the lantern."

The child started, big tears trickled down her cheeks, and in her eyes was an expression of agonized fear.

"Please—please!" she entreated. "Don't leave me! I'm too frightened! Not alone—oh, not alone with *him*!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Go to bed if you're afraid," he grumbled, while Liettik's mother added by way of consolation:

"Be reasonable, and I will bring you back your share of the *réveillon* in my handkerchief."

They were about to leave the house when the child, beside herself with fear, clung to the skirts of her mother:

"Mamm!—Mamm!"

With a rough gesture, Bleiz-ar-Yeun pushed her back into the entrance, and, seizing his wife's arm, slammed the door violently behind them. Liettik threw herself face downward on the floor of damp earth where the carters were accustomed to stand to empty out the dregs of glasses after drinking. There she lay, stretched in the mud, her head buried in her clasped hands, in order that she might hear nothing, see nothing. But no matter how hard she tried, she could not help hearing the sinister rattle in the breathing of the *tadiou-coz*. In the silence of the snow-wrapped night, in the stillness of the empty house, it grew more and more strident and lugubrious, until it resembled the ceaseless noise of a blacksmith's bellows, with the air whistling as it escaped through the leaks. And she could not help seeing him either—a dread, mysterious, shadowy figure, sculptured, somehow, in the chimney corner, with the stone grate for pedestal, like the statue of an ancient god guarding the hearth.

Obsessed by the image of the old man, Liettik dared not make a movement, for fear of attracting his attention. She tried, however, to crawl along to the hole which served her as bed. Suddenly, she halted. The oaken bench on which the *tadiou-coz* was cowering had given a creak. She raised her head; her heart was beating as though about to break from terror of what might happen. And she was, in truth, confronted by a sight that froze her to the marrow. Supporting himself by his bent arms resting on the back of his chair, *le vieux*, whom she had always known motion-

less as a block of granite, was striving to stand upright on his legs.

"I'm done for!" thought Liettik. "He's coming after me! Certainly, he's going to strangle me, and drag me along to the *Youdik*, as once he dragged the black dogs."

She fancied she felt already the pressure of his nails, as sharp and as hard as claws; and, sinking at the foot of the staircase, she fainted away, after having made a last, desperate Sign of the Cross.

How long she lay thus, stiff of body, like a bird overtaken by the snow, she could not have told. When at last a feeble glimmer of intelligence returned to her, it seemed to her that her soul was changed. The past had faded away,—vanished. She was neither cold nor frightened. She was no longer the sad Liettik of a short time back, but a little light thing, vague in form, having scarcely any consistency, one of those feathery cotton flakes which she used to gather in the Yeun in bygone Summers, and amuse herself by blowing up towards the sky for the pleasure of seeing them float gently away. Was she asleep? Or was she in a waking dream?

Suddenly she heard a voice at her side say:

"Liettik, dear little Liettik, open your eyes! I am not what you imagine. Open your eyes, in the Name of Jesus of Bethlehem, and you will see me as I am in reality."

The voice was weak, tremulous and broken, but so tender were the accents that they went to her very heart.

Liettik peeped through her half-open eyelids, and saw a thin, old man kneeling by her side, his face bending over hers. His skin was yellow and shrivelled, and in all things he was like the *tadiou-coz*, except that on his lips hovered one of those lingering, melancholy smiles that gleam like starlight on a Winter's night.

Merely for the sake of that smile, the child would gladly have kissed the ugly old man. He had lifted her head, and was smoothing with his hand her disordered hair, which had escaped from under her *coiffe* and was soiled by the mud. With a sigh of ecstasy, she submitted to the gentle human caress, never noticing that the hand which touched her temples so delicately had fingers the color of soot.

Still soothing her by his caresses, *le vieux* questioned:

"You're not afraid of me any more, are you?"

"Was I afraid of him? Why should I be afraid of him?" Liettik asked herself.

"It is sad to live too long, you see. One becomes a burden to oneself and others. The evening of man's life is wreathed in clouds, and I have lasted far beyond the evening, right on into the gloomy heart of the night. And so I have come to have the appearance of a phantom, and the children of my children are afraid of me. But no, you are not afraid. Ah, Liettik, how I should like to see you smile!"

Liettik did better than smile at the *ancêtre*: she kissed his rough beard, and it felt to her softer than silk.

What, then, was it that had so changed the soul of Liettik, the soul of the old grandfather, the very soul of the material objects round them? For even the miserable interior of Corn-Cam bore an unwonted aspect. The peeling walls, the faded furniture, were the same, it is true, and the same candle of resin was burning in front of the hearth; but everything looked bigger, vaster, and wore a solemn and imposing air. A marvellous star was shining down through the skylight in the roof; and its beams, travelling from an untold distance, rested on the uncovered head of the *tadiou-coz* and surrounded it as with a halo.

Suddenly he gave a start:

"Listen, Liettik!" he murmured, raising his finger.

A deep musical sound, the heavy vibration of bells calling to and answering one another, filled all space with their sonorous, echoing tones.

"The Midnight Mass, my child," said the old man gravely. "It is our hour. Get up, and come."

Go,—where? Liettik did not even think of asking. They started off, hand in hand. In the moonlight, the sad immensity of the Yeun was a sight of the most entrancing beauty. Luminous paths stretched across it, and along these paths innumerable files of people were hastening, singing psalms as they went. At their head walked a Woman in a blue mantle, carrying in her arms an Infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes of gold, like the son of a king. The fresh night air seemed to be warmed and scented by the fragrant breath of all these canticles.

The old man and the child joined the mysterious procession. The snow felt soft under their feet. Never had Liettik trotted along more briskly. Once across the marshes of the Yeun, the column began the ascent of the slope that led to Saint-Riwal. The little market-place was deserted, but the Christmas candles gleamed from every window, and long plumes of smoke were waving in the still air above the roof-tops. The church was all a-sparkle. As soon as they entered the churchyard, *le vieux* said to Liettik:

"Let us rest here for a moment."

He sat down on the steps of the great Calvary, in the shadow of the Cross, one hand resting on the little girl's shoulder.

The Midnight Mass was just ending. The bells were ringing loud and fast, and the faithful began to come out through the porch. Liettik recognized the neighbors from Kergombou, who were accompanied by her father and

mother and elder brother. She had an intense longing to speak to them.

"Wish them good-night," said her grandfather, "but do not be surprised if they pass without seeing you."

And, indeed, her greeting was in vain, for they did not even turn their heads; perhaps their thoughts were too busy with the prospect of the eel and the boar's head. Presently, among the fast-scattering congregation, Liettik caught sight of the teacher—"Mademoiselle," as they called her in the district. But Mademoiselle did not hear her greeting any more than the others. Neither did the old rector, who was the last to leave the church, walking absent-mindedly, his face sunk in his muffler, his hands wrapped in the sleeves of his great-coat.

At length all the people of Saint-Riwal and the neighborhood had disappeared, and in the silence of the lonely country-side could be heard the happy voices of the retreating peasants, wending their way home through the folds of the hills to eat the traditional "Christmas night meal." And lo! once more the Woman in the blue mantle appeared, pressing to her bosom the Infant wrapped in gold, and once more the column of psalm singers formed up behind her.

"Come!" said the *tadiou-coz*.

At first Liettik thought that the hour had struck to go back to Corn-Cam. But instead of leading down hill, the road they followed sloped gently upward, and was bordered on both sides by strange trees, in full leaf, for all it was mid-Winter, and with tops that swayed in ordered rhythm with a loud, melodious murmur. The sky, which was of unusual purity, seemed to draw nearer to the earth, or, rather, the earth was sinking, foundering, in the yawning void of space. Corn-Cam, the Yeun, Ménez Mikêl, the whole familiar landscape, lay beneath her—nothing more than a little spray floating on the sea of darkness

below. Then the spray itself faded, vanished! And Liettik could see nothing but the vault of heaven, and the mystic pathway suspended in mid-air, and the choir of pilgrims mounting, mounting.

She was just about to ask: "But really, *tadiou-coz*, where *are* we going?" when, across the shining azure depths of space, a flight of angels passed, singing low and sweetly:

Qui meurt à minuit, la nuit de Noël,
Va saps purgatoire au pays du ciel!...

(Here, in the time of my childhood, the old peasant women, who told us this story, used to say by way of peroration: "And that was the passing of Liettik. May God keep her soul in His joy!")

Two years ago, when travelling in the interior of Brittany, I came in the freshness of evening to the poor little *bourgade* of Saint-Riwal, after having wandered all day long among the hill-tops and the valleys of the Arrée. By good luck, I chanced upon an almost comfortable lodging in the house of a certain Lannuzel, a man of venerable age and a prepossessing innkeeper. Curious as I was to find out if the memory of little Aliette still survived in the district, I could not have halted at a better spot. Lannuzel had known her: they had been to the Catechism Class together.

"A saint and a martyr," he said.

He remembered her very features, her sad eyes, of the color of burnt peat, her thin lips almost always tightly closed, her pale and freckled face.

"How did she die?" I asked.

My host shook his head. According to him, there was something suspicious about it, and the police ought to have been notified. However, he told me all he knew, giving it as his opinion that she died because she broke her heart.

One thing is certain, that Bleiz-ar-Yeun and his wife did not leave Kergombou till dawn, and that on reaching

home they found the door wide open and stumbled over the body of Liettik on the pathway. A waggoner of Morlaix, who happened to be passing, helped to carry the dead child in; but no sooner had they entered the kitchen than another tragic sight confronted them: the cindery form of the *tadiou-coz*.

The fire, which had burnt itself out by then, must first have caught the straw in his sabots, then crept up to attack his woollen stockings, the patient work of the dead Radégonda. The flames had left behind them the black traces of their passage, and yet the *tadiou-coz* sat stiffly there in his habitual attitude, his hands resting on his knees, with the aspect of an Egyptian statue. The expression of his face showed no sign of suffering.

They were buried together. The same cart bore both big and little coffin to their last resting place.

Bleiz-ar-Yeun and his son collected in the parish for a tombstone. It lies at the foot of the Calvary—a heavy slab of slate on which the naïve and pious chisel of a local artist has carved two trees, probably meant to be symbolic: a knotted oak and a diminutive willow. Below them, in rough lettering, is an inscription, as simple as the lives of the two whose names it records:

MIKEL EUZEN: ALIETTA NANES. 1844.

(The End.)

MEN, not angels, are the Church's charge, and she remembers we are dust; not with loud yells, vindictive, does she hound the fallen to utter destruction, but out of sinners, she fashions saints. The human dust, in her hands, is built up into a man reflecting not the first Adam but the Second. And that is her real offence against the world: not that she would make sinners of men, but saints; for it is an undying reproach to the world that saints are possible in it.—*John Ayscough*.

America's First Christian Grave.

WHO was the first man to be buried under the shadow of the Cross in America? He was not a Spaniard, nor was he of Anglo-Saxon stock. His name was Thorwald, one of the sons of Eric the Red of Greenland, whose friend, Biarne Bardson, when driven out of his course on a voyage from Iceland, discovered North America. This was in the late Summer of the year 986.

Thorwald, fired by his friend's discovery, and the voyage in 1000 to Vinland by his brother, Leif, reached America in the Autumn of 1002, and passed the Winter at Leifsbudir or Leif's-booths, which was situated at Mount Hope's Bay. He and his Norsemen remained in Vinland, that has been identified with Massachusetts and Rhode Island, till the Summer of 1004. Then Thorwald, leaving a party at Leifsbudir, set sail in his long-ship with her square, woollen sail and oarsmen. They passed Kialarnes, or Keelcape, which is Cape Cod, and kept on until they came to a headland overgrown with wood.

Thorwald was so pleased with this spot that he told his comrades he would like well to have his settlement here. As the men were returning to their vessel they noticed three hillocks on the sandy beach, which they found to be three canoes, and under each, three natives. A fight ensued. Eight of the natives were killed; the ninth escaped with his canoe. Shortly afterwards a large band of aborigines rushed upon the Norsemen from the interior. Thorwald and his men retreated to their ship, but not till he had received a wound under the arm from an arrow.

Finding the wound to be mortal he said to his men: "Get you about your departure as soon as possible, but me ye shall bring to the headland where I thought it good to dwell. Mayhap, it was a prophetic word that fell from my

mouth about my abiding there for a season. There shall ye bury me, and there place a cross at my head and also at my feet, and call the place Krossanes (Crossness) in all time coming."

This his men did, placing a cross at his head and his feet, for already the Catholic teachers among the Norse, had wrought good work; and in many parts the worship of Thor and Odin was cast down. Thorwald and his men were, indeed, worshippers of the "White Christ." After burying Thorwald, the Norsemen rejoined their companions at Leifsbudir, and sailed in the Spring of 1005 for Greenland. But, at Krossanes, which has been identified as Gurnet Point, lay the first Christian grave which had been made in all America.

Late in the Eighteenth Century, a Norse cemetery was found on Rainford Island in the Bay of Boston. Here, it has been discovered, were buried at later dates the dead of the many Norse expeditions from Greenland to North America. Between 986 and 1347, the last date given in history to a voyage from Greenland to America, there were frequent visits by these Vikings to Massachusetts and Rhode Island, to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

Lending Libraries.

Circulating libraries were instituted in the Middle Ages, still sometimes called the Dark Ages—by those who are in the dark about them. They date from the Fourteenth Century, when the University of Paris, as a help to the students attending it, had a law enacted which compelled all booksellers to keep books to lend out on hire; and this example was imitated at Toulouse, Bologna, Vienna, and Oxford. Complete catalogues of books were exposed for the public, with the prices of hiring affixed, and the students had a right to make copies of them.

Not to be Bought.

IN an age when wealth takes on undue importance in the estimation of the average man, and when youth may well be excused for repeating the complaint formulated in "Locksley Hall,"

What is, that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?

Every door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys,—

it is inspiring to read of men who quietly and unostentatiously thrust aside the proffer of riches in exchange for the abandonment of unselfish devotion to their country. One such man was the late Arthur Griffith, for whose untimely death the best friends of Ireland are still grieving. Writing in the *Southern Cross*, of Buenos Aires, Sean Ghall, an intimate friend of the dead statesman, relates this incident:

"In the early days of the *United Irishman*, an American newspaper magnate called on Arthur Griffith. I was present in the office. 'You are Mr. Arthur Griffith, the journalist, sir.'—'I am Griffith.'—'Well, I am — of New York. I have long been on the look out for a paragraph writer whose sentences shine and scintillate. You are my man; you are the best of paragraphists.'

"It was Tuesday afternoon. Griffith was up to his eyes in work. He was going to press the same evening, and he had four long columns to fill. Taking his cigarette from his mouth, he looked steadily at the visitor. Then he removed his glasses and rubbed them, as he always did when moved by the spirit of Comedy or of Tragedy. He maintained a sphinx-like silence. 'My dear sir, if you come to New York I shall guarantee you £1000 a year—I shall write you a cheque for a year's salary in advance; it is more likely to be £2000 when you get there.'—'Excuse me, but I must finish my copy for press. I decline your offer.' The Gold Bug was amazed. He

looked round the poor office and continued in a contemptuous tone: 'Sir, you are toiling in a hovel when you might work under luxurious conditions in America. Mr. John O'Leary, the famous Fenian leader, who gave me your address, says you do not make thirty shillings a week clear money for yourself many a week.'—'Well,' rejoined Arthur, with an amused smile, 'that satisfies me. Why worry?'—'But think of my wealth with a smaller brain-box than yours.'

"Griffith continued writing in silence for half an hour, as the American limned a golden vista of wealth and influence. Quietly he stood up and said: 'Good-bye. I have work to do. You mean well, but your generosity is misplaced. I shall not leave Ireland for the wealth of Golconda.'—'You are a d— fool, Mr. Griffith. Think of what money has done for me.'—With that cold eye and impenetrable mask of a face, Griffith questioned: 'Has it made you happy?'—'It has, fairish. I ooze comfort and prosperity, as you see.'—'Well,' concluded Griffith, as he touched the bell, 'I am happy. Good-bye.' Then he went on writing, leaving an amazed and disgusted would-be benefactor to depart, shepherded by the clerk.

"Later in the evening I met the son of Midas in the Gresham Hotel holding forth against a 'God-forsaken country and a d— fool of a man, who spurned wealth and power.' John O'Leary in his quiet aristocratic way, put his hand on the orator's arm: 'You are mistaken, sir. There are greater, higher and holier entities in life than you ken of. Ireland's soul is safe whilst men like Griffith are its guardians—men who prefer service to gilded servitude.' "

It is precisely because Ireland, during her seven long centuries of subjection, was never without patriots of Mr. Griffith's calibre that her soul was kept visibly alive and that her aspirations have finally been fulfilled.

Notes and Remarks.

An editorial friend, who seems to realize better than most persons the tremendous strides with which this country has been advancing since the Declaration of Independence, expresses the opinion that our Government will require eminently sane leadership and firm hands to guide the Ship of State during the next one hundred and fifty years. He writes: "It has been four hundred and thirty years since Columbus discovered the Western Hemisphere. That does not seem so long ago; but what has been accomplished in that period of time is marvellous. The part of the unheard-of country, now known as the United States, has moved to the front in many respects, and is to-day regarded as the richest and most powerful nation on the face of the globe. It is looked upon as the land of liberty and freedom; but the construction placed upon these words by many people who make up the conglomeration of races and nationalities embodied in the population, is blazing the way to trouble which must be stopped, or it will lead to the overthrow of the Government and consequent chaos. Disrespect for those in authority, disregard of law, corruption in office, bribery and graft, are some of the things which are undermining our Government."

As a rule, Catholics in England, Ireland, France and other European countries, rather envy the political freedom, equal opportunities, "square deal," etc., enjoyed by their co-religionists here in the United States. Just at present, however, these are wondering whether we are quite so enviable as they have been led to suppose. The recent elections in Oregon and the spreading activities of the Ku-Klux Klan disclose conditions that can scarcely be described as ideal. In contrast to such conditions, the ap-

parent decline of anti-Catholic bigotry in England, as indicated by the relatively large number of Catholic candidates recently elected to the House of Commons, is distinctly gratifying. Not so long ago political parties in England commonly refused to put forward Catholic candidates because of the prejudice against their creed. When this stage was passed and Catholics did become candidates, it was rather the usual than the unusual thing for sectional agitation to be raised against them by Protestants, although such agitation occasionally failed of its object. At present, observes the *London Tablet*, "It is satisfactory to be assured by observers of the contests just closed that there has been a marked decline in the tactics that took religious prejudice to the polls. In some cases, as in that of Mr. Charles Mathew, in the East of London, a candidate gained rather than lost, even among non-Catholics, by his known profession of the Catholic Faith."

No Catholic educational institution should have failed to commemorate the anniversary, this month, of the birth of Louis Pasteur, whose achievements place him, not only among the most illustrious of scientists, but among the greatest benefactors of mankind. In bacteriology he held first place, and his discoveries in this branch of science are of inestimable importance. Although, according to some of his biographers, Pasteur was unfaithful at times in the practice of his religion, he never denied its claims upon him. In his case, there was no rejection of God, no disregard of the Church, no antagonism between Science and the Christian Religion. "The more I study, the more my faith becomes that of a Breton peasant; and deeper study might make it the faith of a Breton peasant's wife." This is a familiar saying of Pasteur. His belief in God as the beginning and end of all

things could not have been stronger. He often expressed his conviction that "the supernatural is at the bottom of every heart." In the closing years of his life he found supreme consolation in the teaching and Sacraments of the Church; and died, according to one account of his last moments, with the Rosary entwined about his fingers.

* * *

In an address at the commemoration of the Pasteur centenary at Columbia University, Prof. Emanuel de Margerie, of the University of Strasbourg (exchange professor of engineering), referred to Pasteur as one of the greatest glories of France, and declared that one of his characteristics, which has had a profound effect on French thought, was his attitude of faith both in the laboratory and in his private life. "Faith, that virtue which makes heroes and saints, and gives them power to endure as small things many hardships and sufferings—faith was from his youth a characteristic feature of Pasteur's personality, and it permeated his thoughts and deeds. In reading over the beautiful history of his life, one can not but be struck by the candid manner in which Pasteur remained to the end, and without any apparent conflict between the two sides of his nature, an unhesitating Christian in his religious concerns, as well as an intrepid reasoner in the demands of science."

Careful reading of recent books dealing with the origin, customs, and native laws of certain African tribes among whom European missionaries of various denominations are laboring, and of whose advancement and prosperity glowing reports are given, confirms our conviction that those missionaries are wisest who go most slowly in pulling down, in favor of a spurious form of civilization, laws long established and customs jealously cherished. The moral

effect is often disastrous. To Christianize rather than to civilize, should be the aim of the missionary; and the more completely he forgets most of the manners and customs of his native land the greater will be his success. Not a few African chiefs have come to regard all white men as humbugs and hypocrites, and the more they learn about European civilization the less regard they are likely to have for it.

"Do the people of your country practise what you preach here?" asked an educated Mohammedan of a missionary from Europe. 'You blame the Barotse mothers for killing children born deformed; what about killing children before they are born, whether deformed or not? You lie and plunder and murder, but for all such crimes you have soft names. You go abroad to preach peace, and you wage war at home. Your hands are still red with the blood of your brethren in Europe. Let me tell you, your civilization has failed.'

"A Career of Service: The Story of a Success that Came through Self-sacrifice." Such is the title which a writer in the *Delineator* for January gives to an article describing the wondrous work of Mother Alphonsa in behalf of incurable cancer victims. We quote the more notable passages:

Nathaniel Hawthorne gave to the world more than books and stories of idealism: he gave a daughter, Rose; and the idealism of the father's stories lives again in the life of his youngest daughter. For Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has dedicated her life, to become a servant of the poor who are victims of incurable cancer. To-day she is known simply as Mother Alphonsa of the Third Order of St. Dominic, founder and mother-superior of St. Rose's Home, New York, and of The Rosary, at Hawthorne, N. Y., the only free hospitals for incurable cancer. To one or the other of these hospitals during the past twenty-six years thousands of friendless and penniless cancer victims have come to die. Among them were those who, because of the nature of their

cruel malady, were no longer welcome at home and those who had faced the closed doors of all general hospitals and to whom special sanatorium treatment was prohibitive. By the years of sacrifice, grace, service and dauntless courage of Mother Alphonsa, for the first time in months, sometimes in years, these sufferers have known the blessedness of expert care given sympathetically and ungrudgingly. In the cheerful sun-parlors of the hospitals, in the simple gardens, or in the beds, outcasts who were once alone in their terror find that life still holds some measure of comfort and companionship.

Mother Alphonsa's hospitals are always full to overflowing. Every horror of cancer is represented here, yet it is horror magnificently ignored. Each patient quietly waits the end of his suffering. And it is only by virtue of one victim's release by death that another finds entrance. Three hundred and fifty-five died in St. Rose's Home last year, one for almost every day in the year, and as many more are welcomed in.

The clever writer who conducts "Our Library Table" department in the London *Catholic Times* deploras the fact that literary societies are not nearly so popular as they seemed to be a generation ago. In response to the argument that the Catholic Evidence Society, the Catholic Social Guild and other kindred societies, are doing in England the work desiderated, and doing it with special objects in view, he truly says: "It is just the fact that a literary society has no special aim or purpose other than to add a mental interest and grace to life which gives to such a society its individual usefulness and charm." Concluding a suggestive discussion of the matter from many angles, he correlates his subject to wider and larger ones in this paragraph:

Catholics in the truest sense are the heirs of all the ages. We are the true aristocrats. Ours is the noblest of royal houses. The Church is the only institution left standing to front modern civilization as it fronted the Empire of ancient Rome. But what has this to do with such a simple matter as a literary society? Only this—that aristocrats should be a cultivated class, and cultivation can be most easily acquired through sanctity or through

literature. Your true saint, in the abnegation of self, will be a great gentleman according to the standard of his age. But failing saintliness, with its war against selfishness, pride and greed; and with its ever-present consciousness, immortality, cultivation of mind and manner—and of heart, too, if the will is responsive also to full ideals—can most easily be learnt from literature. Hence a desire to see us Catholics amidst our multifarious activities a little concerned—and not priggishly or too self-consciously concerned—with great writings, because they have a value not quotable in the market-place, a charm which whist-drives and dances, backing winners and watching football matches never permanently hold, and a message which life itself is all too short to learn in full. The best literature is of the stuff of immortality, and should be known and valued for its own sake by those who, more than all others, know that the spirit of man is immortal.

The rapid disintegration of the various Protestant sects that has been going on of late years has surprised no one who ever seriously examined the dogmatic basis of these different bodies. Logically, they are all doomed to division and subdivision, to unending rupture, discord, disunion, and final extinction. A tendency that is attracting considerable notice at present is visible in another non-Catholic body, the Jews. The decline of religious feeling among the followers of Judaism is so marked that a leading rabbi has been heard to say: "Unless family affliction induce a temporary personal interest in the ordinary services, our members are content to support the Synagogue by proxy." Furthermore, he declares, that "among the majority of the Jews of our day Judaism has largely shrunk into a memory, and stands for nothing vital." This is undoubtedly true of both Judaism and Protestantism. The only really vital religion is that of Jesus Christ and His earthly Vicar.

We have been hearing of late months so much about the number of Catholic students in State universities and other

non-Catholic colleges, that it is something of a surprise to learn of the number of non-Catholic students in our own institutions of learning. Of the 2011 students attending Marquette University, as many as 1274 are not members of the Church. Most of them belong to various denominations, ranging from the Orthodox Greek Church to Christian Science; but 283 of the number profess no religious belief whatever. We understand that some other Catholic universities, especially those whose courses in law and medicine are exceptionally good, also have a large number of non-Catholic students. This is doubtless an excellent thing for the sectarian portion of the student-body; but there may be a question as to the advisability of allowing the percentage of non-Catholics to rise much higher: the general atmosphere would run some risk of becoming vitiated.

Religion that is worth while is not a mere garment to be put on once a week for Sunday purposes; it is an integral portion of one's very being, and its dictates color one's ordinary speech and actions. Two cases in point are mentioned in a recent issue of the *Catholic News*, of New York:

The natural way in which public men who are Catholics often drop into Catholic expressions when speaking before audiences indicates that their religion means something to them. "To expect New York to continue with her present form of government," said Governor-elect Smith in one of his campaign speeches, "is like asking a grown-up man to wear the same suit of clothes he wore at his First Communion." Mr. George M. Cohan, at a large gathering of theatrical people, where he presided, in announcing the death of Frank Bacon, famous actor, said: "I ask you to stand for one minute in silent prayer for the repose of the soul of Frank Bacon, who is dead in Chicago."

Striking evidence that Catholic doctrines constitute the warp and woof of the speakers' mentality.



The New Year and the Old.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

SEE yonder laughing boy!
It is the glad New Year;
Our hearts are wild with joy
To bid him welcome here.
His hands are filled with gifts,
O'erflowing at our feet;
The promise on his lips
Is hopeful, gay and sweet.
But mark yon whitehaired man!
His form is thin and weak,
His eyes are dim with age,
Wan is his faded cheek.
Once he, too, brought us gifts,
We took them from his hand;
Once he, too, reigned a king
O'er all the joyous land.
His lamp goes out to-night;
But shall we, then, forget
How oft beneath its glow
Together we have met?
Ah, no! Come clasp his hands,
E'en though their touch be cold;
And while we greet the glad New Year,
Sigh gently for the Old.

OF all birds, St. Francis of Assisi used to say that he best loved the crested lark, because she wore a hood like a true religious, and praised God so sweetly as she flew into the sky. The night before he died, after a rain that had washed clean the earth, a multitude of these little birds flew to the house where the saint lay, and, wheeling in a circle over the roof, sang as if they, too, were praising the Lord and welcoming "Brother Death."

Frank Taylor's Good Fortune.

BY ROSEMARY HOAR.

THE 5.20 trolley from the suburban town of Millville fairly bounded over the rails one Winter afternoon; for it was already behind time, and the city men who worked in the little factory village would be waiting to crowd into it for the return trip, a few minutes after six. There were only two passengers. The old-fashioned little lady, who wore a black silk dress and a fur coat, fidgeted and clung to the seat whenever an unusually hard bump threatened to displace her; the boy opposite had picked up the *Record*, which the conductor had thrown aside, and was absorbed in the contents of the want-column. Above the edge of the newspaper could be seen a fringe of auburn hair; and when the boy put the paper down, the little lady looked curiously at his freckled nose and large dark eyes. His face seemed troubled, and his clothes were badly worn. This small motherly woman had a very large heart, which leaped right out of its place whenever she laid eyes upon a forlorn-looking child. Her only boy had been left fatherless at ten, and together they had struggled on, each helping the other. He was a prominent business man now, but no one except his mother knew how long and how hard had been the road to success.

While the kind woman was musing upon the child, wondering whether he were fatherless, motherless, or needed help, and wishing she could know just what was troubling him now, the car came to a sudden halt, and she arose to step out. But a crowd of rough men

rushing in, all eager to obtain seats, brushed past her, blocking the way. Turning toward the other end of the car, she paused, checked by the same condition. The little boy stood behind her. He was in a hurry, and hoped that some man in the crowd would have the politeness to step aside and let her pass. He saw that she was bewildered. The conductor was busy outside.

"Let me go first," he said to her, touching his tattered cap respectfully, "and you follow close."

With surprising strength, the little fellow elbowed his way out, jostling through the crowded platform as only a small boy can, squirming in zigzag fashion to make all the more room for his follower; and, having stepped off victoriously, helped the old lady to do likewise. Then he was off, and the timid little woman had not time even to say "Thank you!" Nothing could have been more disappointing to her grateful heart. She repeated the whole affair that night to her son, who first fumed and raged at the disrespect his mother had received, and then became interested in her rescuer.

"If he had only waited so I could speak to him and learn his name!" said Mrs. Atchison.

"Evidently not the kind of boy who does things expecting a reward, mother," commented Mr. Atchison, thoughtfully. "What did he look like?"

A minute description followed.

"And I know he needs help," concluded Mrs. Atchison. "O Henry, if you would only find him!"

"Well, mother dear, I'll see what I can do to-morrow."

When Frank Taylor had assisted Mrs. Atchison from the car, he hurried home and thought of her no more. He had been in the city all the afternoon looking for work, and was too much concerned about other things. When the boy

entered the house, his mother's eyes scanned his face, but she asked no question: that searching glance told her all. She greeted her son as usual with a cheery word and smile.

"Come, Frank!" she said. "I've just made some nice hot soup. Come and have some. There, baby, do wait and let mother attend to brother first; he's cold and tired." (This to the baby clinging to her skirts.)

"I'll wait on myself, mother," he said, proceeding to do so. "Where are Alice and Gertie? Can't they take care of baby for a while?"

"The doctor was just here, dear, and I had to send them on errands."

"What did he say, mother?"

"Oh, nothing much!" answered the woman, walking to the stove that the boy might not see her tears.

"Mother, tell me what he said," demanded Frank, following her.

Mrs. Taylor found it impossible to meet Frank's eyes with deception.

"He said that the cough has been wearing on your father too long, and that he should have given up work long ago; and that if he expects to live he must go out West for a few months, or maybe a year."

The boy choked down a lump.

"How much money have we left in the bank, mother?"

"Very little, dear. But when your father gets better, maybe he will be able to work in Colorado; and if he succeeds well, we can all go there. I can do washing and sewing, and Gertie and Alice can help about the house. I'm sorry, though, we couldn't keep you at school, Frank."

"Never mind about me, mother. I'm sorry you will have to take in washing; but perhaps it won't be for long. I'll look for work again to-morrow morning, first thing, and I'll get it too!" declared the boy; for he was determined to do so if it was at all possible.

"Frank, do look here!" cried Alice, early next morning, rushing into the house. She had been sent for a loaf of bread and the morning *Record*, that her brother might read the "Wants."

"What is it?" he asked from the room where he had been polishing his shoes, brushing his clothes, and accomplishing sundry other little feats relating to a very thorough morning toilet.

"Look, Frank!" repeated his sister. "'Wanted: a good, smart, honest boy. Must be red-haired and freckle-faced. Atchison & Ray.'"

Frank dropped the shoebrush.

"Are you fooling?" he demanded.

"It's right there—see?" was the quick reply.

The boy read the advertisement eagerly. For once in his life he was glad of his hair and freckles, and did not quarrel with his sister for drawing attention to them.

"Isn't that a funny thing to put in an advertisement, mother?"

"It does seem odd; but some business men, they say, do queer things. It will be no harm to try your luck; you'd better take the next car."

An hour later Frank found himself one of a row of boys in a waiting-room outside Mr. Atchison's private office. The youngsters had hair of various degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown. Some were speckled; others could boast only a few of these marks. It all seemed so funny to Frank that for a while he forgot about his trouble, and greeted each newcomer with a smile, wondering in the meanwhile as to how red would be the hair and how many the freckles of the next arrival.

The first admitted for examination had a fiery head and as many rusty spots as any one could desire. Mr. Atchison himself had opened the door to let him in, and, as he did so, swept an amused glance over the line of appli-

cants. In a few moments that boy came out and another went in.

"Said my hair was too red an' I had too many freckles," declared No. 1, with a grin that showed a front tooth missing. "Maybe you'll do," he said, passing Frank; "you ain't got so many an' yer hair's most brown."

Frank felt encouraged, although he wondered very much about it all. But surely Mr. Atchison was not a man with time to waste in looking over a crowd of boys without a purpose.

"He's got his granny in there with him, an' she says I wasn't the right one at all: I was too pert altogether," said another unsuccessful one on his way out, making a comical face.

Frank laughed and grew all the more curious. Why should a business man have an old woman helping him to select an office boy? Perhaps—

"Next!" called a voice at the open door, and Frank was admitted.

"Why did you hurry away so last night?" was the most unexpected greeting from a little old lady who rose from her chair to meet him.

"What—I—please excuse me. I don't know what you mean," answered the astonished boy.

"Why didn't you wait after helping me off the car yesterday?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, suddenly recognizing her. "I remember now. I was in a hurry home."

"Why were you in such a great hurry?" demanded the little woman in a tone that almost hid the kindness which lay behind it.

"I knew my mother would be waiting," replied the boy; "and I wanted to hear what the doctor said about my father. He's sick."

"There! I knew something was the matter," she said triumphantly, turning to her son.

"Would you like work, young man?" asked Mr. Atchison, who until now had

not had a chance to speak. "What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I never worked before; I just left school. But I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best."

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless women ought to do pretty well in any line," said Mr. Atchison. "You may report here at one o'clock this afternoon."

"And now, come with me. What's your name? Frank? Come with me, Frank; I want to ask you some questions. Is the carriage waiting, Henry? It's quite a drive to Millville. I don't like the city, and want to get out of it," she continued, addressing Frank; "and I won't ride in those cars any more."

"Well, I'm glad mother has some more people to look after," laughed Mr. Atchison softly to himself, as the door closed upon the two. "Since she got that poor Rice family upon their feet, she's been rather idle. If I mistake not, that boy is deserving of help, too. But I'm sure mother will have the whole family's history to tell me to-night."

And, with the triple satisfaction of having pleased his mother, done a good turn for just such a youngster as he himself once was, and having obtained a capable boy into the bargain, the busy man set about his work.

In the meantime the kindly old lady and the jubilant Frank were speedily taken to the Taylor home. Half an hour's conversation between Mrs. Atchison and the boy's mother was sufficient to convince the latter that the way out of her various troubles was open to her. And nowadays, with her husband's health fully restored, and her son in receipt of a rapidly increasing salary, she often blesses the incident that gave rise to her good fortune,—the act of courtesy shown to an old lady by her dear red-haired, freckle-faced Frank.

The Christian Countersign.

What the watchword, or countersign, is for soldiers, the Creed was for the first Christians, especially during the times of persecution. It was everywhere a means of recognition among themselves. If one unknown to any of the worshippers wished to attend their services, at which the Apostles' Creed was always recited, the sentinel stopped him at the door, saying:

"Give the countersign,—repeat the watchword."

If the would-be attendant was able to recite the articles of the Creed, without missing anything, he was admitted; if not, he was refused. Prior to the Council of Nicæa (325) the Apostles' Creed was never committed to writing, but only confided by word of mouth.

An Old Custom.

What is probably the most ancient survival of feudal tradition is what is called planting the horngarth, a ceremony which has been carried out for centuries at Whitby, England. A wounded boar, so the story goes, was fleeing from its pursuer and was sheltered by a pious hermit, who was slain by the angry hunter. The planting of the horngarth, or penny hedge, is done as an act of reparation for that cruel murder. The horngarth is formed by placing a hedge of stakes in the tide-way in the upper part of Whitby harbor, in the presence of the lord of the manor. When it is completed a horn, hundreds of years old, is brought forth and three loud blasts are blown.

Why the Angels Love the Stars.

§. THINK the angels love the stars,
For every flake of snow
Is like the sparks of shining light
That in the heavens glow.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The earliest known specimen of Philippine typography was Padre Blancas' Tagalese grammar printed in 1610, the first three pages of which are occupied by a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. Books were printed in the Philippines ten years before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock.

—The recently published "Letters" of Lord Wolseley show him to have been frank, if harsh, in his judgments on the productions of certain poets as well as on the performances of certain politicians; for instance, on the "mystic and un-understandable gibberish" which Browning "called poetry."

—The house of J. H. Fabre, the famous entomologist, has become the property of the French Government, after a notable ceremony presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction. This simple old dwelling, at Sérignan, was the scene of Fabre's most important and difficult labors, and will, undoubtedly, attract many visitors.

—It is with interest that one draws attention to two organs voicing the faith and convictions of young Catholics in Europe: one, *Les Lettres*, is already a distinguished and successful monthly; the other, *Pfingstfeuer*, appears in the interest of younger German Catholics at Breslau every two months. Both publications seem to be distinguished by a keen understanding of the virtue which the great Apostle celebrated under the name of charity.

—English Catholics will welcome the "Catholic Diary" and "Catholic Almanack and Guide to the Services of the Church" for 1923, published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne. The arrangement of both is excellent, and the format so convenient that they may serve as pocket companions. The "Diary" is now in its fiftieth year of publication, which shows how indispensable it has become. The "Almanack" is the work of the editor of the English "Catholic Directory," the best book of its kind that we know of.

—Canon William Barry thinks that the late Mrs. Meynell "would have graced the Laureate's wreath, had it been offered to her"; and in a fine tribute to this "saint of literature," as some one called her, paid in the London *Tablet*, says: "Among our Catholic women writers, so many of whom add lustre to philan-

thropy and literature, Alice Meynell is sure of lasting renown....Her voice was that of a sister-soul chanting the Gospel of peace, resignation, hope, and courage to her fellow-Christians."

—In Vol. LV. of his pastoral works, Mgr. J. M. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield, continues to illustrate the manifestations of the Catholic life in well-organized parishes. The watchful eye of the diocesan chief pastor foresees dangers, and a warning note is sounded. The spiritual welfare holds naturally the first place in these writings; but wise and paternal counsel as to temporal affairs is also afforded. The sacerdotal meditations presented are a sure tonic for the priestly soul; the circular letters on a variety of subjects are wise and practical. This volume deals with the exciting events from 1914-1917, and the high ground taken reveals no false note concerning duty to God and country.

—Our word "idyl," like Tennyson's "gentleman," has, of late years, become "soiled with all ignoble uses"; but it is the only word fitly to describe "Mother Machree," a novel by the Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J. It is an idyl of the city, a beautiful story beautifully told of a childish Catholic singer. Father Scott assures us that, in the main, it is a true story; and its climax once more verifies the dictum, that truth is stranger than fiction. Were the novel only a bit of fiction, the dénouement would probably be different,—and yet we are not sure that any other conclusion than that of the book could be so intrinsically artistic. In any case, readers who sense the underlying philosophy of the author's treatment of these pages from life will hesitate to say that little Bernard's career lacks true symmetry. The Macmillan Co.; price, \$1.75.

—A new Marian book that deserves a cordial welcome from all clients of our Blessed Lady is "The Fairest Flower of Paradise," by the Very Rev. A. M. Lepicier, O. S. M., one of the consultors of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation. It is an exposition of the various titles in the Litany of Loreto. To each invocation are given three brief considerations, followed (as in the traditional books of devotion) by an example and a prayer. The prestige of the author and his official position warrant our calling attention to the fact that the twenty-sixth invocation

appears as "Vessel of Singular Devotion," and to the further fact that the concluding invocation, following "Queen of Peace," is "Queen of Thy Servants." The volume (a 12mo of 320 pages) is so arranged that it may be used as a book for spiritual reading, for meditation, or for the May and October devotions. Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.75.

—Those who are interested in proving that poetry is as universal as nature will find a good argument in "Lays of Goa" and "Lyrics of a Goan," which make up an attractive little volume by Joseph Furtado, of Bombay. His genuine feeling for Catholic beauty, his eye for the lovely things in Oriental nature, and his shrewd, finely-humorous appraisal of men, find expression in simple English stanzas that are not without distinct charm. Here is a descriptive sample:

A quiet village on the way—
With all its temple bells a-ringing,
The chirp of birds in temple eaves,
Its maidens at the well a-singing;
Singing to peepul's dancing leaves—
A stranger too at twilight dim,
With dogs and children after him.

Surely this is a better inducement to visit Goa than Mr. Kipling has provided. Those who wish to invest in the book, which is also a souvenir of the exposition of St. Francis Xavier, may send two rupees to B. X. Furtado and Sons, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay.

Some Recent Books.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature. George N. Shuster. (The Macmillan Co.) Price, \$2.
- "What I Saw in America." G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$3.
- "Mariquita." John Ayscough. (Benziger Brothers.) \$2.15.
- "The House Called Joyous Garde." Leslie Moore. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$2.10.
- "Monasticism and Civilization." Very Rev. John B. O'Conner, O. P. (Kenedy.) \$1.75.
- "Abbé Pierre." Jay William Hudson. (Appleton Co.) \$2.

- "Maria Chapdelaine." Louis Hémon. (Macmillan Co.) \$2.
- "The Light on the Lagoon." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.15.
- "Psychology and Mystical Experience." John Howley, M. A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50.
- "Sermons." Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. 2 vols. (Joseph F. Wagner.) \$6.
- "Father William Doyle, S. J." Alfred O'Rahilly, M. A. (Longmans, Green & Co.) \$3.50.
- "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) \$3.35.
- "The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) \$3.50.
- "Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Bobier, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Timothy Sullivan, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. John Eis, diocese of Columbus.

Mr. W. J. Atkinson, Mr. Charles Ruthmann, Mr. Thomas Martin, Mr. J. C. Conkling, Mrs. J. Hartnett, Mr. Edward Lundrigan, Mr. M. Golden, Mr. John Craven; Agnes Craven, Mrs. Hannah Mulligan, Mrs. Thomas Adelsperger, Mr. George Adams, Mrs. Bridget Hayes, Miss Mary Walsh, Mr. Albert Burkard, Mr. John Dalton, Miss Charlotte Forster, Mrs. B. Welch, and Mr. Joseph Pim.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the War victims in Central Europe: Antonio Tabacchi, \$5; Mrs. T. F. Cavanaugh, \$5; K. McM., in honor of the Infant Jesus, \$20; P. V. H., \$5; friend, \$25; Rev. W. A. M., \$1; A. J. B. S., \$2; Margaret Morning, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$5; Miss J. S., \$10; Mrs. C. L., 50 cents; M. O., in honor of Our Lady, \$2.50; M. A. J., in honor of the Infant Jesus, \$5; Mother M. Bertrand, \$5; C. J. D., in thanksgiving, \$50. For the sufferers in Armenia and Russia: per Mrs. M. C. H., \$5; Mrs. Mary Fitzpatrick, \$100. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Ellen Crawley, \$5.

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AROUND THE

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It embraces the two great essentials of a popular periodical—viz., Rational Amusement and Sound Instruction. In its successive issues will be found articles on Questions and Events of the Day, on the Recurring Festivals; Essays and Short Papers, Serials and Short Stories, Sketches and Poems; besides Editorial Paragraphs, Reviews of Books, Literary Notes, etc. There is also a department for Younger Readers.

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